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THE ISLAND OF MULL

ITS HISTORY, SCENES AND LEGENDS

AN INTERESTING GUIDE TO THE ISLAND

BY JOHN MAC CORMICK

Author of "DUN-ALUINN," "OITEAGAN O'N IAR," &c.

ILLUSTRATED

GLASGOW

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PREFACE



IN presenting this small volume on "The Island of Mull" to the public, I take this opportunity for stating that I am well aware of its shortcomings.

I take pleasure, however, in the thought that, with all its defects, the time may come when it may be employed as a convenient fulcrum by some future historian provided with better leverage and equipped with accessories, which it was not my good fortune to possess, for writing a history worthy of the Island of Mull. The charter chests of the old families of the island, and the minutes of the Presbytery of Mull, would yield excellent material for such an undertaking.

The task of writing anything in the nature of a history is by no means a light one, and where recorded matter is meagre, the difficulties are increased. I read so many books in search of information that I can easily appreciate the remarks of Dr. Livingstone, who said, when writing the history of his travels, that he would rather traverse Africa again, than write another book.

In olden times the lustre of Iona obscured the story of Mull—just as the brilliancy of a small diamond obscures the lustre of a large topaz—and the old scribes in their enthusiasm for Iona had little to say about Mull. A small ray of light shed on the story of Mull then, would be of incalculable value now.

The reason is psychological. Iona was the centre of religious and missionary activities, and the deeds of the warring clans of Mull did not appeal to writers who were imbued with religious zeal for the spread of the Gospel.

The difference apparent in the story of the two islands is worthy of notice. In Iona pious monks chanted the psalms, and called the lone brethren to matins and vespers. Among the great hills of Mull, fierce chieftains sounded the slogan of war, and marshalled armed warriors in battle array. And the sounds of peace and of war intermingled in the winds which wafted them among the corries or over the machars. The archaeological remains in each island bear eloquent testimony to this day of the difference in the mentality of their respective peoples. In Iona, we have the remains of religious houses, wherein are enshrined memories of saints, who taught and spread Christianity. In Mull, the ruined keep on hill and promontory is evidence of the strategic skill of chieftains whose trade was war.

The monkish writers applied themselves solely to the work of the Church, so that while the story of Iona and its religious culture is well known to us, the greater island of Mull is only mentioned, when incident brings it into touch with the main theme of the old scribes.

The major part of the story of Mull is crystallised in its legends. These interesting vehicles of the story of the people, punctuated by periods of romance and tragedy, have come down to us orally through the ages. Their very embellishments helped to carry them through the generations, as its woolly inclosure carries the seedling in the wind to propagate its kind a long distance from the parent plant.

In my early youth I set myself to collect these legends, and had I not done so then, many of them would be irrecoverable now, for the old story-tellers who possessed them have long since been gathered to their fathers. A literary as well as an historical interest attaches to those legends. They deliver their story in a strain that is mystic, and in colours that are arresting. In them are portrayed the notable events in Mull's story, and, filmed with that

inimitable artistry in which the old shenachies were skilled, they feature the more prominent personalities in their interesting activities, whether in their role of statesmen during periods of peace, or in their panoply of war, when an enemy threatened their strongholds.

Thus, by means of survivals from a receding folklore—except Clan histories and pertinent remarks, little has ever been written about Mull—we are enabled to focus our eyes to the light, and to peer through the diaphanous mists of intervening ages, and to see the actors of old perform their part on a stage separated from ourselves by a long distance in time. However dim the pictures may be, the limning in its light and shade is clear enough to bring home to us the story of our remote ancestors in a manner that should warm our patriotism and stir our emotions.

My thanks are due to those who assisted me in compiling this little work, namely:—to Colonel Greenhill Gardyne of Glenforsa for much valuable information relating to some of the old families of Mull; to Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane for assistance in preparation of copy for the press; and to Mr. James MacLaren for general oversight of the volume while passing through the press and for the introduction of much valuable and interesting information throughout the volume.

For plates used in illustrating this book, I am indebted to Messrs. M'Brayne Ltd.; to Mrs. Mackay, "Celtic Monthly," the proprietors of the "Scottish Field," and to Mr. Alexander MacPhail, Secretary to the Mull and Iona Association.

My thanks are also due to the Mull and Iona Association, which generously donated the sum of £50 to enable the publishers to put the book on the market at a popular price.

JOHN MAC CORMICK.

GLASGOW, *February*, 1923.

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The Island of Mull.

Its History, Scenes and Legends.

CHAPTER I.

ON the west of Mull are placed two of the best-known islands in the whole world. Those are, to use a very familiar phrase, "Staffa and Iona." Except to the natives of the surrounding islands, who took little interest in its wonderful geological formation, Staffa was unknown until about the close of the 18th century. Sir Joseph Banks, in a letter to Mr. Pennant, described that great natural curiosity—Fingal's Cave—which has since made the green little island of columns so famous: famous in the eye of the admirer of nature's wonders as well as in that of the geologist, to whom it suggests scenes of terrific explosions, of emergence and subsidence, and of torrents of fire and smoking lava spat out from some vanished volcano.

Iona has been known to the whole civilised world for 1,300 years. Written accounts of it date from very early periods. Its history is quite familiar to us. Most of the pilgrims who annually visit its classic shores know the more notable places on the island as well as the islanders do.

While all this is so as regards both Staffa and Iona, it does seem strange that the history of the larger island, Mull—which, by the way, I only attempt in this short treatise—remains for the most part fossilized in its legends and traditions. From these we may be able to glean a little of the island's past history: at least the little to which the reader is to be introduced in the course of these

remarks, in which he shall be conducted in a mental tour through the island, detailing, as we wander along, the legends and the traditions connected with every spot. For in Mull, as in most Highland districts, there is hardly a spot which has not its own romantic tale to tell, its ancient legend or tradition connected with it to unravel as it were the deeds of tragedy that were perpetrated, or the deeds of romance that were performed in those dark and distant ages that have long ago fled on the wings of time, leaving little else to tell their history.

Against tradition, however, it may be very easily urged that little reliance can be placed on it. It is no doubt true that in our legends and traditions, imagination and superstition both have played very important parts. It is not to be denied that many traditions on their long journey from mouth to mouth for many generations may have reached us in their enlarged editions. But from these, however, a good deal of truth concerning the facts upon which they speak to us, can be sifted; for, in regard to a great part of ancient Highland history, tradition is the fossil which we have to examine. In ancient times the Gaelic people were not a writing nation. There was an old Druidic injunction that there should be no written record of anything. All the laws, all the edicts of the Druidic era were promulgated to the public in a versified form. This was also the case with every other description of "literature"—if the word may be used in that connection. Thus the bardic art was very much cultivated, and, consequently, the memory could hold on to those antique statutes in which rhyme and rhythm were carefully observed. This practice, then, though extinct for many centuries, had so moulded the Highland character that faint traces of it can still be discovered in Mull and in many other Highland districts.

It is no uncommon thing to find persons who are quite illiterate able to repeat voluminous tales, songs, and poems, which were doubtless bequeathed to them by their fathers or others illiterate like themselves. People of this description exercise the memory so well that ultimately it becomes a retentive receptacle of the unpublished litera-

ture of their country. To them we owe the preservation of the Ossianic ballads and other poems.

The old Highland practice of gathering at the Ceilidh (to which the reader shall be introduced later on) to while away the long winter evenings, has been so far useful; for it was here that the younger generations became acquainted with the folk-lore of their country. The storyteller, of whom there was one or more in every district, was the encyclopædia from which they obtained glimpses of the ways and doings of bygone days. This, then, was the way in which our traditionary tales were handed down to us; and, as has already been hinted—though imagination no doubt clothed them in finer garments than they originally wore—still, looking through the long vista of years which they cover we may discover a little concerning the hazy past.

But there are chapters in Mull's archæology on which tradition is silent. What are those rude and time-worn buildings which we find perched on many of our hilltops? What are those ruined walls that in times of drought raise their hoary heads above the waters of some of our lovely lochs? Those antiquated forts and these lacustrine buildings point to a remote period in our island's history. The very nature of them suggests a stormy period also, as no doubt they were raised as a means of protection to their tenants. These, then, must be left to tell their own history, as our traditions do not carry us so far back. They appear to us merely as monuments of days far, far away in the past, when might was right, and when wild, uncivilised hordes of savage invaders from the surrounding islands landed on our coasts. Then, no doubt, followed scenes of battle and bloodshed of which we have no traditionary records, they having long, long ago sunk beneath time's horizon.

The island of Mull has a history which stretches far back into the mists of past ages; and many traces of its ancient inhabitants are left. The island was included in the Kingdom of Olave the Red, who was also king of Man, Islay and all the isles south of Ardnamurchan Point. This was during the time that the Treshnish Isles formed

the boundary between the Nordores or Northern Isles and the Sodores or Southern Isles. The Southern Isles were at one time called "Na h-Eileinean Gaidhealach" or "Isles of the Gael," and the Nordores or Northern Isles were known as "Innse Gall"—Isles of the Strangers or Foreigners.

In shape the island is very irregular, owing to the great indentations formed by the sea-water lochs. Speaking generally, it is thirty miles long by twenty-five in breadth. Its coast line may be roughly estimated at three hundred miles, and its whole area at three hundred and fifty miles. The general surface is rugged. Ben More, the highest mountain, rises to a height of three thousand, one hundred and seventy-two feet, but like the other mountains of the island, is wanting in bold outlines. All of the hills and mountains have the softness of a pastoral range, which, consequently, makes the scenery remarkable for a quiet and solemn beauty. Its valleys, outlines of mountains, purple moorlands and lochs, have charms seen in no other isle. It thus affords varied attractions for the geologist, artist, and tourist. The greater part of the surface indicates varied geological disturbances. Ben More is an extinct volcano, and from it came the molten mass that formed the stupendous columns seen in the southern part of the island. Also, these wonderfully symmetrical pillars found on the islands of Staffa, Ulva, Inchkenneth and other places, were belched forth, in a molten mass from the crater of Ben More. The dolorite and basaltic rocks are interbedded with volcanic ashes, clay beds, and lignite, belonging to the vast bed of miocene lavas. Here and there may be seen the out-croppings of the miocene beds. The extreme point of the Ross of Mull is of granite formation.*

CHAPTER II.

TOBERMORY.

THE chief place in Mull is Tobermory, situated on the Sound of Mull on the east side of the island. In Gaelic it is called Tobar Mhoire—the Well of St. Mary—a name which we presume is one of the few relics of Romanism that survive in the place-names of the island. The town of Tobermory was founded by the Scottish Fishery Board somewhere at the close of the 18th century. Its pretty, well-sheltered bay recommended it well as a good fishing station, but unhappily, the project failed. Although its local resources were not extensive enough to make it a fishing centre; still the little town has very much increased in size during the last score or two of years. Its one street—at least the only street which deserves the name—makes a graceful amphitheatre-like sweep round a segment of its lovely bay. Here are commodious hotels, and pretty shops whose large windows display their various wares in a manner that would do credit to a larger town. All along the brow of the hill which forms the background, are perched cosy villas neatly built in quite a twentieth century style, and shaded here and there by stately trees. The old thatched houses which represent the original village, are clustered in little narrow streets away to the back. Over across the bay is Druim-fionn, which means white ridge. Yonder, where turreted roof emerges from sylvan glades, is Aros House, almost hidden from view in its umbrageous retreat. This pretty mansion and its still prettier surroundings, are two of the features which add to the amenities of the snug little capital of Mull.

Tobermory Bay is reckoned to be one of the best anchorages on the West Coast. The entrance to it is guarded by the little island of Calbh* quite close to which the steamers pass when entering or leaving the

*Calbh is Norse for "calf isle."

harbour. High hills shelter it from almost "a' the airts the wind can blow." In stormy, wintry weather, ships of all sizes run into it for safety. During summer its lovely bosom is dotted with yachts which ride at anchor like so many sea birds, while their elegant forms, some with beautifully white clewed-up sails, are mirrored in the limpid water.

In short, the natural beauties of Tobermory are almost unsurpassed on the West Coast. It is fast becoming an extensive summer resort, and tourists flock to it in hundreds; and to those who spend their lives pent up in the large towns of the south, what can afford greater pleasure or relaxation than to dander about wooded retreats, where the air is loaded with the perfume of a thousand varieties of wild flowers, when the notes of the thrush and the waves mingle in harmonious concert, now and again relieved by the crooning of the solitary moor hen? All these enjoyments and the fresh ozone from the sea, one can enjoy in Tobermory.

About two miles from the town in the grounds of Aros House are the Aros waterfalls. Admission to the grounds is obtained at the lodge near the waterside on the shore road. Visitors may walk through these, which are as already stated, extremely beautiful, and afford fine glimpses through the trees of the bay, with Tobermory on the other side of it; its many fine buildings on the higher ground at the back, in a series of terraces, making one huge amphitheatre rising immediately from the water. Aros House is the family seat of Mr. Alexander Allan, of the famous Allan Line of Steamers, now merged in the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, Ltd.

The most favoured promenade is the pathway which leads from the town past the magnificent Western Isles Hotel, and skirts the steep hillside until it brings you to Rubha-nan-Gall Lighthouse. It is most enjoyable to wander along this road on a fine, cool summer evening. Above and below are clumps of trees clad in thick summer foliage. The majestic expanse of water which stretches from where the dancing wavelets murmur and gurgle among the rocks right below, until it is lost at a turn where Mull and the mainland seem to meet, is the Sound

of Mull, its undulating surface undisturbed by ripple, except where the keels of passing and repassing ships have for the nonce left a seething and foaming swirl. Over yonder, just a few miles across, are Morven and Ardnamurchan, whose rugged mountains of purple hue, well defined against the azure sky, are bathed in floods of sunshine. The eye never tires of scenes like these, which form a panorama of exquisite grandeur. There are few local industries at Tobermory; whisky distilling is about the chief. The fishing industry, for which the town was originally built, struggles hard for a name; but the local waters have no resources to be developed. The constant trafficking of ships over the fishing grounds no doubt frightens the fish away from the banks where they were wont to deposit their ova; and a great diminution in quantity results.

As the only town of any size in Mull, and in a large surrounding district, both Hebridean and Mainland, Tobermory possesses much provincial importance, and is a focus of trade and commerce for most of the island and much of the neighbouring mainland. The town is a police burgh governed by a provost, two bailies, and six councillors. The old pier was built in 1835 by Col. Campbell of Knock. A new pier, available at all states of the tide, constructed by the proprietor of Mishnish, was opened in 1864, and an excellent new water supply was introduced in 1882 at a cost of over £6000. It has a fine Scottish Baronial Courthouse, built in 1862, where, until recently, the Sheriff-Substitute held monthly diets. There are several branches of banks in the town, which transact a good deal of the business of the surrounding islands. Nearly all the religious denominations are represented in its churches. A handsome stone clock tower, the gift of Mrs. J. F. Bishop, in memory of her sister, was erected on the promenade in 1905.

Aros Hall, the gift of Alexander Allan of Aros, includes a reading room, billiard room, circulating library, and a large hall capable of seating three hundred persons. The institution is open daily for the use of the inhabitants, and visitors are also admitted on payment of a small fee.



From a Photo by

Aros House and Tobermory Bay

[G. W. Wilson & Coy]

Mary's Loch is a beautiful expanse of water, situated between two finely wooded hills, extremely precipitous in their descent; Drumfin House nestles on its beautiful shores.

It was in Tobermory bay that the unfortunate ninth Earl of Argyll may be said to have wrecked both life and fortune when he landed with his followers in their fatal invasion in concert with the unhappy Duke of Monmouth. But, disappointed in his expectations of support, he was taken prisoner, and after being carried to Edinburgh, was executed on a previous conviction and sentence, June 30, 1685.

THE SPANISH ARMADA SHIP "FLORIDA."

Talking of Tobermory, it seems meet to relate how one of the ships composing the famous—or shall we say the infamous—Spanish Armada, took shelter in Tobermory Bay, when separated from the rest of the fleet during the storm which annihilated them. The vessel, after remaining at anchor there for a little time, was blown up by gunpowder. Fragments of it still lie at the bottom of the bay, and some years ago pieces of its timber were brought to the surface. These were no doubt fished for so that they might be kept as souvenirs of an important and memorable landmark in history. Tradition preserves some interesting relics of this vessel; but the imaginative Highland mind has given it a good deal of the colour of romance which pervades our legends and traditions.

The legend, then, which reminds us of the event already referred to, and which, for many generations of Mull folk, has been recited over and over again round the blazing turf fires of every humble clachan during the long winter evenings, is as follows:—A young and pretty Spanish princess saw in a dream a gallant Highland chief. She became so enamoured of this galliard of dreamland, that she determined to seek him out. This female knight-errant equipped a ship of war, which soon sought the Scottish shore. Through stress of weather the vessel put into Tobermory Bay, where she dropped anchor. The curious island folk flocked from all parts of their island home to see the strange ship. Their boats came alongside daily

in small flotillas, bringing crowds of sight-seers, who were allowed without scruple to wander over the whole vessel, while the princess herself sat quietly musing as the simple islanders passed and repassed along. But all at once, as if seized by some spasmodic convulsion, she started nervously from her seat. In one little moment, as if she had just recollected herself, she assumed her original posture. Who is that gallant figure with streaming tartan and broad claymore, which her steadfast eye so closely follows? She rivets her whole attention on him, as if she recognises some face she had seen before: and so she did. It is the man she had seen in dreamland: it is Maclean of Duart. The legend goes on to say that the princess made no secret of her love to the chief of Duart, who seemed to reciprocate. He came daily on board the Spanish vessel, and was constantly in the company of the fair princess. His conduct raised suspicion. The Lady of Duart became jealous, and secretly planned the destruction of the ship and the princess both. In those far away days people believed in witchcraft, and it is presumable, from the records of this legend, that even those who lived in the upper circle of society accepted such ideas as well as their poor and uneducated menials; for, according to the records of the legend just being narrated, Lady Maclean, of Duart, seems to have conferred with the most famous witches in order to carry out her plan of destruction. The Doiteag Mhuileach, by which cognomen a famous Mull witch was known, excelled in her art, but it appears her efforts to destroy the Spanish vessel were unavailing. We may easily suppose that Lady Maclean on finding that the Doiteag had failed, would also confer with the Laodhrag Thiristeach (the Tíree witch), and the Glaisrig Illeach (the Islay witch); for the legend records that all the witches which the wife of Maclean conferred with were fruitless in their efforts until Gormshuil Mhor of Lochaber appeared on the scene and managed to sink the ship while she lay at anchor. It is said she did so by means of immense cohorts of cats, which she sent on board to destroy both vessel and crew.

The folk-lore of Mull is copious in legends of this nature; and from them we are able to glean an idea of the

superstitious imaginings of an uneducated people. Naturally imaginative, like the rest of the world, the wild nature of their island home seems to have moulded their superstitious ideas. The lofty towering mountains, whose barren peaks are lost in the clouds; the dark, gloomy, and desolate glens, through whose wooded ravines the midnight winds moan and howl; the roaring rivers, fed by a thousand rills, rushing in maddening cascades down the mountain sides; the silent lakes, whose dark and sullen bosoms reflect the lightning which with thunder rends the air, seem in their case to have been powerful accessories to imagination. But the superstitious ideas to which the people long clung with tenacity are fast vanishing before the organised march of education and civilisation; and new generations seem only to preserve them as interesting relics of former times.

In this picturesque way, however, tradition has preserved a real historical fact. The Spanish ship "Florida," a unit of the shattered Armada, was sunk in Tobermory Bay in 1588. The method by which the destruction of the "Florida" was accomplished is quite as interesting, though not so fantastic, as that related in the lore of the people of Mull. The captain of the warship obtained provisions for his troops from the natives, but refused to pay the bill. Maclean of Duart thereupon sent his emissary, Donald Glas Maclean of Morven, to demand payment from the commander, Don Fareiga. Maclean was kept a prisoner on board the vessel, but, during his confinement, he put a connection between his cabin and the powder magazine. The vessel was under sail ready for the voyage south to Spain, when Maclean set fire to the powder, and thus exploded the magazine of the ill-fated "Florida."

It is stated by some writers that the "Florida" was destroyed by Smollet of Dumbarton, under instructions from the Ambassador, at Edinburgh, of Queen Elizabeth. There is evidence, however, that the Chief of Duart received remission for the deed under date 20th March, 1589.* It is on record that in the year 1588 Queen Elizabeth's

*New Statistical Account for Scotland.

ambassador in Edinburgh reported to Walsingham, the English Secretary of State, that the Spanish ship in Tobermory Bay had been blown up by the treachery of "the wild and savage Irish in M'Lane's Island of Mula."

From 1688 onwards several attempts have been made to recover the treasure said to be stored in the vessel's strong room. In 1688 Sackeverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, tried it by means of a diving bell. How far he succeeded is not known; but in his own time it was reported that he recovered much of the lost bullion. In 1740 another attempt was made by Sir Archibald Grant and Captain Rae, when at least some guns were recovered. One of them, a brass cannon, ten feet long, called the "Gleid Gun" or "Gunna Càrn," now adorns the lawn at Inverary Castle. It bears the mark and date of an English founder, "R. & J. Philips, 1584," has a crown and the initials "E.R.," while further up are "F" and the *Fleur de Lis* of Francis I.

Some years ago a very determined effort was made to bring to the surface the great wealth which lay embedded in the bottom of Tobermory Bay. Some coins, pieces of eight, were recovered, as well as some stone cannon balls and pieces of artillery—one piece being a beautifully-moulded breach-loading brass gun. The recovery of this weapon shows the advance Spain had made, at a period so far back, in the manufacture of engines of war.

In 1903 a company was formed to search the wreck, the promoters using the most powerful suction pumps of the latest pattern, capable of speedily sifting the tons of sand and debris under which the remains now lie. A number of the smaller relics were sold by auction at Tobermory the following year, but nothing of any importance has been brought to the surface. The Great War caused a suspension of the operations, but these have again been resumed with high hopes of finding something of the supposed treasure.

Over 300 years have passed and this salvage work still proceeds; very little treasure has been recovered yet, and one inclines to the legend that the "wild M'Lanes" of the day were more astute than is believed of them and had re-

moved the treasure before blowing up the ship, which was merely done to camouflage their action, and that the treasure now lies buried under the ruins of Aros Castle.

The general aspect of the country outside of Tobermory is, though not altogether fascinating, rather pleasing. Here and there a cultivated field, a cheerful farmhouse, and wooded knolls and dark ravines, where, in the hottest day of summer, one can enjoy delicious whiffs of cool and refreshing air which the shady woods seem to preserve in its purity and freshness. There is nothing so sweet as to lounge among those glades after a walk or a run over the heather-clad hills on a warm summer day. How reviving the cool draught which the springs afford! One has only to hold the mouth under these crystal beads trickling temptingly through the rocky fissures, and there slake his thirst. The very sound of the water, as it trickles, trickles down, so musically, so sweetly, among the long grass and shubbery, seems to awaken an irresistible desire for a drink. Then, again, there is Loch Frisa in the vicinity. It affords excellent sport to the Waltonian whose piscatorial inclinations lead him to tempt its finny tenants with hook and fly. Very good baskets have often been made on this little loch, which, being quite accessible from the village, is well patronised. It forms, in fact, one of the interesting attractions of the capital of Mull; over and above its being conducive to the health which so many people seek among our Highland hills. The surroundings of Loch Frisa are favourable to its always having a good stock of fish. It is well sheltered, and the favourite fly upon which the trout feeds is very abundant.

Tobermory has some very ancient relics—relics that refer us to peace and war. To the west side of the village there are the remains of an ancient chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and also a circular fortalice of Norse origin. It has been told that "Tobermory" means the "Well of St. Mary," and the village, like most other ecclesiastical seats, no doubt, had its "Lady's Well" or Tobar-Mhoire, although it cannot now be located.

Mull, on the whole, is rich in those archæological remains called "Brochs" and "Crannogs." "Broch" may

be a Pictish word. It is equivalent to "Dùn" in Gaelic, or "Fort" in English. Brochs were usually built on a strategic hill, and afforded shelter to the inhabitants of the surrounding district when attacked by a foe.

"Dun-ghiorasail," in the vicinity of Tobermory, is a fair example of an ancient broch. The termination of the place-name: *dail*, from Norse "Dale," suggests a Norse origin.

Crannogs—Gaelic, Crannag—were reared on artificial islands in lakes. There are few lochs in Mull in which the remains of an ancient crannog cannot be traced. The late Captain Campbell of Aros made an interesting discovery about the year 1870, and wrote an account of the find to "The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland."* Captain Campbell drained Loch-nam-mial for the purpose of converting its site into pasture. The lake was a shallow one, and, when its water was drained off, an artificial island was discovered some distance from its shore. This discovery encouraged further examination of the lake's bottom, and a well-constructed causeway was exposed, covered by about four feet of silt. It led to the artificial island, which was no doubt the foundation of an ancient Crannog. Some dug-out canoes were also discovered in the course of the excavations. They were all in a good state of preservation, and one of them measured 17 feet in length, by 3 feet 6 inches beam.

It is probable that Loch-nam-mial was an important place in ancient times; and its name may be merely a folk-memory of the part it played in past ages. It means "Lake of monsters," and that may be regarded as suggestive of the Crannog having been the home of savage free-booters, whose raids terrorised the neighbourhood.

MISHNISH AND GLEN-GORM.

Two main roads whose windings and offshoots embrace the whole island in a sort of network, take their rise from Tobermory. From the southern end of the town goes the Salen Road. The main road from Tobermory to Cal-

† Trans. Soc. of Antiquaries, Scotland, 1883-4.

gary takes its rise from its north-west corner. A little outside of the town a road branches off in a north-western direction towards Sorn and Glen-gorm, and, afterwards describing almost a semi-circle, rejoins the main line at Dervaig. Taking the main line westwards we go through magnificent scenery, and pass such well-known parts as Mishnish Loch, Achnadrish, Dervaig and Ardubh.

From Calgary the road passes on to Torloisk, then to the head of Loch-na-keal where it links up another branch from Salen, completing a circular route round the northern half of the Island. A shorter circle is formed by a branch from Dervaig, passing through Glen Aros and joining the Tobermory-Salen road at Aros.

North of Tobermory is the Mishnish estate owned by the heirs of the late Mrs. Sandeman. Then comes the



Calgary Castle and Sands.

Glen-gorm estate, formerly called Sòrn, which was recently acquired by Miss Margaret Lithgow. This fine estate was the property of a Mr. Forsyth, who, after coming into possession, cleared several small townships of their tenants. His son is proprietor of Quinish.

Calgary, the property of Mr. J. H. Munro-Mackenzie, is another estate which suffered from evictions. It is interesting to note that Calgary in Alberta, Canada, was originally founded by emigrants from this part of Mull, who resolved to perpetuate memories of the land of their fathers, by calling their newly adopted home

after the part of their native island in which they were reared and with which their happiest associations and most abiding memories were connected. The mansion is a fine modern structure at the head of a small bay opposite the Island of Coll, and presents an imposing appearance, as seen from vessels sailing along the north coast of Mull. Mr. Munro-Mackenzie is well-known as a horse-breeder. For many years he has made the breeding of the Highland Garron type his special study, and in this connection he has conferred a boon on the whole Highlands. He is a recognised authority on this hardy race of horses indigenous to the Highland hills.

Mr. Mackenzie is a Highlander of Highlanders and the inherent patriotism of his family has been shown in the way in which the young ladies and gentlemen of the Castle of Calgary gave their country their unstinted services during the war of 1914-1918.

The headland of Cailleach is the north-west extremity of Mull. It commands a magnificent view of the islands from Ardnamurchan (9 miles) to Iona, with the Island of Coll lying south-west distant $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The Isles Rhum, Canna, Eigg, and the rugged peaks of the Coolins in Skye are also prominent objects to the north. The poet, Thomas Campbell, spent some time as a private tutor at Sunipol in this neighbourhood; took deep impression from the scenery round it; and afterwards embodied them in his *Elegy on Mull*. The beautiful and romantic scenery here delighted his poetic fancy, and from that we can trace the germs of his first great poem. Placed among the grandest scenery of Scotland, and without sufficient means of mental occupation, he spent much of his time visiting these romantic localities in the neighbourhood, while the words "Pleasures of Hope" filled his mind and at length ripened into the full fruition of this splendid poem.

The advent of the motor car to Mull now renders travelling both easy and expeditious, and, while all parts of the island can be traversed by striking it north-westwards from Tobermory, it is more customary to take the route which leads to Salen, and then, by various circuitous alternatives, to the extreme western point of Ross.

CHAPTER III.

AROS CASTLE.

The Salen road is by no means so comfortable to walk or cycle as those one finds in the south; though a well-traversed Highland road we can cover its ten miles with comparative ease and, it can be said, comfort, by either of those means of locomotion. In the case of the cyclist, there may be a little discount, but, in spite of the little jogging he may suffer on the rough macadamised road, the pretty scenery, with everchanging prospect, through which he passes, well repays the trouble. Here are clumps of trees, there heather-clad knolls, and a serrated range of hills stretching away until one loses them where the higher mountains rear their gigantic forms. At one or two places the road passes near the brink of a dangerous precipice, on whose rugged face lichen-covered trees wave their leafy branches. How dizzy one feels as he stretches himself out to look down that great abyss, where, perhaps, in bygone days the golden eagle had built its eyrie. Let us stand back from it. One's head begins to swim looking down from those heights.

About $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Tobermory there is Aros, through which the road passes. In the good old days of clanship *Aros seems to have been a place of some importance. Here a gathering of Highland chiefs took place to consider the feasibility of establishing a college where Highland youths could be taught the different branches of knowledge, instead of having to attend the seminaries of the south. Whether it was the intention of these chiefs that Aros should succeed to the ancient dignities of Iona, or whether the exigencies of the case demanded some such step, is not known, but, notwithstanding their efforts, this ideal proposal of Highland nobles fell through after that

*Aros Castle was built by the Lords of the Isles, who always held Court there.



Aros Castle (Ruins).

unfortunate—or, perhaps one might say, most fortunate—reverse to Highland arms on the memorable field of Cul-loden—a reverse which brought in its wake that cruel ukase which severed all the close and ancient ties of Highland clanship. In consequence of this, Aros is still without its college. Excepting its pretty natural surroundings, the place has few pretensions. Only a few modern houses are visible; but its ancient associations, which anyone with archæological inclinations would have an irresistible desire to ponder over, are indeed interesting. There are few places where a studious mind finds such pleasant charms, when musing among the relics of antiquity, be they literary or architectural. The former relics speak to us; the latter are mute; but every little part seems to unravel to us its unwritten history. Form, structure, and the immediate surroundings of ancient landmarks are just hieroglyphics which we can read like language itself. Aros, then, is a place where we can have ample scope for musing, and go back in imagination to those far-away and stormy days when the old and lichen-covered tower, which, perched on its rocky eyrie on the rugged headland, overlooking the beautiful sound of Mull, was the scene of life and activity, when its walls were guarded by the rude soldiery of the period and when the lovely bay which, like a gigantic mirror reflects so beautifully the surrounding landscape, was crowded with old-fashioned birlinns and galleys of war. Thoughts like these crowd upon us as we gaze upon this ancient building, whose connection with the stormy and romantic period of the island's history is so well attested.

About eight miles down the Sound of Mull, on the Morven side, and in an oblique direction from Aros, is Ardtornish Castle, or, at least, the crumbling ruin of it; for it is just in the same advanced stage of decay as Aros Castle itself. Here was laid the opening scene of Scott's "Lord of the Isles." We cannot but recall that romantic scene in the opening chapters of the poem, so poetic, so imaginative, while we gaze upon the situation in which the scene is laid. Everything seems to be acted over again; and, in our vision, we see the lovely Edith of Lorn in her

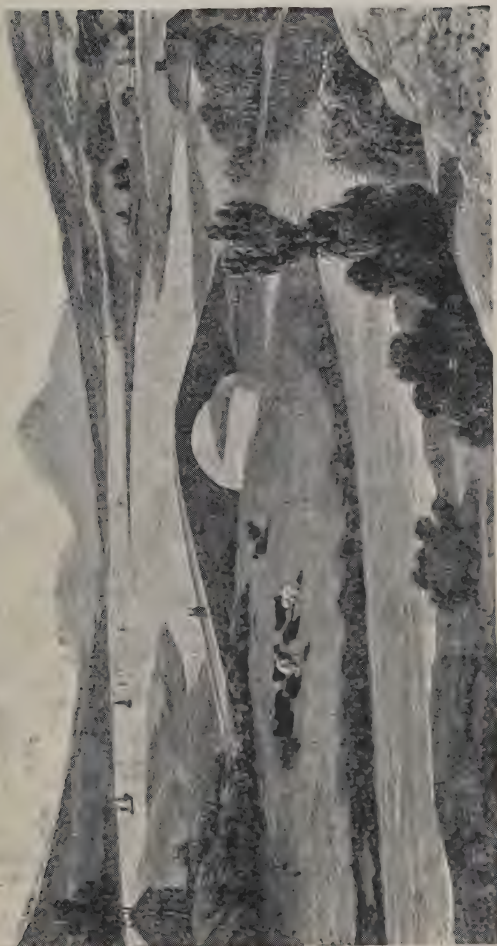
room in the Castle of Ardtornish, casting a long and wistful look across the Sound of Mull, as on that hapless bridal morn she scans the dark and wave-beaten coast for a glimpse of the galley's sail which brings her youthful lover.

“Look, where beneath the Castle grey,
His fleet unmoors from Aros Bay.”

Yes; in our imagination we see those birlinns push off. Their sails are spread to the breeze and away they speed till we lose sight of them as they approach the dark and rocky shore of Morven. But when we awake from this deep and pleasant reverie, these fancies vanish, and the ancient keep of Aros looks sullen and gloomy on its rocky eminence. Those voices which once resounded in its sumptuous halls are mute. Silence reigns round its dismantled walls, broken only by the midnight wailing of the owl, to which, and to the solitary bat, the shelter of its grey and lichen-covered tower is grateful. Not far from the spot are the remains of a much more ancient keep, built, it is supposed, by the Picts. Everything about it has a very antique appearance. Many similar rude redoubts are found throughout Mull, occupying in every case the prominent hill-tops. Their sites, though commanding a good look out, are not always the most accessible, and this, combined with great thickness of walls, shows that the main idea was security. These ruins are found in out of the way spots. Their rude and coarse masonry, showing neither skill nor taste, seems to point to an era when architecture was in its infancy in the land. These are the brochs already mentioned.

The Aros stream, rising in Loch Frisa, and running its tortuous course through many glens and valleys until it discharges its limpid waters into Aros Bay, is the home of many a lusty trout and many a silver-coloured salmon. Excellent sport can be had on the stream. Local surroundings are very favourable for food supplies; and all streams which have those essentials, are generally well stocked.

Mr. William Walker Campbell, J.P., is the proprietor of Aros Castle. Before making his home in the White



Aros Bridge and Sound of Mull.

House of Aros, Mr. Campbell had completed a six years' period of very strenuous and successful work in the Town Council of Glasgow as one of the representatives of the Maryhill Ward. For over twelve months before retiring from the Council in 1918, Mr. W. W. Campbell held the position of River-Bailie with much distinction. Since Mr. Campbell has made his home in Mull, he has taken a close interest in the affairs of that island. As one of the members of the Argyllshire Education Authority, he still finds much useful work to do. To his energy was, in a large measure, due the resuscitation of the Mull and Iona Annual Games at Salen.



The White House of Aros.

But there is one other remarkable spot at Aros which had some notoriety in its day. It is Sloc an Eireannaich, or the Irishman's gully, a deep, dark gorge in the vicinity of the Castle, whose gaping and voracious jaws yawned for the bodies of unfortunate offenders of the law. It was here that criminals were despatched during the barbarous days in which the chiefs of Aros Castle held sway in the land. A stout beam was thrown across the gully, and suspended from it the condemned criminal suffered the ex-

treme penalty of the law. Why it received the name of the Irishman's gully, I do not know, unless it was, perhaps, because an Irishman had the honour of the first "swing."

A TRADITION OF THE MACLEANS.

Old Aros Castle, it is supposed, was built by the MacDonalds of the Isles, who once had possession of a large part of Scotland. The MacDonalds were succeeded by the Macleans, concerning whose first appearance on Highland soil the following legend was narrated to me by an illiterate old man, now deceased, whose mind was a complete storehouse of the legendary lore of Mull:—Three brothers, whose estate in Ireland had been seized by their uncle on the death of their father, having been cast lone and destitute on the world, left their native country, and crossing the stormy belt of sea separating Ireland from Scotland, landed on the hospitable shores of the latter country. They put up some time at Largs, where one of them ended his days. His descendants are to this day known as Clann na Leagainn. The other two, Lachlan and Eachann, resolved to push their fortunes in the Highlands. They traversed the wild and wood-grown country until at length, weary and way-worn, they stood at the door of Dunollie Castle, the seat of MacDougall of Lorn. Here they were treated with that hospitality which Highlanders in those days so excessively extended to strangers. The limit was always a year and a day.

During that period Lorn's young proteges enjoyed themselves in following the chase, a pastime much practised in the Highlands, and considered by the people no less exciting than war itself. In the Castle of Dunollie was an old man who had served MacDougall for many a day. This old menial and his wife entertained some hostile feelings towards the refugees. They ceaselessly maligned them to their worthy chieftain, concocting the vilest of stories so as to incline the mind of MacDougall against his guests. Nor were these last unaware of such foul intrigues against their character. One day those two menials told MacDougall that the young Macleans carried with

them more cheese than they required for the day's outing, and, in order to satisfy a whim, or, perhaps, in order to thwart the evil intentions which he might have discovered in his two old servants, the chief sent some men to watch them. These, on being interrogated as to what they saw of the Macleans, replied that on coming to a large rock* on the way they sat down and gave their dogs an extra meal so as to fit them for the day's work. The rest of the cheese was left on the summit of the rock, and this the dogs got after the hunt was over for the day. "I knew they were gentlemen," said MacDougall, who did not wish to give way to the foul slanders of his jealous menials, who, however, were looked upon in the old Castle as very important personages. In fact, in those days every Highland family of any standing had in it some old "crone," who had served two or three generations, and consequently became an indispensable attache, who always had the respect generally bestowed on interesting family relics. To this class belonged that faithful old servant who so exerted himself to uphold the honour of the Master of Ravenswood's family, as manifested in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

As we have seen, a year and a day was the period to which Highland people so punctiliously extended their hospitality; and on the expiry of that period Macdougall directed them over to the Island of Mull, then held by the MacDonalds of the Isles. They were ferried across the Sound of Mull in the antique birlinn under the sole charge of MacDougall's old henchman. In a couple of hours the tiny craft's keel grated on the gravelly beach of Mull, and its young knight-errants stepped ashore on the soil of that historic Isle, in whose annals the names of their illustrious descendants figure so prominently in tragedy, in romance, in war, in peace—in almost everything con-

*The stone is to this day called the Dog Stone, or Creag nan con. The Dog Stone is a huge rock of oval shape, and it stands on the roadside between Dunollie and Oban. It is close to the seashore, and can be seen from the deck of passing steamers. It is now known to tourists as the stone to which Ossian tied his famous dog Bran, which gives it a more classical and much more ancient history.

cerning the island's history their names are woven in such a manner as to recall to the students of history the classical words—"Exigi monumentum aere perennius."

The tradition which has been narrated records that, on stepping ashore from the boat the Macleans seized the old man, whose unkind demeanour they had discovered, and hanged him on the seashore from a scaffold they constructed by placing oars in the shape of a tripod. This tragedy is the first landmark from which they commenced their renowned exploits in Mull. It seems a dim spot on the distant horizon of time, flecked with other traditionary cloudlets which, scanning them through the long vista of intervening years, form interesting episodes in the island's famous epics. After executing this tragic deed, the exiles proceeded to Glencannel and received the usual kindness in the house of MacGillivray, a sort of vassal of MacDonald of the Isles. On arriving in those quarters they were served with food, which consisted of curds. This they were asked to consume without the luxury of spoons; and when they inquired for these last, MacGillivray told them "to put on hen's beaks." The proud exiles fiercely resented the contumely, and, springing upon their unfortunate host with feline agility, they sheathed their daggers in his body.

Having been previously informed that MacDonald was expected in the island in a day or two, and knowing that he would avenge the cruel murder of his subaltern, their sagacious minds soon devised a plan by which they could avert the punishment which they foresaw was inevitable. They launched a boat, and with that indomitable courage which became afterwards characteristic of their progeny, they proceeded to meet MacDonald's boat. On rounding Ardnamurchan point the two boats met. The intrepid Macleans pulled alongside the Highland chieftain's birlinn, and jumping on board, brandished their glittering blades above MacDonald's head, and made him promise, on pain of instant death, that no inconvenience to them should result from the murder of MacGillivray of Glencannel. All this business was transacted with such sudden dispatch that the astonished oarsmen had no time to interfere ere their

chief had given the pledge, which was now irrevocable. The young Macleans returned in MacDonald's boat, and the old chief of Mull extended to them the customary hospitality. Ere many months had fled a marriage was celebrated in the old house at Glencannel. Lachlan, the elder of the two brothers, was united in wedlock to MacDonald's elder daughter. The Chief of the Isles granted to them as a marriage dowry the lands of Lochbuie. A descendant of this marriage, in course of time, became the Chief of the Clan Maclean, and it is interesting to note that a lineal descendant of the old patriarchal tree is still the laird of Lochbuie. Hector, the younger brother, married another of MacDonald's daughters, from whom descended the Macleans of Duart. From these two exiles there grew the two families—the Macleans of Duart and the Macclaines of Lochbuie, who, for so many years, figured prominently in the most notable chapters of Mull's history.

Tradition further records another interesting anecdote. When Eachann's first-born child, a son, was lolling in his nurse's lap in MacDonald's house at Innis (Inchkenneth), the old chief, caressing his little grandchild, said to the nurse, "Nach iarr thu do d' dhalta, bhean?"—Why don't you seek something for your foster-child, good woman? "Cha'n iarr mise dha, ma ta, ach Enisgeir* bheag le a cuid eileinean"—I would be satisfied with little Enisgeir and its islands. "Pù," replied the old man, "Is suarach an t-iarrtas sin; faodar sin uile a thoirt da!" But the old nurse, shrewd and skilful in the use of words, replied, "'S i Enisgeir bheag 's a cuid eileinean, Muile 's Colla, 's Tiriodh, 's Eig, 's Diura, 's Colosa, 's Ile'"—Little Enisgeir* and its islands, means Mull, Iona, Coll, Tiree, Eigg, Jura, Colonsay, and Islay. When the old chief, who was too high-minded to break his pledge, heard how he was caught, he replied, "Sgrios thu 'nis air fad mi"—You have

* To account for the pre-eminence thus given to the small but towering rock of Enisgeir, it may be necessary to mention that it occupies a central position in the sea at the entrance to Loch-na-keal and commands an extensive view of the large isles by which it is surrounded; apt to suggest the idea of a monarch sitting on his throne, ready to exclaim in the fulness of his pride, "I am lord of all I view."

now ruined me altogether. It was thus, then, according to legendary record, that the Macleans of Duart came to be for many centuries the proprietors of those islands. Many attempts were made by other marauding chiefs to usurp the power and possessions of the Macleans, and many a hostile army landed on the shores of Mull and Islay and the rest of Duart's Island Kingdom; but, through thick and thin, successive chiefs of the Macleans, aided by their gallant and patriotic clansmen, managed to repel those invasions for centuries. But the power of Duart began at length to wane, and disappeared altogether when Sir John Maclean surrendered all to Argyll in 1691.

The descendants of Lachlan of Lochbuie and Eachann of Duart are rivals in their claims on the chiefship of the Clan Maclean, and this legend seems to imply that the Lochbuie family, being descended from the elder of the two brothers, who founded the clan, have precedence. But this fact may have been lost sight of during troublesome ages, in which several successive generations of the Duart family became so exceedingly well focussed in the military and political annals of our country. Duart, therefore, having been in bolder relief than Lochbuie in the national mind, acquired a position of such political importance that that branch would naturally be looked upon as the head of the clan.*

But these remarks as to the manner in which the Macleans became established in Mull are mere asides. They are sayings which have become crystalised in the lore of

*It is a fact that MacLaine of Lochbuie refuses to become a member of the Clan Maclean Association on the ground that, being the real chief of the clan, he cannot take a position in the association subordinate to Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, the representative of the Duart line and Chieftain of the association. My informant, however, says that Cloinn an Leagainn, by which patronymic another sept of the Macleans are known, are descended from the eldest of the three brothers, and that some Macleans of this branch are to be found in Islay, and though they have only managed to keep their heads above water, are, withal, the oldest Macleans in the country. The Macleans of Duart, however, allege that their progenitor was Gill-eathain-na-Tuaighe, who was succeeded by his son Gill-iosa, who fought at the battle of Largs in 1263. Gill-iosa had Gille-Calum, who fought at Bannockburn. Gille-Calum was succeeded, at Duart,

the people and are interesting notwithstanding some small historical inaccuracies.

There was one occasion at least in which court was held within the precincts of Aros Castle. (Page 112.) It was in 1608 when the Scottish Estates sent Lord Ochiltree and the Bishop of the Isles to confer with the Highland Chiefs for the better government of the Highlanders. Certain Statutes which the Parliament sitting in Edinburgh had drafted were discussed; but the chiefs remained obdurate. Lord Ochiltree then asked the chiefs to listen to a sermon by the Bishop. The chiefs consented, but remained unmoved so far as the main object was concerned. Lord Ochiltree then invited them to dinner on board the Government ship, the Moon, lying in Aros Bay. Once on board the Moon, the sails were hoisted and the chiefs were told they were prisoners. They were taken to Edinburgh and after a short incarceration were released on their own recognisances. The following year the Chiefs of the great clans were summoned to meet in Iona where, standing on the famous Black Stones, they swore an oath to uphold and enforce the nine articles of the Statutes of Iona. It appears that in those days an oath was not considered binding unless taken on the Clachan Brath of Iona.*

SALEN.

Leaving Aros behind, we come to Salen, a thriving little village, which is itself not void of interest to the tourist. Its ancient designation is "Sailean Dubh Chal-uim Chille" (Dark Salen of St. Columba). It is alleged that it acquired that name from the fact that St. Colum landed there on his way through Mull to Iona, after having

by his son Iain Dubh. Iain Dubh had two sons, Lachann Lubanach and Eachann Reaganach, the latter having been the progenitor of the Macclaines of Lochbuie. Lachann Lubanach had Eachann Ruadhan cath (Red Hector of the battles), whose son Lachann Bronnach succeeded him in Duart. Lachann Bronnach was married twice. By his first wife he had Lachann Og, who succeeded him in Duart, and by his second he had Neil, progenitor of the Macleans of Ross and Torloisk, or Lehire. From the latter sept is descended the present Marquis of Northampton, proprietor of Torloisk.

*Gregory's History of the Highlands.

received from King Aidan a grant of that little but, latterly, classic island. In the neighbourhood of the village is a little stream called "Allt an t-searmoin" (The sermon brook), on whose banks, tradition alleges, the great Abbot preached one of his powerful sermons.

What emotion, what pathos, rises in our breasts as we gaze upon the green knolls which skirt the river banks, where the great preacher might have stood; for, in spite of the rolling centuries that have intervened, but little change can have taken place in the natural contour of the place. We listen to the gurgling of the water as it meanders through the windings of its rocky channel, now in fitful gushes, now in mournful rumbling, and ever and anon with that musical murmur which thirteen centuries ago mingled with the resonant voice of the illustrious Abbot, expounding the truths of the Gospel to the natives.

Forty years ago, or even less, Salen was an insignificant Highland clachan, with a row of detached thatched and smoky cottages on either side of the road. Low, damp, and dreary it must have been, nestling on that bleak and mossy plateau, out of which the gigantic mountains seem to rise abruptly. During those forty years, however, the place has made rapid strides, both in size and in improved architecture. A bleak plain of moss and heather has become literally studded with beautiful villas, which, during summer, command a busy "letting trade," bringing hundreds of visitors to the place during the season. But, besides its pretty villas, and its easy accessibility, Salen has also something to boast of in the way of natural beauties. Taking our position on one of those green knolls which command a view of the place, what a picture is there spread before you! Mountains and woods and yawning glens, lit up with a golden summer sun, are beautifully defined on nature's canvas, and in the most exquisite colours.

Just look at Ben More, as it peeps over the heads of the intervening mountains, through a rift in the woolly cloud which loves to hover over it! The hills in the neighbourhood bristle with trees of the pine, the hazel, and the beech genus; while, here and there, the graceful

rowan displays its ruddy fruit. Wild flowers are there in their thousands, laden with dew and courting the shade of the giant yews, underneath whose branches they cluster as if for protection. A walk through the pretty woodlands round about Salen on a mellow autumn evening, while the birds are chanting their melodies, inspires one with fresh life and vigour. It has a special charm for those who are capable of appreciating nature's summer garniture of leaves and flowers and fruit in their various colours. The roads leading to the village of Salen are fairly level, and being generally in good order, the cyclist can always enjoy a spin on his machine if he wishes to "do" the scenery. There is a good low-water pier within easy reach of the village, at which several steamers call daily, more especially during the season. There is a daily connection with Oban by steamer which, in summer, discharges heterogeneous crowds of passengers, who receive snug quarters in the villas which stud the green fields on either side of the road, or in the commodious Salen Hotel, which is passed on the right as we enter the village from the pier.

At Salen there is held every August the annual show of the Mull and Morven Agricultural Association, at which substantial prizes are awarded to the best exhibits. These shows which, since their commencement, have become a craze among Mull farmers, are giving farmers a great impetus in stock breeding. Stock of all kinds has made rapid improvement; and breeders get the benefit in the superior prices realised on market days. In this connection it is only to be regretted that more encouragement has not been given to the fostering and to the breeding of those wiry little ponies for which Mull was once famous: so hardy and so spirited are they when footing their way over the rough hill-tops. Very few of those clean-boned and well-knit animals are now to be met with on the island, though, perhaps, forty or fifty years ago, they were very numerous. None could be more suitable for traversing the rough roads which then intersected the island, or the sedgy moors, with their numberless treacherous bogs. It seems a pity that this excellent breed is

gradually disappearing; for the Mull natives have been giving more attention to the breeding of the Clydesdale type to the exclusion of the native strain. Through the efforts of J. H. Munro-Mackenzie, Esq., of Calgary, and the late Squire Cheape, of Bentley Manor, the breeding of this native type of horse has been making encouraging progress within the last few years. Tradition asserts that these horses are a relic left by the Spanish Armada.

The Thursday* following is held the largest horse market in the West Highlands. To this important meeting congregate dealers from all parts of the country, who depart with large numbers of the hardy and well-bred horses of Mull and the neighbouring islands.

At Pennygown are the remains of an ancient chapel, thirty-nine feet, nine inches long within, the walls of which are standing, but the gables have fallen. There are three narrow windows with slightly carved heads and a doorway on the north-west; and inside is the lower portion of a tapering shaft carved in bold relief, with the virgin and child and spreading foliage; in the burial ground are several slabs with effigies.

From Salen we have the choice of two routes; to continue by the coast road down the Sound of Mull to Craignure (10 miles); or to take the road which branches to the right from about the middle of the village, crossing overland a short isthmus to Loch-na-keal. This short isthmus acts as a natural boundary line between the joint parishes of Kilninian and Kilmore on the north and the parish of Torosay on the south. The village of Salen is divided between both parishes.

Let us take the Loch-na-keal road. After leaving the village of Salen, we have a little monotonous stretch of road, bleak and bare hillsides, those on the left towering to the clouds, while on the right the serrated hilltops, with their rough and rugged outlines, stretch for miles away. But the scene changes quickly and we are soon at the environs of Gruline where the curtain rises on one of the

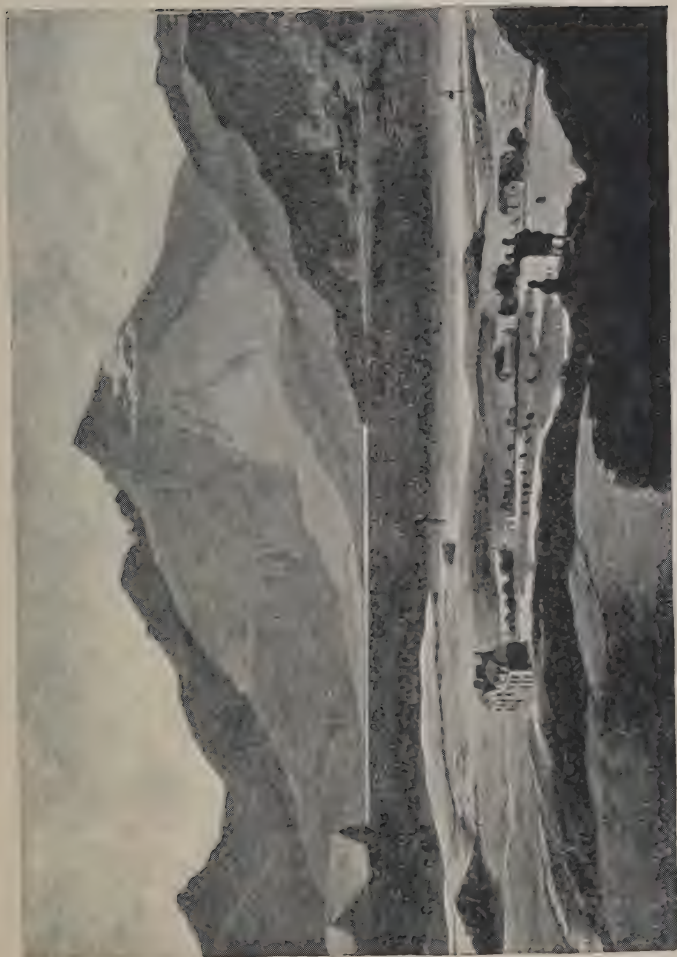
*The first Thursday after the 20th Aug., or on the 20th Aug. if a Thursday.

grandest mountain and loch scenes in Scotland. At the fork ($2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) however, we again bear to the right, leaving the description of the scenic beauties of Gruline and Loch Bà to a subsequent page.

LOCH-NA-KEAL.

We are now on the direct road to Ulva, which winds along the pretty shores of Loch-na-keal, or, more properly, Loch-nan-ceall—the loch of cells or churches. It must have inherited this name from the Columban era. It is admissible that, somewhere on its wood-fringed shores, there has been the site of a Culdee Chapel, which has given Loch-na-keal its name. This loch penetrates the island of Mull for eight or nine miles, going, in fact, within three or four miles of cutting it into two parts. With Inchkenneth guarding its entrance from the sweeping career of the Atlantic's wintry billows, and, surrounded on every side by a battlement of gigantic mountain ranges, Loch-na-keal gets the name of being one of the safest harbours in the West Highlands. It is well-guarded from all the winds that blow; and here the Channel Fleet anchored for several days some years ago.

Just half-a-mile from the point where we left the main road we come to Killiechronan, or "Coille-chronain"—the murmuring grove—an ideal Highland residence. In olden times Killiechronan was known as Cill-phobuill, probably from its having been the site of a chapel. Even the pretty and well-pruned hedges which border the public road long before we come to the place, are a sufficient index that we are approaching a model Highland seat; and when we come to the entrance gate, past which the road sweeps, and peep at the picture-like grounds, we are not disappointed. Fairyland could hardly provide a scene more pretty than Killiechronan House, with its walls adorned with magnificent garlands, and the lawn before its front door cut up into squares and circles and diamonds, each beautifully embellished with almost the most lovely specimens which the floral kingdom can produce.



Benmore from near Ulva House.

For the next three miles the road itself is uninteresting, flat, and almost monotonous, with only one or two houses scattered here and there, to remind us that we are still within safe distance of the "haunts of men." Monotonous, yes; yet a lover of nature does not find it so. The murmur of the waves below, as they kiss the pebbly beach, or swill among the craggy rocks of whin, or the sighing of the summer breeze among the trees which overhang the road, and whose leafy branches sway this way and that as if vieing with each other in displaying their gorgeous foliage, are enough to enliven the scene, even if there was not the melodious trilling of birds to lend further enchantment to this grand picture of nature.

On the other side of the loch we have a chain of almost conical mountains rising from the water's edge, culminating in the lofty peak of Ben More, monarch of all it surveys.

Continuing on our road, the next two miles are uphill, and our road leaves the shore for a bit and crosses the shoulder of the headland of Ard Dearg. When we reach the top of the climb a lovely view unfolds itself of the Sound of Ulva and Ulva's Isle. Very beautiful sunsets are to be viewed from here. The next three miles of the road drops down to Oskamull, and a further short rise brings us to Laggan. About a mile to the north, near Laggan, is the singular cataract of Erse-forse, a mountain stream, which falls in one unbroken descent from a rocky cliff sixty-six feet in height, direct into the sea.

CHAPTER IV.
SOUND OF ULVA.

Passing along the road we get a beautiful view of Ulva, with its fine mansion house, whose windows and white-washed walls glint among the stately and widely-branching firs that surround it. Looking over at the pretty island which is so much associated with the name of the late Dr. Livingstone, the famous African traveller, we are reminded of the story of the hapless "Chief of Ulva's Isle," over whom and his unfortunate bride the cruel waves of stormy Loch-na-keal closed, whilst escaping from Lord Ullin's wrath. Though there is little in that beautiful poem, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," to indicate that the closing scene of the tragic drama was perpetrated in this particular spot, still the very appearance of it is strongly suggestive of its having been so; and this seems the more probable when we reflect that Thomas Campbell, the author of the poem, spent some of his earlier days in Mull, and that, doubtless, his poetic mind fed on its numerous wild legends and traditions, and became imbued with its pastoral and littoral characteristics which, to a man of literary genius, would be one vast poem. This then being so, it is only reasonable to suppose that in after years his mind would, during some of its flights of imagination, wander back to, and hover over, the scenes of his youth, where every spot is highly suggestive of lofty ideas which poets associate with romance.

The region about "Ulva's Isle" is very picturesque. Indeed, all the way down to Torloisk is one continuous picture of hills and woods and cosy farm houses. It has often been remarked that the most comfortable farm and crofter houses in the West Highlands are to be found on the Torloisk estate. The proprietor, Mr. E. R. F. Compton, of the Marquis of Northampton's family, spares no pains in promoting the welfare of his tenants; giving everything his own personal attention, he is looked upon as a model landlord. The road here is a little "stiffish" to travel. It has a few ups and

downs, and, like most Highland roads, has several turns and bends. Now round a rocky corner; again plunging into a wooded ravine with a roaring cataract, whose waters rush and rumble down its rocky and precipitous channel. At times the road skirts along a steep hillside, and when we look at the dizzy heights above us, and at the yawning abyss below us, we almost fancy ourselves traversing a tight rope. But, above and below, the woods are dense; tall and thick trees fringe the roadside, close enough to minimise any danger that threatens, or, at least, to temper the feelings which naturally creep over one while driving past uncanny places. It is, however, a charming bit of country, disclosing at various points magnificent landscape scenes which artists love to transfer to canvas. There are bold and craggy rocks clad in grey lichen costumes, struggling into view from underneath dense masses of rustling foliage; great trees of hazel and beech, to which the unctuous loamy soil gives birth, with sturdy trunks, here and there garnished by the parasitic ivy, which entwines itself among the branches, and from which, now and again, we see it droop down in pretty festoons; great bracken bushes, which, judging from their exuberance, court the shelter of the rocks and trees, and whose serrated petals, just beginning to display the sombre tints which denote the approach of autumn, give the finishing touch to this grand picture of Nature.

As we approach the grounds and castellated residence of Mr. Compton, the scene begins to change a bit. We pass several of the pretty cottages with which the genial proprietor of Torloisk has adorned his estate. Trees are a necessary adjunct to every house we come to; and tall sycamores, like sentinels, wave their branches opposite the windows and doors, as if fanning the atmosphere, which seems pretty close under the shelter of those great hills.

Sir Walter Scott, visiting Mull, relates that at Torloisk he found "the most learned and accomplished ladies he had ever met." Long before there was any sign of the present enthusiasm for Highland music and Gaelic songs, the ladies of Torloisk had collections of their own written

down and published in special editions for private use. Much to the loss of Mull, and especially of Highland music, an English Marquis carried away the most enthusiastic of these ladies as his bride.

A LEGEND OF TORLOISK.

With Torloisk is associated the historic name of the famous pirate, Ailean na Sop, or more correctly, Ailean nan Sop, which, by interpretation, means "Allan of the Straws." We could never visit Torloisk, or even talk of it, without recalling the tradition concerning Alan, which still commands attentive listeners whenever recited by the blazing peat fires at the winter Céilidhean.



Torloisk House.

Alan was an illegitimate son of one of Duart's chiefs. Tradition says that Maclean of Duart paid one of his usual visits to the family of Torloisk, and, as was customary among Highland people, the days were spent in hunting and feasting and the various recreations with which those rude days were acquainted. They found an alternative for the excitement of the chase in peaceful excursions to the Treshnish Isles—an archipelago which lies off the north-west coast of Mull—composed of the Dutchman's Cap, Lunga, Cairnburg, and several other smaller islands, famous as a resort of seals in their thousands. The Chief

of Duart and Torloisk's young daughter seemed to have enjoyed each other's company, but, unhappily, the result was the birth of the subject of our story. When her parents discovered that the young maid of Torloisk was dishonoured, she was dismissed from the family circle and sent to the kitchen, where she was treated like the humblest menial. The unhappy girl, disgraced and ostracised from the loving circle in which she used to nestle, pined away. The tradition alleges—and the foolish allegation is indicative of the superstitious ignorance of those days—that, in consequence of a freak in witchcraft, perpetrated by an old hag in Duart, the period of pregnancy had been exceeded by several months. The story goes that some itinerant tinker happened to call at the castle of Torloisk. Being surprised at the gaunt and emaciated appearance of the young woman, and being also possessed of the inquisitiveness characteristic of Highlanders of those days, he inquired the cause of it, and, having been informed of the curious circumstances of the case, he declared that the poor woman had been under a spell, and he proffered an effective cure—for it is presumable he knew something of the Duart witch. He advised Torloisk to dispatch a messenger to the Chief of Duart, and to say that his daughter had given birth to a son, of which he was the putative father. Now, it appears that the Chief of Duart was a married man; and when his wife discovered the disgrace into which he had fallen she conspired with the witch to prevent the accouchement of Torloisk's daughter; for, having been childless herself, she would resort to all measures lest her husband should become the father of any other woman's issue.

The wily tinker seemingly suspected these intrigues, and designed his plans accordingly. He instructed the messenger, on arriving at Duart Castle, to ask for the chief, and to feign a desire to hide from Lady Maclean the secret of his mission, but, at the same time, to watch an opportunity of disclosing it under circumstances which would admit of the Chief's wife overhearing him. This plan had the desired effect. The Chief's wife became furious. She rushed into the kitchen, pulled out from a

little bag that hung on the wall an old rusty key, and, in great rage, threw it in the hag's face. It was to induce this action of Duart's wife that the tinker concocted his plan; for, no sooner had the key been taken from its place of concealment, than Torloisk's daughter was delivered of a son. Her accouchement happened so suddenly that the servants had only time to procure a bundle of straw, on which she reclined in a corner of the kitchen. The legend says that, as soon as he was born, the child seized a handful of the straw which composed his mother's bed; from which incident he ever afterwards was called Aillean na Sop. This part of the story may be taken for what it is worth. There is no doubt that some people were ignorant enough to believe such stuff in the ages that have passed, but, nowadays, its votaries are no more to be found.

But, to return to our story. Alan grew to be a hardy little boy, as Highland boys usually are after becoming inured to the life to which inhabitants of mountainous countries are accustomed. He excelled his compeers in strength and agility, and displayed much of the fierceness and daring, and of the warlike ardour, characteristic of his ancestors, and afterwards prominent in his own person. Naturally endowed with these peculiar traits of character, and bred in a country whose local associations, whose very mountains, proclaimed freedom and liberty, it is not to be wondered at that young Alan should give early indications of the bold and free life which he led in later years, and which seemed to be developed from the free and bracing atmosphere of his native hills. By the time, however, that the subject of our story had attained to the estate of boyhood, some changes had taken place in the old home at Torloisk. Of these the most important was the marriage of Alan's mother with a member of her own clan; for the old folk had died; and, being a pretty young woman, and the only representative of an illustrious family, who left her in comfortable circumstances, many suitors sought her hand. The alliance was an unfortunate one for poor Alan; for his wicked stepfather treated him with great cruelty, a circumstance which must have

had some effect in moulding his character, and, perhaps, in making the groove in which, in after years, his chequered career ran.

When only a little boy Alan had a habit of rising very early every morning, and of making oatmeal bannocks, which he baked by placing on edge before a blazing peat fire. Bannocks of this sort are still made in many parts of the Highlands, and are considered to be very strong and nutritious. One morning, however, after the boy had prepared his simple meal, and had left it baking before a large fire, his stepfather entered the kitchen, and, on pretext of great kindness, took the bannock and handed it to him saying it was quite ready. The poor, innocent little fellow, stretched out both hands to receive it, in childish fashion, but, as he did so, his villainous stepfather pressed them tightly on the scalding bannock which he had thrust between his little palms, and laughed with a sardonic grin at the piercing screams which the pain brought from him. Alan's hands were terribly scorched, the skin rising all over his fingers in big blisters. Some time after this, a friend took Alan to reside with him, and it does not appear that he ever afterwards or for many years at least, crossed the threshold of his stepfather. The thought of his scalded fingers was always an unfailing deterrent, much as he liked to see his dear mother, whom he knew to be always suffering from her wicked husband's abuse.

Hard and cruel treatment in their youth has been known to make some boys desperate, and to look upon danger in the most reckless and most unconcerned manner possible. Ailean na Sop may have been one of these. He was naturally brave; but the hardships of his boyhood days must have whetted the desires which impelled him to lead the life he afterwards led—a roving, wandering one on the high seas. At this time the Danes, as for centuries previously, had been scouring the western seas, intercepting what merchant vessels were unfortunate enough to fall in their track, and very frequently landing on the islands and on the western mainland of the Scottish Highlands, and committing great depredations. When only a mere youth, Ailean na Sop joined one of these pirates.

His natural instincts soon developed, and his qualities as a seaman so much attracted the attention of his principals in this nefarious navy that, in a very short time, he obtained the command of a ship. But the hardy Highland pirate was not destined to remain long in that position, worthy as it was, for he ascended rung after rung of the ladder until, ultimately, he was promoted to the post of admiral. His name became known on every ship that sailed the western seas, and in every spot where anchor was cast. Often did the story of his plunderings and depredations on sea and on land reach his native isle and strike terror in the heart of his churlish stepfather, who was in constant fear of receiving a visit from him to commemorate the tragedy of the scalded fingers.

Such a visit did take place, but, with more friendly intentions than had been calculated. One beautiful summer day Alan's much dreaded fleet entered the Sound between Ulva and the mainland of Mull, and cast anchor right opposite the Castle of Torloisk. The crafty old laird expected nothing but destruction, of which he must have thought himself thoroughly deserving; but Alan had a more generous heart and a less vindictive nature; for the object of his visit to the scenes of his boyhood was merely to see his mother, of whose death many years before he had not, of course, heard. His stepfather met him on the beach, affecting great kindness, which the bold pirate reciprocated. After a couple of days, when Torloisk had discovered that he had sufficiently ingratiated himself into his stepson's favour to enter into the kind of conversation natural to persons in the relative positions of stepson and stepfather, he treated him to a piece of advice, which the adventurous pirate could not but accept as genuine, coming, as it did, from a person who presumably had begun to interest himself in his favour. "Now, Alan," said the cunning old schemer, "you have been a wanderer on the wild ocean for many a day, and you have no doubt acquired by this time a fortune ample for your old age. Would it not be much better for you to build a cosy nest on land, where you can spend the rest of your days in ease and peace? Over yonder is Ulva, and there at your feet,

sheltered by it, is Loch Tua.* The neck of old MacQuarrie is all that is between you and Ulva; and your good broad sword, which has already cleft many a skull, can easily clear the way to the possession of the island; and just fancy how suitable Loch Tua would be for your fleet to ride at anchor."

Alan, whose heart had been hardened by scenes of death and bloodshed and plunder, readily acquiesced in the kind proposal of his stepfather, whose sole object in proffering this advice was to avenge himself on the laird of Ulva for some long-standing grievance. He had for many years been hatching plans to carry out his resolutions for revenge, and he was not slow in availing himself of the means so advantageously placed at his disposal. Ailean na Sop immediately set out with all sail for the "invasion" of Ulva. Old MacQuarrie saw the hostile fleet approach his shores with destruction writ large on every sail. Alan landed with his men. MacQuarrie, who expected no quarter, met him on the shore, affecting to accept the visit as a friendly one, having reason to believe, at all events, that Alan had not obliterated from his recollections his boyhood's visits to Ulva and the many unstinted kindnesses shown him on these occasions. Salutations, which could not have been mistaken for anything but friendly ones, passed between the two men. MacQuarrie, who had well construed the object of the visit, never showed the least concern. He affected to be greatly elated at having received a visit from a man who had been so feared and so famous. He made a great feast; treated Alan and his men to the most sumptuous entertainments, and exercised so well and so successfully his power of histrionics, that the hardy pirate, in whose heart still flickered some little gleams of sympathy, was wiled away from his object.

After a great deal of wild carousing, Alan prepared to

*Pronounced locally *Locha Tuath*—Northern Loch.

NOTE.—In some cases spoken Gaelic is a little different from the written, and such words as Ailean nan Sop are pronounced like Alan na Sop in certain dialects, the final "n" in the article being dropped before the consonant "s." Hence Ailean na Sop.

leave the island. On bidding farewell to old MacQuarrie he said, "Your great kindness, my dear old friend, compels me once more to hoist a pirate's flag, and again seek fortune on the high seas." MacQuarrie, seemingly surprised at this assertion, enquired the reason. "Because, sir," replied the intrepid adventurer, "I landed on Ulva with the intention of slaying you, and taking possession of your snug little island home, which in all its details would have been most suitable for me." Every line in the old Chief's face must have indexed the greatest emotion upon hearing this cancelling of his death sentence; but, instead of permitting his feelings of fear, on realising his nearness to destruction, to predominate, he merely affected the greatest surprise, by which he the more firmly clenched his well-affected feelings of confidence in his formidable visitor whose purpose he had so well shunted, by counterfeiting himself in all his actions. "My dear Alan," he said, "those cruel plans were never hatched in a breast so noble as yours, and from what I know of your step-father, old Torloisk, for many years now, I have every possible reason to believe it was he who inspired that ignoble plan. He only wished to avail himself of a good opportunity for avenging himself upon me for private matters. But the more I think of it, the more I wonder how the boyhood of little Alan na Sop could ever have developed into that kind of manhood, which, oblivious of all former relationship, could be so warped as to become the weapon which would annihilate the home of one who had sheltered that boyhood at times when the base instigator of an ignominious scheme could use such an appliance as a hot bannock for its torture. Surely, Alan, you have not forgotten that morning when he pressed your little hands on that scalding oatmeal cake? Surely you have not forgotten his harsh treatment of your now dead mother, and how she could not interfere with his brutal conduct towards her unprotected little boy?" His boyhood's days, which long years of wandering on the seas, and ever-recurring naval conflicts, and scenes of death, in almost all its frightful shapes, and hairbreadth escapes, and a thousand indefinable escapades incidental to piratical life, had almost ob-

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literated from his memory, had been but dimly flickering among the more recent and most notorious incidents recorded on the mental tablet.

But old MacQuarrie's words brought all those things very vividly back to his recollection. The flicker had been fanned into a flame, and the tortured life he led in his boyhood, while under the "tender mercies" of old Torloisk, roused in his mind a strong desire for vengeance; for, no sooner had MacQuarrie touched the lever of his mental phonograph, than the impressions so deeply indented on his brain long years before seemed to reproduce, all in a flash, and with the utmost amplitude of detail, his boyish sufferings. He boarded his ship. The soft easterly breeze bore him gently over the rippling bosom of Loch Tua, and, in a very short time, he had landed on the rocky shores of Torloisk. The churlish and intriguing old laird met him on the beach, and with extended arms greeted what he thought to be the new laird of Ulva; but the wild flash in Alan's eye, like the clouds that precede the wintry storm, indicated the tornado that was brooding inside. "You villain!" said Alan. "You sent me to kill a far better man than you are yourself; a man who was my protector, when you were my tormentor. My fingers still bear the marks of the scalding bannocks which you so kindly proffered; so, for that and many other memorable events, there——." Alan suited the action to the word, and passed his sword through his step-father's heart. He took immediate possession of the estate and castle of Torloisk.

In a few months he married, and, relinquishing his roving propensities, settled down to his last days in the land of his birth. He died at a good old age, and his body was laid in the dust of Reilaig Orain, Iona, where his tombstone is still pointed out to the tourist. He was the founder of the Torloisk branch of the Clan Maclean,* and his descendants to this day occupy the old spot.

These are glimpses of the interesting history of the adventurous chieftain of Torloisk as they have been handed down in the traditional lore of Mull. According to the

*This does not coincide with documentary evidence on the subject.

accepted history of the Clan Maclean, Alan was brother to Eachann Mór, 12th Chief of Duart, and second son of Lachlan Catanach, the 11th Chief.

He died in 1551. He was succeeded by his son, who does not appear to have inherited his father's capacities; for, during his brief chieftainship, the Torloisk estates were lost by forfeiture. Later, they were conferred by charter on Lachlan Òg, second son of Sir Lachlan Mór of Duart, into whose possession the forfeited lands had returned.

The seventh and last Maclean of Torloisk was another Lachlan. He had a daughter named Marianne who was made an heiress in her own right. She inherited the family estate in 1799 and, later, became the wife of Douglas Clephane of Carslogie in Fifeshire. In 1815 her eldest daughter Margaret married the second Marquis of Northampton, and "through this union," says the historian of the Clan Maclean, "the estate of Torloisk passed into the hands of the Northampton family." The Northamptons therefore, through their descent in the female line from the old Torloisk Macleans, belong to the oldest branch of the Duart family, the family having branched from the main stem in the person of John Dubh Maclean, second son of Eachann Roy, 6th Chief of Duart.

The Northamptons have always shown the military spirit of their Highland ancestors, and are known to have taken active part in the field, in all the great wars in which their country was involved, down to the great war which convulsed the world during the years 1914 to 1918.

From Torloisk we can continue on our way which would bring us back to Calgary and Dervaig, and so on to Tobermory, a distance of about 21 miles. There is also a hill road to Dervaig from Torloisk, which means a saving of six miles.

At Kilninian, which is finely situated on Loch Tua, is the parish church, built in 1754. It occupies the site of the ancient fabric, of which no trace remains; in the burial ground are a number of richly carved slabs and the shaft of a cross; and hard by is Saint Ninian's well, a fount of pellucid water.

CHAPTER V.

PIPER'S COLLEGE AT ULVA.

AT Ulva, in the olden times, was a piper's college, where the famous race of Mull pipers, the MacArthurs, instructed the aspiring musicians of the Island in the art of piobaireachd. The MacArthurs' College turned out several exquisite performers on the piob-mhór. Our modern exponents of pipe music revel in their rendering of the marches, quicksteps, and piobaireachds which generations of the MacArthurs had composed, and in which they instructed their pupils. The first of this race of pipers was taught by the MacCrimmons of Skye, whose repute is recorded on tablets of brass.

At the tender age of nine or ten years, young MacArthur was placed, at the Marquis of Staffa's expense, in the MacCrimmon College at Dunvegan, where he was maintained and instructed in the difficult grips and movements characteristic of pipe music. In those days no student was admitted to the Pipers' College above the age of ten; and the course of instruction, even in the case of the brightest pupil, extended to fourteen years. It is little wonder, then, that ancient performers excelled in an art which they cultivated with so much care and with such close application. MacArthur, it appears, was a prodigy at picking up and fingering on the chanter the most difficult tunes and the most difficult bars of "urlar," "siubhal," and "crunluth," by which the different parts of a piobaireachd are known to the exponents of pipe music. So clever was he in surmounting the difficulties which confront beginners that MacCrimmon foresaw in him a formidable rival in his favourite art. He therefore began to be more lax in his instructions to his young pupil; and whenever he desired to play one of his masterpieces he was never at a loss to send the boy MacArthur on some errand.

One day a gentleman came to MacCrimmon's house, and desired the famous musician to play one of his favour-

ite tunes. MacCrimmon consented; and, in order to get MacArthur out of the way while entertaining his friend, he sent him on a message to a neighbouring township some miles away. But MacArthur readily construed his tutor's pretexts, and having as much perspicacity in deciphering what his physiognomy indexed for some time regarding himself as he had ability in mastering the quavers and semiquavers, he resolved to circumvent his plans. He accordingly affected the utmost willingness to obey his master; but, on quitting the house, he ensconced himself at the back door and waited developments. When MacCrimmon thought him far enough away, he shouldered his pipes and discoursed some of the most excellent piobaireachds known, and in such a way as only a MacCrimmon could. After MacCrimmon had finished, MacArthur galloped off on his message, affecting the utmost unconcern at having fully confirmed his conviction that his instructor had been shirking his duties as instructor. But his youthful mind had been charmed with the captivating evolutions of the quavers, semiquavers, demisemiquavers, and all the other notes in that tune which he had then heard for the first time. He resolved to practise those beautiful bars in some secluded spot where his tutor should not discover him, and also at home, when the old piper was taking his walk. It was on one of those occasions that young MacArthur was practising the piobaireachd alluded to, when MacCrimmon returned suddenly from his noon-day walk, and, his ear having caught some bars of the tune, which he thought no one but himself could play, he angrily approached his pupil and said, "You young rascal, where did you pick up that piece of music?" "I picked it up in the backdoor that day you entertained your friend to it," said MacArthur, assuming the most impassable indifference, "and," continued he, "I shall lose no more time than the boat shall take on her voyage to Mull in telling the Marquis of Staffa that you are not giving me the full benefit of your talents, for which you were amply paid by my benefactor." Old MacCrimmon felt somewhat alarmed at the stern rigidity and cool indifference with which his pupil addressed him, and, know-

ing the consequences that would result from the matter being made known to such an influential patron as the Marquis of Staffa, he very discreetly confessed his guilt, and promised his clever pupil better attention in the future. Pupil and tutor seem to have got on very well after this incident, and when, in the course of a year or two, MacArthur quitted the MacCrimmons' College, he was ranked among the foremost pipers of his day. Students from various parts of Mull attended his college at Ulva, and most of them were known to be players of high repute. The writer of these sketches, when a boy, remembers having seen an old piper who had received his tuition in the Pipers' College at Ulva. The race of pipers who for many years conducted this seminary long ago emigrated from their little island home; but memories of them are still green among the old natives of Mull.

MACQUARRIE OF ULVA.

Ulva was for some centuries the home of Clann Guaire or MacQuarrie. The territories of the clan were never extensive, but their history presents some interesting features. Several of their chiefs became prominent men.

According to a MS. of 1450 the name of MacQuarrie is derived from Guaire or Godfrey who is said to have been a brother of Fingan, ancestor of the Mackinnons, and of Andrias or Andrew, ancestor of the MacGregors.* The historian Smibert believed that they constituted one branch of the Irish immigrants.

The name is strongly Irish and is supposed to be identical with the MacQuires and MacGuires. It is stated in the history of the family, written by one of its own members, that a chief of Ulva named Cormac Mór joined Alexander II. in 1249 in an expedition against the Western Isles. The Chief of Ulva contributed three galleys of sixteen oars each to the King's naval force.

The first MacQuarrie chief of whom history makes any mention is John of Ulva, whose death is recorded in 1473. He was succeeded by his son Dunsloff, and during his

*Keltie's "*Highland Clans and Regiments.*"

reign in Ulva, the last Lord of the Isles was forfeited. This marks the period of the independence of the MacQuarrie chiefs. They always followed the banner of the Duart Macleans when the latter were on the war path.

The last Chief of Ulva was Lachlan MacQuarrie, the 16th of the line. His finances became embarrassed, and the ancestral estates went into the market for behoof of his creditors. It was a cruel wrench, for the transaction had cut him off from the soil associated with all that was dear to his memory, and with all the romance and chivalry connected with the history of a clan of ancient lineage.

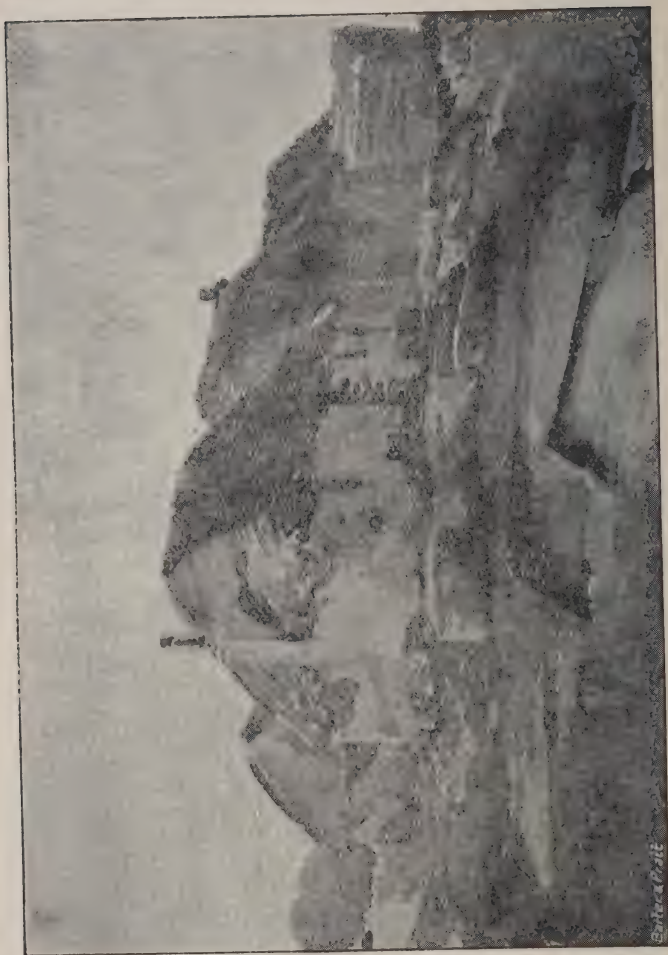
Like most Highland gentlemen of his caste, the chief of the MacQuarries was a soldier. He does not, however, appear to have made much progress in the army, and it is not known that he ever attained to a higher rank than that of Captain. His name is often confused with the name of that distinguished personality, Major-General MacQuarrie, Governor of New South Wales, also a native of Ulva's lonely isle.

One authority—"The Dictionary of National Biography"—describes the General as the eldest son of Lachlan MacQuarrie, the 16th chief of Ulva, but it is not known that they were even related in any near degree. It is authoritatively stated that in a letter which the General received from his brother, who was an officer in the army, and had been on a visit to Mull, the chief of Ulva is referred to as "our old friend." This disposes of the statement that the General was a son of the 16th chief of Ulva.

Nevertheless, whenever Ulva becomes topical, the name of a son of its soil, who was such an outstanding personality as General MacQuarrie, must naturally emerge, because of the irresistible attraction it creates when associated with such a lonely place as this bleak and out-of-the-way isle.

The General had a humble origin. His father was a small farmer in Ulva. He married a Miss MacLaine of Lochbuie, and had two sons—the General and brother, who rose to the rank of Colonel in the army.

The General had a most interesting career. As a



Ulva Cottages.

soldier, a diplomat and an explorer, he reached a distinguished degree on the ladder of fame.

While he was serving as a Colonel in India in 1807, the Government of India sent him upon an important mission to the Shah of Persia and to the Tsar of Russia. He had an adventurous journey from the Persian Gulf to Moscow and St. Petersburg. He passed along the valley of the Euphrates and trod the banks of the Tigris where, more than a century later, the British Army was fighting the Turks in the Great War which commenced in 1914 and ended in November, 1918. Having finished his business with the Tsar, General MacQuarrie faced homeward. He travelled from St. Petersburg to Copenhagen, arriving at the Danish capital after its capture by the British Fleet in 1807. He stayed at Copenhagen for a short time, and was taken home in a British warship.

After this interesting event MacQuarrie was promoted to the rank of Major-General and later appointed to be Governor of New South Wales.

The stern old campaigner was no sooner installed in his new sphere than he began to look about him for fresh outlets for his abnormal and inexhaustible energies, and, with the various new activities with which his name became associated, he combined exploring. The vast new Continent over which he had charge offered many opportunities to one with such keen ambition as General MacQuarrie, and, as an explorer, he made for himself a name which will last in those southern latitudes. Many of the rivers and mountains and bays in the great Australian Continent bear his name and perpetuate his illustrious memory. He died in 1824 at the great age of 103 years, and thus closed a career with which few can be measured for pluck, perseverance and endurance. His remains were laid to rest in the island he loved so well. The General was married twice. His first wife was a Miss Jarvis. She was a lady of considerable wealth, and, with her money, the General was enabled to purchase extensive estates in Mull. He purchased Gruline, Salen, Ben Talla and Ishriff from his cousin Lochbuie; and in 1817 he purchased Killiechronan from the then Duke of Argyll.

This latter estate he called "Jarvisfield" after his wife.

His second wife was Miss Campbell of Airds. He left one son, Lachlan, who was a Captain in the Scots Greys. He was married to Miss Campbell of Jura, but died without issue.

General MacQuarrie's great mentality proves that genius can be found in the most obscure corners, for, besides the famous chief's iron personality, was it not from among those grim hills of Ulva that sprang the great African explorer Dr. Livingstone, whose grandfather was a mere crofter in the lone bleak isle.

There is one interesting feature in Ulva's history which is worth recording, since it was here that the peculiar custom known as "*Merchata Mulierum*"* was practised for the last time.

According to this custom a crofter or clansman was obliged to pay the laird or chief a fine of five shillings on the marriage of the former's daughter. The last time this fee was levied was when a crofter in Ulva paid the chief MacQuarrie the customary fine when the former's daughter married.

In olden times *Merchata Mulierum* was a general custom all over Scotland, but Malcolm III. is said to have abolished it.

It is said to have been brought from France by the Normans, but Irish writers state that it was introduced into this country by the Danes.

ULVA ISLE.

The island is distinguished for grand basaltic colonnades and picturesque masses of trap rocks which rise from the shore in successive ranges of terraces to an altitude of 1400 feet. Some low but well formed colonnades occur along the shore. The upper ranges seldom exceed twenty feet in height; they preserve little or no continuity, but are very numerous since they skirt the whole south-west shore. Some of the detached parts have in many places an artificial appearance, resembling fragments of walls

*New Statistical Account of Scotland.

and ruined towers. "The ranges," says Dr. MacCulloch, "are often as regular as Staffa, although on a much less scale. In many places they afford elegant and picturesque compositions, which, although passed every day by the crowds who visit Staffa, appear to have been unnoticed. If either their numbers, extent or picturesque appearance be considered, they are more deserving of admiration than even those of the Giant's Causeway; and had they been the only basaltic columns on this coast, they might have acquired the fame which they merit. But Ulva is eclipsed by the superior lustre of Staffa, and while the mass of mankind is content to follow the individual who first led the way, its beauties will probably be still consigned to neglect."

On the south side, there is a remarkable cave, with its entrance in the face of a rock which rises to a height of from 90 to 100 feet. The entrance has an arch-like span of 37 feet. The cave is 60 feet long, 58 feet broad, and 30 feet in average height.

The whole topography of Ulva, as well as that of the neighbouring islands, bears very strong evidence of a Norse occupation. Its name is Norse, and signifies "wolf island," from Norse "Ulfur"—a wolf. In the vicinity, again, is Staffa, whose geological peculiarities have given it its well-known and significant name—Isle of Pillars—from Norse Stafr-ey, which means "pillar isle," but among the Treshnish chain again we have Lunga, ship isle, Fladda, flat isle, from the Norse Fljót-ey, and Baca, humpy isle. So that in this wild region we have many topographical indications that our peaceful islands were for some centuries under Norse domination, and that some blood was spilt ere our ancestors ousted the invaders and resumed possession. From the fact that very few Norse names are found far inland it may be accepted that the Gaelic folks held out among the mountains until they were able to expel the Norse foreigners who occupied the seaboard and the islands.

Ulva is now the property of F. W. Clark, Esq., who succeeded his grandfather. The white stone erection seen on a hill at the southern extremity of the island is the

latter's tomb. The present proprietor holds a commission in the Army, and is presently on military duties (1915).

Ulva had a considerable population at one time. In 1841 the number aggregated 849 souls, occupying 161 houses. The population in 1911 was 56, 1921, 45.

During the great eviction wave Ulva suffered with the rest of the Highlands, and now the winds whistle among the ruins of more than a hundred houses which at one time sheltered the families of a happy peasantry.

Gometra is a small fertile island, two miles long and one broad, only separated from Ulva by a very narrow strait, which is practically dry at low water, and fordable. The boat used for landing passengers at Staffa is kept here; Staffa being only four miles distant. In places Gometra consists of eruptive rock that rises to a height of 800 feet, and presents a skirt of basaltic columns with a receding series of terraces. It has two excellent harbours, and at one time had a good fishing industry. In 1837 it had a population of 168, but this has now dwindled to 44 in 1911, and in 1921 to 33.

TRESHNISH ISLES.

A group of Hebridean Islets, two miles west of Mull, at the entrance of Loch Tua. They are disposed in a chain of between four and five miles, and consist of five principal isles and some intervening rocks. Their whole coast, with little exception, presents perpendicular cliffs of from 40 to 50 to upwards of 60 feet in height; and as seen from a distance, possess a singularly interesting appearance.

Cairnburg-mor and Cairnburg-beg, two of the principal, are separated by a very narrow strait, and are supposed to have anciently formed the limits and the advanced post of the Sudreys or Southern Hebrides. A fortalice on the former seems to have been constructed by the Macleans of Duart on the site of a more ancient stronghold, which history states to have been in the possession of the Norwegians in 1249. Part of it which remains is a wall with battery embrasures; it most probably was mounted with

ordnance. Many books and records rescued from Iona at the time of the suppression of its monastery were deposited in this fortalice and were destroyed in the course of a siege which the place sustained from a detachment of Cromwell's army. A barrack on Cairnburg-beg is still tolerably entire, said to have been built by the Macleans, in the 17th century. These isles were also the scene of repeated conflicts in the rebellion of 1715.*

The further isle, Baca Mor, is distinguished by a hill, which in some positions has the appearance of a hemisphere, from which it acquires the name of the "Dutchman's Cap."

STAFFA.

Guarding the mouth of Loch-na-keal we have Staffa, that isle of wonders. It is nearly four miles from Gometra and Ulva, six from Iona, and six from the headland of Burg on Mull, and fifty-four miles west by steamer from Oban. Its total length is about a mile, and breadth a quarter mile. On the south its cliffs rise to a height of 144 feet. The soil is good, and for some time sheep were grazed on it, but these are now withdrawn. A small bothy still stands, in which the adventurer may shelter. Staffa appears to have been unknown to the outside world till 150 years ago. It is not so much as named by Martin in his "Description of the Western Isles," and it is not till 1772 that Sir Joseph Banks, putting into Mull for

*This fort must have been an impregnable one in its day, for military science did not then provide the appliances necessary for reducing its gigantic battlements. Watchful sentinels walked its battlements during day, scanning the horizon for hostile flotillas. At night, when darkness covered the approach of any enemy, a most ingenious expedient was resorted to. There was only one way by which the fort, perched on its rocky eminence, could have been approached, and that was by a narrow and precipitous way. Down this natural staircase huge boulders were rolled at intervals of a few minutes; and woe betide the foe whom these bloodless charges confronted in their destructive career down the narrow alley, whose formidable balustrades prevented all means of escape. They could sweep everything before them. Their fatal task could be in course of accomplishment while those who despatched them on their deadly message remained in blissful ignorance of the gruesome transaction.

shelter, met an Irish gentleman who informed him that the day previous he had seen what was in his opinion one of the greatest wonders of the world, though none of his Highland acquaintances seemed to have ever had their attention drawn to it. Excited by this account of the marvels to be seen, Banks made an expedition to it and published a full account of its marvels in the second volume of "Pennant's Tour." Since that time Staffa has enjoyed abundant celebrity and been visited by multitudes of admirers. The day's sail from Oban is now one of the regular tourist trips during the summer months. The steamer allows the passengers a short time ashore, but those who wish to examine the island more thoroughly and leisurely must take a boat from Ulva, Iona, or Bunesan.

The structure of the island shows a lower stratum of volcanic agglomerate, above which rises a dark compact columnar basalt, which is again surmounted by another basalt with small columns here and there, but generally amorphous. The chief objects of interest that challenge the visitors' notice and admiration are, first, the Scallop or Clamshell Cave; second, the rock called the Herdsman "Buachaille"; third, the Great Causeway, an inclined plane of similar character to the Giant's Causeway, but both larger in dimensions and much more picturesque; it is formed of the broken ends of columns, once continuous to the height of the cliffs; fourth, the Great Colonnade, a long facade of vertical columnar cliff, averaging about thirty-six feet high; fifth, Fingal's Cave or the Great Cave, worthy in grandeur of its association with the greatest of Ossian's heroes, fifty-nine feet high, thirty-three feet wide, and 288 feet long, faced all round with basaltic columns; sixth, the Boat Cave, which can be entered only from the sea, the columns which overhang it and those in its neighbourhood being the longest in the island; seventh, the Cormorant's or Mackinnon's Cave at the S.W. corner. There are other caves on the west and north sides, but these are not remarkable. In some of the caves the air suddenly compressed by the inrolling surge, produces a sound resembling that caused by the discharge of a big

gun. Although the columns have a general air of straightness and parallelism, none are perfectly straight—they never present that geometrical air seen in some published views. The average diameter is about two feet; but they sometimes attain four feet. Hexagonal and pentagonal forms are predominant, but they are intermixed with figures of three, four and more sides, extending even to as many as eight or nine, but rarely reaching ten. The columns at the Scallop Cave on one side are bent so as to form a series of ribs, not unlike the inside view of the timbers of a ship.

“Fingal’s Cave,” says Wilson in his “Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland,” “is indeed a most magnificent



Fingal's Cave, Staffa.

example of Nature's architecture. A vast archway of nearly seventy feet in height, supporting a massive entablature of thirty feet additional, and receding for about 230 feet inwards—the entire front as well as the great cavernous sides being composed of countless complicated ranges of gigantic columns, beautifully jointed, and of most symmetrical though somewhat varied forms—the roof itself exhibiting a rich grouping of overhanging pillars, some of snowy whiteness, from the calcareous covering by which they have become encrusted—the whole

rising from, and often seen, reflected by the ocean waters—forms truly a picture of unrivalled grandeur, and one on which it is delightful to dwell, even in remembrance. How often have we since recalled to mind the regularity, magnitude and loftiness of these columns, the fine overhanging cliff of small prismatic basalt to which they gave support, worn by the murmuring waves, of many thousand years into the semblance of some stupendous Gothic arch. “Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault” the wild waves ever urge their way—and the receding sides of that great temple, running inwards in solemn perspective, yet ever anon, as ocean heaves and falls, rendered visible in its far sanctuary by the broad and flashing light, reflected by the foaming surges sweeping onwards from below! Then the broken and irregular gallery which overhangs that subterranean flood, and from which, looking upwards and around, we behold the rich and varied hues of red, green, and gold which give such splendid relief to the deep and sombre coloured columns—the bright, clear tints which sparkle beneath our feet from the wavering yet translucent sea—the whole accompanied by the mellow and sonorous moan of each successive billow, which rises up the sides or rolls over the finely formed crowns of the lowlier and disjointed pillars—these are a few of the features of this exquisite and most singular scene which cannot fail to astonish the beholder.”

In 1847 Queen Victoria and Prince Albert landed on Staffa; her impressions being recorded in her “Leaves from her Journal.” See also MacCulloch’s “Description of the Western Isles,” and Graham’s “Staffa and Iona Described and Illustrated.”

CHAPTER VI.

LOCH BA.

WE will return now to the road junction at Gruline, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Salen, where we turned off to the right on the road to Ulva and Torloisk.

Gruline is one of the most romantic parts of Mull, displaying, as it does, the island's most picturesque scenery. Here we have the highest mountains, the deepest glens, and the darkest corries for which the island is justly celebrated. That gigantic range of mountains, with Ben More, 3172 feet, and Ben Talla, 2496 feet, which stretches from athwart the island to the Sound of Mull, and whose stern peaks cleave the clouds, is a picture worthy of our admiration as we gaze upon it while it receives the caress of the setting sun. Indeed, the whole scene before us is idyllic; for mountain, river, lake and wood form a picture, which wildly appeals to our poetic and artistic fancy. The most unsentimental person could not but be struck by the sublime picture, so softly shaded in Nature's own colours.

To a lover of nature there is nothing which is so fascinating as to wander alone amid mountain solitudes. There is nothing which so fills the mind with awe, and so expands the imagination to its utmost limits as a quiet ramble in a lonely glen, where sombre recesses receive the shadow of a stupendous mountain. Such scenes one finds in the region round about Loch Bà. We leave the main road at Knock and continue our rambles along that rugged mountain path to our left, and in a few minutes we find ourselves treading the sedgy banks of lovely Loch Bà, which lies like a sleeping infant in the arms of the giant mountains that surround it on all sides. What solitude! Nothing breaks the deathlike stillness which reigns around, save the whining noise of the blackcock as, startled by our approach, it hastily retreats from its bower; or the weird-like cry of the heron as it lazily flaps its wings in its flight across the lake. As we walk along among

the coarse brushwood and tussock grass that fringe the banks of the loch we may notice a few red deer grazing on the hillsides; but they are shy, and ere we have time to make their acquaintance their fleet legs carry them out of sight at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

On the other side of the loch are the hills of Glenforsa, covered with wood more than half-way up, the rest giving way to a beautiful garment of heather, loaded with its myriads of minute pinky bells. Down again, where we parted with the main road, are the rocky hills of Knock, on whose side sheep and cattle browse. Further away, and parallel with the loch, are the most prominent landmarks in this grand panorama: Ben Talla, Mam* Reapadail, and Mam Chlachaig, all barren and bare, and forbidding, their rugged flanks giving birth to hundreds of infant streams, which grow into giant torrents and wild cascades before they reach the level ground below. In the background we have Ben More—the great mountain—type of its name, rearing its sterile peak above all the rest, and seeming to frown down upon us with knitted brow. The whole scene is strongly suggestive of a Swiss landscape; and it is little wonder though travellers who have wandered along the banks of Swiss lakes should fancy themselves transported there, until some Highland shepherd, calling to his collie, wakes them from their reveries, only to find that they are still wandering along the banks of Loch Bà.

Norse place-names are numerous over the whole of Mull, though the name Mull itself is not Norse. Ptolemy writes it Maleus; and in Adamnan's Latin Life of St. Columba it is Malea. Loch Frisa, or rather Loch Fiosa, which has been already noticed, means "freezing water." Loch Forsa, again, means "force water." Not only are Norse place-names in evidence in Mull, but Norse agrestic customs survive. The late Dr. George Henderson, Lecturer in Celtic in Glasgow University, describes the practice of Tein-eiginn, or rather tein eiken, in his invaluable

*This is the local name for Cruach Choireadail (2026 feet). Mam Chlachaig is the top of the ridge over which the path goes (1086 feet),

able work on "The Norse Influence in Celtic Scotland." *Tein eiken* or "oaken fire" appears to have been performed to arrest the progress of disease in cattle. The fire was produced by the friction of an "eiken" or "oaken" wheel over nine oaken spindles. Grimm gives an account of the practice of the art in Mull as late as 1767.

In describing the practice of "*Tein eiken*" at that period, Grimm states that, in consequence of a disease among the black cattle, the people agreed to perform an incantation although they esteemed it a wicked thing. They carried to the top of Carn Mór a wheel and nine spindles. They extinguished every fire in every house within sight of the hill. The wheel was then turned from east to west over the nine spindles long enough to produce fire by friction. If the fire were not produced before noon, the incantation lost its effect. They failed for several days running. They attributed this failure to the obstinacy of one householder who would not let his fires be put out for what he considered so wrong a purpose. However, by bribing his servants, they contrived to have them extinguished, and in that morning raised their fire. They then sacrificed a heifer, cutting in pieces and burning, while yet alive, the diseased part. Then they lighted their own hearths from the pile, and ended by feasting on the remains. Words of incantation were repeated by an old man from Morven who came over as master of the ceremonies, and who continued speaking all the time the fire was being raised. This man was living a beggar at Ballochroy. Asked to repeat the spell, he said the sin of repeating it once had brought him to beggary and that he dared not say these words again. The whole country believed him accursed.

This curious practice disappeared from Mull long ago, and few people living on the island now know much more about it than its name; and even to that a different meaning is attached, "*Tein eiken*" or "*Tein eiginn*," meaning at the present day a dull, slow burning fire. "*Eiginn*" has taken the place of "*eiken*."

Any trout on Loch Bà? Yes; but its surface has been well flogged summer after summer, and doubtless its

finny inhabitants are getting reduced in numbers; but an artful rodster will find that some of its plumpest four-pounders will still yield to the "scientific line." The streams that empty themselves in Loch Bà contain some splendid fish; and on a fine day it is no little sport to wander along their sinuosities, and whip the surfaces of their pools, where some plump fishes lurk underneath the banks. The right of fishing Loch Bà and its feeders is confined to the proprietors of the soil; but a privilege is extended to persons staying in the Salen Hotel.

The rough mountain road skirts Loch Bà. A rustic bridge carries it over one of the impetuous mountain torrents that feed that famous loch, and after many tortuous zig-zags, it takes the top of Màm Chlachaig. Then, with more graceful windings on the other side, it joins the main road, which loses itself eastwards in the gaping entrance of Glenmore. The road across the Màm shortens our journey by full twelve miles. In summer the natives prefer it to the wearisome Gribun route; but in winter, snow and rain make it almost impassable. However, the tourist who wishes to see the country without undergoing the punishment of footing it along rough hill roads should take the Gribun route.

The natural beauties of the district around Loch Bà are by no means blurred by those imposing edifices which one sees as one passes along the main road. Their sumptuous cornices glint among the tall and venerable sycamores which surround them; their lofty awning screens them from the scorching rays of the summer sun; and their bare and intervening branches break the force of the stormy wintry blasts. At this end of the loch, just as we approach its environs, is Ben More Lodge, the Mull residence of the Duke of Argyll, a building of modest pretensions, but beautifully perched on a green knoll, within earshot of the incessant click and murmur of the waters of Loch Bà.

Close along the road on our right, just as we wheel round to continue our journey, is Knock Castle, also the property of the Duke of Argyll. It is an elegant building, the beau-ideal of a Highland residence, ensconced

amid a large battalion of century old trees, whose gigantic branches overspread its roof, or gacefully fan the sultry summer breeze.

GRULINE HOUSE.

On the other side of Loch Bà, and the first in order as we come from Salen, is Gruline House, a magnificent building of very elegant architectural design. It has the attributes of a Highland residence in all its details, and revels amid the magnificent scenery which we have just described. Crouching under the shadow of picturesque mountains which beckon to the skies, it is also contiguous to Loch Bà, on whose shimmering waters the sunbeams dance. The Gruline estate is the property of Mr. J. W. Melles, a London Scot, who takes great delight in his Highland home. Mr. Melles has strong Highland instincts, and two of his sons served as officers in the Army during the great war. One of them, Lieutenant Gordon Melles, lost his life in his country's service. The estate is well stocked with many varieties of game—rabbits in swarms, grouse, blackcock, and snipe in the season, in respectable numbers; while, on its heather-belted hills, the roebuck roams in that wild and free state, and with that degree of liberty which its native mountains suggest—mountains which are emblems of liberty, loved by the natives, with which they and all Highlanders have been inoculated in their early days.

The present proprietor's predecessor was Colonel Greenhill Gardyne, a gentleman whom all folk love and respect, and whose name Mull bards have immortalised in flowing numbers.

Gruline at one time formed part of General MacQuarrie's estate, which passed out of the hands of the MacQuarrie family by reason of an incident which had its sequel in the Law Courts.

The military duties of the General and of his son, Capt. Lachlan, took them so much from home, that the estates were managed by trustees.

The 6th Viscount Strathallan, who was a great friend of the General, was Managing Trustee. He made many

improvements on the estates, such as planting beech and other varieties of trees. It was also Lord Strathallan who first started sheep-drains in Mull. In his youth General MacQuarrie's son, afterwards Capt. Lachlan, was brought up a good deal in Lord Strathallan's family, and he willed the whole of his estates to the 7th Viscount Strathallan, the friend of his boyhood.

The 7th Viscount Strathallan became Colonel Gardyne's father-in-law. In 1860 he sold the estates, heavily burdened, to Colonel Gardyne's father who built the present house at Gruline. Later on, Colonel Gardyne's father sold Killiechronan to the present Capt. Parr's grandfather, and Colonel Gardyne himself sold Gruline to a Mr. MacDonald, who died six months afterwards. Mr. Melles, the present proprietor, purchased the Gruline estate from MacDonald's widow, so that he may be said to be really the Colonel's successor.

These are the changes to which the old MacQuarrie estates were subjected in consequence, it is said, of eccentricities of Capt. Lachlan MacQuarrie, the General's son. He appears to have been a wild and riotous youth, and to have carried many of his freakish characteristics into his old age. His cousins, the sons of Colonel MacQuarrie, disputed the validity of the will. A long litigation followed, and many amusing escapades were related of Capt. Lachlan in support of the pursuers' contention, but the suit ended in favour of Lord Strathallan. The judges who sat on the case in Edinburgh, curiously enough, decided that a man who used to gather his wife's ducks in one compact group to try how many heads he could lop off with one sweep of his broadsword, was fit enough to manage his own affairs. Many other freaks of the man were argued by the counsel for the pursuers; but they had little effect.

In connection with this it is related that the defendant, in honour of his victory in the law court, gave a great banquet to his friends, and, on the subject of the successful issue of the Gruline will case being mooted, he exclaimed he would rather have lost his right hand than his case. His counsel, who was one of the guests, said, "I would

rather have been choked with that piece of meat" (which he held up in the air on his fork) "than have failed to prove my case." Curiously enough, he did not survive the next five minutes, for that same piece of meat choked him. A month afterwards his client, while perambulating the machine-room of some factory in which he had an interest, happened to pass too close to a large fly wheel, which struck him and lopped off his right arm.

These incidents, whether true or not, are hugged to the breasts of the Mull people, and are recited by them to every stranger who pokes into the history and traditions of Gruline.

THE "CAILLEACH BHEUR."

This part of the island is as rich in legendary lore as it is in romantic scenery. It was here, on the banks of Loch Bà, that the legendary "Cailleach Bheur" closed her career of thousands of years. This famous hag, the legend relates, immersed herself in the waters of Loch Bà at intervals of a hundred years, an ordeal which always gave her a new lease of life. The charm was of no avail, however, should a bird or a beast of the field happen "to greet the early morn" before the hag had bathed herself in the elixir of life. One morning when the cycle had been spun out to its last moments, the hag was slowly descending the beautiful slopes beyond Loch Bà. She had just gained the bank, whose sandy lips the little wavelets kissed, and was about to take the plunge which would have changed the "withered" dame into the handsome maid, when, alas! the distant barking of a shepherd's dog, welcoming the first grey streaks of the summer morning, echoed and re-echoed among the hills. The hag stood and listened. The last grain of sand in the centenary glass trickled out, and the charm was broken. The hag now felt the effects of hoary age, she staggered, reeled, and dropped down dead.

The following detached verses by a Mull bard of a very distant age are put into the hag's mouth in her very last moments ;—

"S moch a ghoir orm an cú,
 Orm an cú, orm an cú;
 'S moch a ghoir orm an cú,
 Maduinn chiuin os cionn Loch Bà.

Chi mi na féidh ghearra dhonna,
 Ghearra dhonn, ghearra dhonna;
 Chi mi na féidh ghearra dhonna,
 'Direadh am mach ris a' Mhàm.

Cha'n fhacas mo bhuidheann riamh,
 Bhuidheann riamh, bhuidheann riamh,
 Cha'n fhacas mo bhuidheann riamh,
 'G iarraidh shlige dubha 's tràigh.

B' annsa leo a' bhiolair uain,
 Bhiolair uain, bhiolair uain;
 B' annsa leo a' bhiolair uain
 'Bhiodh aig bun nam fuar-bheann àrd.

The air to which these verses are sung in Mull is very monotonous and melancholy. There is not the least doubt, and the fact has been observed by many, that the monotonous murmur of the waves breaking on the rocky shores, the dull sighing of the winds moving among the branches of the stately oaks, or whining among the gloomy glens, have been potent influences in moulding the nature of Highland music, as well as in stimulating the imagination of the Highland bard, whose eye, wherever it wanders, whether on the vast expanse of the ocean or on ranges of imposing mountains, falls continually on scenes which present the awful and the sublime in Nature, and instil into his mind the lofty ideas, and sometimes the gloomy impressions, we find in his poetry. Notwithstanding its monotony, however, there is a sweetness of melody in the lament of the Cailleach Bheur; and to Mull people its strains are as dear as the music of the waves that play around their island home; for it is the air which their mothers crooned in their ears when rocking them to sleep. It used to rank as a sweet lullaby in the Highlands; its melancholy notes having a soothing effect in producing sleep.

The Cailleach Bheur must have belonged to the type of giants and giantesses which Gulliver met in his travels; for we are told that she could wade the Sound of Mull knee-deep.

Crùlochan dubh, dorch, domhain,
Aon loch is doimhne 'san domhan;
Cha ruigeadh caol Muile ach mo ghlùinean;
Ach ruigeadh Loch Crùlaich mo shléistean.

These lines, which are supposed to have been a favourite expression of the mythical hag, being translated, mean—

Crùlochan, deep, dark, and gloomy,
The deepest lake in all the universe;
The Sound of Mull would only reach my knees,
But Crulochan would reach my thighs.

Another extraordinary legend in the history of this giantess, whose name was so well known in Highland nurseries, where tales of her gained many awestruck little listeners whose infant fancies pictured the Cailleach Bheur wandering among neighbouring woods and rocks and glens, is that she used to walk every morning from the Mull of Cantyre to water her favourite dun cow at a famous well on the top of Ben Cruachan, a bit of pedestrianism which the Cailleach regarded merely as a light morning exercise. The well was a wonderful one in its way. It was covered by an enormous granite slab, which should only be removed between sunrise and sunset. If, through any mishap, the slab was removed before sunrise, or was neglected to be put on ere the sun sank in the western horizon, the well's waters would overflow and inundate the world. So the legend relates.

One warm sunny day in summer, the Cailleach Bheur having watered her cow as usual, felt inclined to rest her great limbs while her cow browsed on the mountain. She reclined in the cool shadow of a huge boulder on a haunch of Ben Cruachan and, in a little while, her eyelids closed in heavy slumber produced by the rarefied mountain air; and there she lay wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, while the summer sun, steadily pursued his aerial course towards the west.

At length his golden orb kisses the ocean; and the water in the uncovered well begins to gurgle. Still the hag sleeps. Down, down sinks the sun, and disappears into his pavilion beyond the waves. Up, up rises the water in the well, and rolls in immense volumes down the moun-



Loch-na-keal, near Knock.

tain side. The hag awakes, and instinctively seizing her magic wand, she stretches it out and intercepts the roaring cascades, which roll back to the well.

A jet of the watery avalanche, so suddenly intercepted in its course, flew over the wand, and settled in the glen below, where it formed a lake twenty-four miles long. This lake is to-day called Loch Awe, famous, among Waltonians, for its plump and silvery farios.

The home of the Cailleach Bheur, or hag of the mountains, we are told, was in the Ross of Mull, where a huge natural quadrangle formed of immense granite rocks is pointed out as the ruins of her palace. This spot is at a point on the south-west of the Ross close to the seashore, a wild and rocky place exposed to the full force of the western gale, with the "ceaseless roar of the ocean" rendering its forbidding look more forbidding still. Mull people call it "Tota na Cailliche Beur." It is a prominent landmark for guiding local fishermen to the proper fishing grounds. As we have already seen, this mystic hag lived through many ages. To corroborate this she says—

"Nuair bha mhuir 'na coill 's 'na crìonaich,
Bha mise 'n sin am nìonaig òig."

"When forests grew where now the billows play,
I was then a winsome maid."

This couplet seems to indicate that the wonderful Cailleach Bheur had survived the great telluric convulsions of the globe. And, as a corollary to this poetic allusion to a time when part, at least, of the space occupied by the ocean had once upon a time been dry land producing great forests and fertile plains, the legend adds that the hag's favourite grazing grounds for her numerous herds of deer were the fertile pastures that extended from the Torrin Rocks to Dhuheartach.*

From this mythical idea we surmise that the ancient Highlanders entertained an idea of the telluric changes that scientific men tell us took place on the globe; and, moreover, the woods and dales that ornamented the scenery of a vanished land underneath the wild Atlantic are pictured

*Dhuheartach Rock is 15 miles to the west of the Ross of Mull.

out to us. This legend is given as one of Mull's literary curiosities. It may likewise be classed among those nursery tales which children so delight to hear.

The legend of the Cailleach Bheur is an allegory of the story of creation and, in detail, is very interesting. She had only one eye, which meant the sun. She dropped some stones from her creel, and the Western Isles appeared. "The auld wife's lifts" near Glasgow are Lowland reminiscences of the Cailleach Bheur. Her story, in various forms, is well known among the Austrian peasantry. The Cailleach Bheur as found in Mull mythology seems to be identical with the Vala in the Scandinavian Edda.

Hector Boece in his "Cosmographe and description of Albion" mentions a curious spring in Mull. If it is not one near to the foot-track close to Loch Bà, it cannot be otherwise located. Of this spring, wherever it is, Boece says in Chapter 46 of his quaint work:—"In the Isle of Mula is one cleir fontane two milis fra the see, fro the fontane discendis one litil burne or strip rinnond ful of rounis to the sees. Thir rounis ar round and quhit shinars, like perle, full of thick humour, and within two houris efter they come to see, they grow in great cocles."

This is Boece's description of a "fontane," of which nobody in Mull knows anything now. Mention of it is merely made to illustrate the quaint ideas of past ages.

CHAPTER VII.

GRIBUN.

LEAVING Gruline and Knock, we now take the road along the south shore of Loch-na-keal, on the way to Gribun. This road is fair for machining or cycling, motor-ing or walking. After leaving Knock we have eight miles before us, of wild and majestic scenery.

On one side is Loch-na-keal, at several points reaching up to the roadside, and never far away from it. On the other side is a continuous ridge of heathy mountains sloping gently down to the seashore. It was hereabouts that the Macleans of Mull inflicted a signal defeat on the MacDonalds of Islay, whose galleys of war landed a strong army on the shores of Loch-na-keal for the purpose of conquering the whole island. The invading army, besides the MacDonalds of Islay, consisted of the South Uist, Sleat, Ardnamurchan, and Keppoch branches of the Clan, and presented a formidable appearance as they disembarked from their flotilla, accoutred in their warlike gear. The Chief, unsuspecting such a visit, was unprepared for giving his bellicose visitants the reception accorded to invaders; but, in those days, military etiquette allowed the defending general a truce in which to collect his forces; and the Chief of Duart lost no time in doing so. At nightfall every hilltop in the island displayed the fiery signal, which summoned the clansmen to arms; and by daybreak next morning contingents from every corner in Mull lay ensconced on the hills of Gruline and Knock, overlooking the shores of Loch-na-keal, where the hostile army was encamped.

On the day on which the battle was to take place a curious incident occurred, which had a fatal effect on the invading army. One of MacDonald's officers, a Maclean from Uist, looked very dull and sad. His Chief, perceiving his depression, jocularly asked him whether it was because his clansmen were to be slaughtered in the coming

fray. "No," replied Maclean, "that is not the cause of my anxiety; but last night I dreamed a dream which bodes ill to us. In my slumbers a man appeared to me reciting the ominous words—

"Lic o Li; Lic o Li,
 'S ann ort a thoirear an dith;
 'S iad Clann 'Ill-eathain a bheir buaidh
 Air an t-sluagh a thig air tìr.
 An Gearna dubh, an Gearna dubh,
 'S ann air a dhòirtear an fhuil;
 Thig an ceann dhe'n Ridire Ruadh,
 Mur teid claidheamh 'san truaill an diugh."

The wily Maclean's concocted dream had the desired effect. The MacDonalds, rather than suffer the defeat which that ominous dream predicted, broke up their camp. The work of embarkation at once commenced, and during the turmoil incidental on such a process, the Macleans, taking advantage of the occasion, rushed down upon them and slaughtered several hundreds of them, the Ridire Ruadh (Red Knight) narrowly escaping with his life.

MacDonald's fleet containing the remnant of his broken army sailed out of Loch-na-keal, and directed its course to Islay. The Ross of Mull and Iona lay in its way; and, in order to retaliate for the great slaughter of his forces on the shores of Loch-na-keal, MacDonald of Islay swept those regions, burned and pillaged townships and clachans, and inflicted, on almost everywhere along the seaboard which he passed, the gruesome ravages of war. The inhabitants were, of course, defenceless; for every man who could handle a sword had obeyed the summons of his Chief a day or two before; and, though MacDonald's action could well have been anticipated, they could not, even by forced marches, have arrived in time to prevent the ruin of their homes. Thus, however, ended the invasion of Mull.

Tourists who have travelled along the Gribun road declare that the scenery along the route is among the finest they had seen anywhere. At several points, just as we approach the township of Gribun itself, the road is simply scooped out of the mountainside; at some places it pene-

trates steep projections, which enter the sea like the bow of an ironclad. A curious, nervous feeling creeps over one passing round those frightful cliffs. Right below us, just along the unparapeted roadside, the waves of Loch-na-keal frisk and during high winds, throw their seething spray over us. Above us, again, the rugged mountain towers up to the clouds. We stagger as we gaze at the dizzy heights, fringed here and there with tufts of green herbage waving in the wind. Boulders of great dimensions stud the steep declivity, seeming to have only a slender hold on the treacherous loamy soil which clothes the mountain side; and, poised on their unstable-like pivots, they present a threatening aspect indeed. Hundreds of those monstrous blocks line the roadside, where the landslips which removed them from their ancient beds on the steep mountain side were arrested in their course. During the winter rain and the thaws which follow protracted frosts, landslips still occur at Gribun; and, very frequently, the road is blocked up for days. Though some of the houses are dangerously near to spots which suggest future slips, and within the margin of slips which have already taken place, the natives live in peaceful unconcern.

Gribun is a pretty little crofting township. The cosy cottages of the toiling crofters, with their white-washed walls and slated roofs, line the roadside at regular intervals. Rectangular patches of cultivated ground, with growing crops of potatoes and corn, stretch out before their doors; and, with the undulating ocean stretching far out to the western horizon, its restless waves breaking on its sandy, wind-swept shores, and with the towering mountains in the immediate background, this Highland dwelling-place is not at all an uninteresting one.

The natives combine agriculture and fishing, and seem to thrive well. Every crofter keeps sheep and a few Highland cattle, wiry and nimble little animals that scale the steep mountainside to crop its tussocky herbage, until their forms up those dizzy heights seem no bigger than goats. It is matter for wonder how they escape broken limbs. A narrow pathway leads up to the top of the precipitous cliffs by which the cattle are driven to the com-

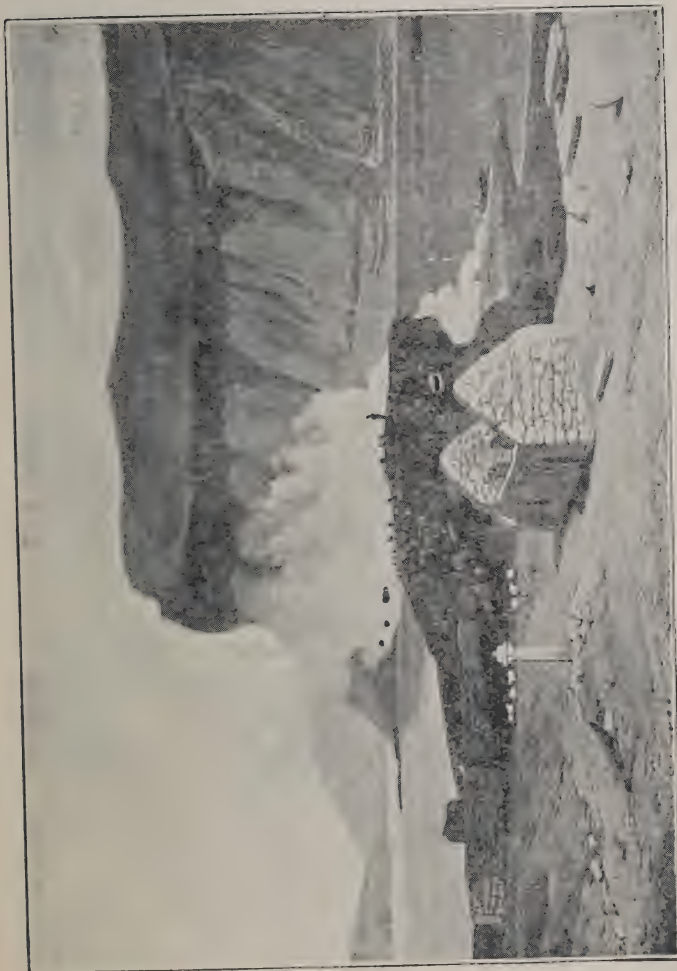
mon grazing grounds on the hilltop. Standing on the main road we can hardly trace the delicate lines of this mountain road, which winds upwards in the face of the rock. Yet the natives of Gribun can scale this dizzy acclivity on horseback. To see them perform this feat one would think they were acrobats traversing a tightrope. Stupendous cliffs rise above them, while below there is a yawning abyss.

Fuel is a scarce commodity in Gribun; but the hills afford abundance of heather, which makes a good fire. When a supply of heather is required the men climb up the mountain by the pathway which we have already mentioned, and, having secured sufficiently large bundles, they carry them to the edge of the cliff and let them roll down the steep heights with a rapidity that brings them within a few yards of the houses. The women take them in, each one her own bundle, and, before the men return by the circuitous route, their dinners are cooked by the heather with which they parted company at the top, but which arrived by the expeditious route.

INCHKENNETH.

Within a short distance of Gribun, and at the entrance to Loch-na-keal, is Inchkenneth, a pretty, green, flat island. It used to be one of Iona's dependent isles. Being a very fertile spot, and its soil suitable for the production of barley, it may have been, as we believe Tiree has been, one of that historic isle's former granaries.

Inchkenneth still retains the remains of a church of the First Pointed period, about forty-one feet long, twenty feet wide; with a ruined sacristy on the south-east; the windows are lancets deeply splayed; there is a piscina and a number of sculptured slabs, the tombstones of the chieftains. The grave of Sir Allan Maclean is in the north-east corner and covered by a sculptured sandstone; the effigy is in high relief, dressed in quilted armour; by the side of the head are two figures representing a monk and a nun praying; the right hand grasps a ball; the arms are the old-fashioned broadsword and the dirk; the left



Ruins of the Ancient Chapel and Burying-Ground, Inch Kenneth.

hand supports a shield without device; at the feet is a hound; on the head is a helmet, and the hair is long and curly.

When in 1773 Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell visited the Hebrides, Sir Alan Maclean was chief of the clan. He resided at that time on Inchkenneth, one of his smaller islands, in the district of Mull, where he entertained his visitors very hospitably. "This island," says Dr. Johnson, "is about a mile long, and perhaps half-a-mile broad, remarkable for pleasantness and fertility. Its only inhabitants were Sir Alan Maclean and two young ladies, his daughters, with their servants. Romance does not often exhibit a scene that strikes the imagination more than this little desert, in these depths of western obscurity, occupied not by a gross herdsman or amphibious fisherman, but by a gentleman and two ladies of high birth, polished manners, and elegant conversation, who in a habitation raised not far from the ground but furnished with unexpected neatness and convenience, practised all the kindness of hospitality and refinement of courtesy."

The Sunday Dr. Johnson passed on Inchkenneth made such an impression on his mind that he afterwards wrote in Latin a sonnet called "*Insula Sancti Kennethi*." It may be said to have been dedicated to Sir Alan Maclean and his accomplished daughters. It was translated into English by Sir Daniel K. Sandford, a Professor of Greek, in the University of Glasgow. The original Latin may be found in Boswell's "*Tour to the Hebrides*."

Scarce spied amidst the west sea foam,
Yet once religion's chosen home,
Appears the isle whose savage race
By Kenneth's voice was won to grace.
O'er glassy tides I thither flew,
The wonders of the spot to view;
In lonely cottage great Maclean
Held his high ancestral reign,
With daughters fair, whom love might deem
The naiads of the ocean stream.
Yet not in chilly cavern rude
Were they like Danube's lawless brook,
But all that charms a polished age;
The tuneful lyre, the learned page,

Combined to beautify and bless
That life of ease and loneliness.
Now dawned the day whose holy light
Puts human hopes and cares to flight,
Nor mid the hoarse waves circling swell,
Did worship here forget to dwell.
What though beneath a woman's hand
The sacred volume's leaves expand,
No need of priestly sanction here,
The sinless heart makes holy prayer;
Then, wherefore further seek to rove,
While here is all our hearts' approve—
Repose, security, and love.

In olden times—at least prior to the steamboat era—Loch-na-keal was the favourite route by which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Columba travelled. Arriving at Oban, they crossed the Sound of Mull by the old-fashioned ferry-boat, or very often in open fishing-boats. They were landed at the most convenient spot for traversing the overland route to Loch-na-keal, where another boat was available for the voyage to Iona.

Inchkenneth seems to have been a sort of half-way house, and its lonely tenants must have very frequently harboured not a few of the pilgrims who came to muse among the ruins of Iona's ancient pile. The primitive island-folk of those far-away days must often have cast a wistful eye along the blue line of Gribun, looking for the sails which brought the curious to their famous little isle. They must have done so then in the same way that, in times recent, eyes, just as wistful, are cast towards the northern and southern extremities of Mull for the steamers that convey thousands of pilgrims on the same happy errand. It may be remarked here, however, that while the great war, in which our country became involved in 1914, was in progress, the usual summer sailings between Oban and Iona were discontinued. This has been the first interruption in this connection since its inception more than eighty years ago. Hired motor cars maintain a feeble connection; but, owing to high tariffs, the general public cannot avail itself of the opportunity of making the highly-interesting overland journey to the West of Mull and Iona.

MACKINNON'S CAVE AND A LEGEND.

From a geological point of view Gribun is a most interesting spot. Its wonderful grottoes, of which one or two are really remarkable, have attracted the attention of many scientific men. In the summer months it is one of the happy hunting grounds of the tourist. Numerous subterranean caverns are to be met with here—long, winding galleries, whose sides are draped with stalagmitic ornaments of every variety of form. Beautiful pillars, twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes, display the most curious carving and, picturesquely adorned in calcareous embellishment, rise promiscuously from the shingle floors. Beautiful chandeliers, draped in crystal mantles, hang gracefully from the arched ceiling, while the continual trickle of water escaping from the subterranean streams, tells to the scientific eye how the fantastic and grotesque figures have been formed. The calcareous matter which constitutes a large percentage of the soil is held in solution by innumerable streams which percolate through the subterranean fissures. Drops of water from those streams, containing an imperceptible quantity of this diluted calcareous matter, ooze incessantly through the broken domes and, falling on the floors below, deposit the lime which, in the course of time, solidifies and takes the form of pretty carvings. But, before the drop of water leaves the cavernous roof, it bequeathes to it a portion of its lime, which causes the stalagmitic ornaments which adorn the ceilings.

These calcareous polypidomes advance towards each other until they unite, and form Gothic arches, whose beautiful traceries and brilliant whiteness, contrast with the coarse and rugged surroundings, and give a magic charm to those subterranean halls. Each of those wonderful galleries has its historic name, based on some interesting event which tradition has brought down to us in that vivid colour which the native "sgeulaiche" preserved in the fireside tale which, generation after generation, whiled away the dull winter evenings.

One of the most wonderful of the Gribun caves is that still called Mackinnon's Cave—Uaimh Chloinn Fhionghainn—a deep and dark cavern, whose mysterious sinu-

osities, the natives believe, penetrate the great headland of Burg until it emerges somewhere at Tiroran. There is little evidence beyond surmise itself that such is the case; but within recent years its dark, winding recesses have been several times explored; and every attempt has failed to discover its terminating point. Rarefaction always confronted the explorers; and, when their torches, flickering and glimmering in their death struggle with the non-oxygenated air of the interior, became finally extinguished, they were left to grope their way in the dark, feeling ill at ease in the rarefied air of the cavern. On Oct. 19, 1773, it was visited and explored by Dr. Johnson and Boswell, the former of whom pronounced it the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen.

Opening from the shore and obstructed by fragments of rock, it penetrates, as already stated, to an unknown extent. Its accessible parts, which were long a retreat of the clansmen at once for safety and strategy, are for some way inward invaded by the tide and encumbered with stones; but it opens afterwards into an arched chamber, 45 feet wide by 30 feet high, where is a square stone called Fingal's Table, on which tradition states that the Fingalian feasts were served. It appears to have been formed by a vein of trap rock which has afterwards been washed out by the sea. Once it competed with Staffa for attracting the tourist, but except for its vastness and its associations, it possesses little real interest.

It is not known whether Mackinnon's Cave took its name from a similar event to that which designates the historic cave of Eigg, or from a tradition that some members of that clan perished there while on an exploring expedition. There is reason to believe that, in olden times, there was the same propensity for exploring this cave as is evidenced among people of the present age; and tradition records that twelve men of the Clan Fingan, headed by a piper, entered the cave one day for the purpose of ascertaining the distance to which it penetrated. Another party, we are told, walked along the top, keeping pace with the music below. When the party who travelled in the cave arrived at the extreme point, the fact was to be

signalled to those who walked outside, by a certain bar of music, and they were to mark the spot, to indicate the end of the cave. After the explorers had travelled some distance they encountered, it is alleged, a fairy or, to quote the words of the legend, a fairy woman—Bean Shith—who attacked the band and slew them one by one. She was, however, so charmed with the music of the pipes that she offered no molestation to the person who played them. The poor, forlorn piper made the best of his way back to the entrance of the cave, followed by the fairy who destroyed his companions. The truce which she allowed him was to expire the moment he ceased to play unless, ere that fatal moment, he had gained the point at which the rays of light admitted by the cave pierced the death-like gloom of its interior: at that point the fairy would vanish. He staggered along in the dark, almost overcome by exhaustion, but bravely pouring out his life-breath to save himself from the fate of his companions. At last the notes became harsh and discordant, the drones began to groan, and the chanter to screech, as those of the Highland bagpipes do when not supplied with the proper amount of wind. But, in spite of his struggle to keep his favourite instrument going, fatigue won the day. The music ceased. The charm was broken. The fairy attacked him, and he shared the fate of the gallant little band whom he accompanied.

The harsh notes of the pibroch told the party on the top of the hill that some calamity had befallen their comrades, and they, unsheathing their swords, rushed to the rescue. Alas! they had only gained the entrance by the time the forlorn piper had finished his last bar. They heard the broken notes on the chanter, and the dying groans of the drones, until, after a few fitful gurglings, the music ceased and all was still. Entering the cave, they found the mangled body of the piper, and beyond it lay the stiffened bodies of his comrades. Tradition tells us that the tune which the piper played was—

Mo dhith! mo dhith! 's mi gun tri làmh an:
Da làmh 'sa phìob is làmh 'sa chlàidhimh,

which, being interpreted, means—"Alas! alas! that I have not three hands: two for the pipes and one to wield the sword."

Bagpipe tunes are considered by imaginative people to be very significant; and a connoisseur in that class of music, it is believed, could detect the meaning of every different tune. Highland folk-lore affords many interesting tales of bagpipe notes spreading news of joy or terror wherever its shrill music pierced. The pipes are said to have often been the means of transmitting warnings of danger to persons at a distance, who invariably took the hint so given.

In connection with the Mackinnon Cave episode, tradition further relates that a dog which accompanied the unfortunate explorers escaped destruction, and emerged at a cave somewhere near Tiroran bereft of every particle of hair by his deadly struggle with some trogloditic monster. This canine explorer, it is alleged, traversed the labyrinthine passages which intersect the headland of Burg until he discovered the exit at Tiroran. No matter what the basis upon which this legend was constructed, the superstitious natives have cast the story in the mould of their own particular fancies.

Granting that there had been an exploring expedition, we can easily deduce that death could have resulted from the journey having been continued so far into the rarefied air of the cavern that it could not support life. At this time science had not cast its searchlight so far nor so brilliantly as it does to-day; and the primitive natives would ascribe the cause of death to the fierce denizens with which their imagination peopled every dark cavern and every gloomy glen.

There are several other caves at Gribun; but none so remarkable as Mackinnon's. Many of these caves are the homes of the cormorant, which breeds numerously on the rocky ledges. Some of them are only accessible by boat, or at low water; and, during summer-time, rare sport can be had from cormorant shooting along the precipitous cliffs. Many dozens are winged as they fly out

of their cavernous retreats, or off the narrow ledges, where they build their nests. Like most sea birds, the cormorant shows neither skill nor taste in nedification. The simple cradle in which it rears its hardy progeny is comprised of a few bits of seaware, which are not very ingeniously arranged, placed on a slightly concave ledge of rock. Here its young are reared; and these ungainly fledglings, when approached by man, utter their protestations in discordant gutturals.

The honey-combed headland of Burg juts far into the sea, its extreme point forming a gigantic buttress against the heavy charges of the great careering billows which the strong winter south-westerners send in from the ocean.

Coming round the cliffs of Gribun one autumn day in the face of a strong south-east wind, we witnessed one of those grand scenes that the storms and seas of the wind-swept Hebrides often produce. The wind strikes the extreme point of Burg, and is suddenly diverted in its course; it consequently rushes out at a sharp angle seawards and, in its maddening whirl, whips up a long line of vapoury columns. These liquid cones of seething spray, which in the distance look like phantom yachts, the wind hugs to its breast, and waltzes with them far out to where, with one sudden swoop of the fitful blast, they are dissipated as suddenly as they were formed, and their spray sent to mingle with the clouds. A scene like this, occurring at a spot whose natural scenery has a strong claim upon those ideas of the æsthetic which we associate with the sublime in nature, ought to satisfy the most fastidious tourist who is out to hunt his hobby in the realms of scenery.

Leaving Gribun we have a very steep road to cope with. The gradients are long and wearisome; but, now and again, they incline to an angle which gives both man and beast an opportunity for breathing freely; but the journey is oftener accomplished now-a-days by the modern motor-car. Here, also, the road winds along the edge of

The name Gribun is supposed to be from the Norse "Gniobun" or Gribunn from the root "Griopu" or "Gniopa," a high rocky shore.
—*Norse Influence in Celtic Scotland.*

a yawning abyss. The steep hillside which the well macadamised road skirts, ends in a beautiful green sward below, in the middle of which nestles a pretty farm-house, while, here and there, corn fields and potato fields inhale the humidity of the mountain air, and flourish vigorously under the warm summer sun. Down in those plains, so closely hemmed in by gigantic mountains whose ranges branch off here, the atmosphere would be very sultry but for the cool and fresh ozone wafted in by the soft zephyrs from the sea, which laves the sandy beach of the beautiful delta. Above us tower the everlasting hills, their rugged sides ornamented with patches of pinky heather or tussocky herbage and clumps of different varieties of evergreens, whose wire-like roots seek their nourishment in the calcined rocks.

After nearly two stiff uphill miles we gain the welcome landing called "Beallach Mor," or "Great Gorge," where the steep incline ends. We now enter Gleann Siolasdair or "Iris Glen," and when we have dropped down its pretty road with a degree of rapidity which well compensates for the slow progress made on the other side of the hill, we shall have completed the four miles of road that connects Gribun with Kilfinichen.

We are now on the margin of Loch Sgridain, a beautiful and far-reaching fiord, which, with Loch-na-keal on the other side, clasps the great and lofty headland of Burg in liquid arms. From this spot the Parish of Kilfinichen takes its name. Here was the church of St. Findchan, a Columbite whose memory is still preserved in the place-name. The only trace of the ancient building in which many generations of past ages worshipped is the little kirkyaird, where sleep the illustrious dead of the land. A pretty farm-house, enjoying its sweet retiral at the foot of Ben More, adorns the modern place. The white-washed building, with its numerous steadings and its tall sentinels of green-mantled sycamores, looks a perfect elysium amid surroundings of shimmering waters, and mountains which thrust their sterile peaks up among the clouds.

GLENMORE.

Almost unconscious of the steady pace of time amid such enchanting scenery we gain the upper reaches of Loch Sgridain. The road passes round the loch and joins the main line, which traverses from the Sound of Iona to the Sound of Mull, a distance of thirty-two miles. To the left is Glen More, the "Great Glen," into whose mouth the road disappears. Wheeling with a graceful bend past the spurs of Ben More, it speeds into the winding of the Glen, on either side of which stupendous mountains rise into cloudland. In point of grandeur these mountain scenes rival much that may be seen in Switzerland. Whether in summer, when their jagged outlines are clearly defined against the blue sky, and the sun pours down on their arid and stream-furrowed sides, or in winter, when their lofty turret-like peaks are wrapped in their winding sheet of virgin snow whose dazzling lustre shimmers under every ray of light, these mountains present a picture of the sublimest grandeur. One or two cottages on the road-side greet the traveller; but, save these, the whole journey is one of extreme solitude; for one may, possibly, not encounter a fellow on the lone road. But the picturesqueness of the region through which we are passing is so charming and so full of romance that the solitude is an accentuating attribute to the wild grandeur of the scene. A covey of ptarmigan, disturbed at one's approach, whirl swiftly up to the high latitudes where they make their abode, and seek the cover of the mountain heather which their brown summer plumage so resembles in colour; or, a red deer whose native home is placed amongst these mountain fortresses, may spring from its couch at the sight of man; its lithe form is carried away on nimble legs to some safe retreat amid the brown rocks which appear prominently along the mountain side. Additional items intensify the æsthetic in the grand panorama so lavishly spread out before us on Nature's canvas.

Glen More was the boundary between the kingdom of the Picts and the kingdom of the Scots of Dalriada.* On

*Skene's Celtic Scotland.



[By courtesy of the "Scottish Field."

The Iona Road near Ardara, Glen More.

Photo, Hannan.]

the top of Màm Chlachraig, one of the range of hills to the north of Glen More, is a well built cairn called "Càrn cùl ri Albainn"; and on the other side of the glen is another cairn called "Càrn cùl ri Eirinn" which marked the limit to which the kingdom of Dalriada advanced in Mull. Both cairns are marked in Blau's map. There are similar cairns in Iona, and in Oransay, a peninsula of Colonsay. These last cairns were erected by St. Columba on getting possession of those islands.

Glenmore is about ten miles long. The mountains on either side seem in general to dispute every inch of its breadth, so that it is only a long pass winding its tortuous way where best it can in the narrow defile left by the opposing mountains as neutral ground. Though it had long been the principal outlet for the inhabitants of the district to the rest of Scotland, up till one hundred years ago, there was no proper road through it sufficient to take a two-wheeled vehicle.

THE BATTLE OF LOCH SGUABAIN.

The Glen More road brings us to Craignure. Besides the grand scenery which we pass, one or two places are invested with traditional and historical interest, recalling scenes as wild in their lore as the mountains amid which they have been laid. It is in the vicinity of Craig that the interesting story of the death of Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig, and its no less interesting sequels, took place. Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig, or as the name is given in English, "Ewen of the small head," received that significant cognomen on account of the extreme smallness of his head, in the same way that an ancient monarch of Scotland was called "Malcolm of the Great Head" (Calum a' Chinn Mhoir) from the extreme greatness of his cranium. It was at Craig that Ewen fell while leading his men in battle against his father. Ewen was the only son of the old chief of Loch Buie, and had married the daughter of MacDougall of Lorn, a proud and haughty woman, who had been early inoculated with the grabbing nature of her ancestors. As his marriage portion Ewen had received from his father a grant of the estate of Morvern, whose green grassy slopes and wooded

ravines bask beautifully in the southern sun, and are mirrored in the Sound of Mull. This munificent grant was supplemented by a small part of Mull. But Ewen's wife was not satisfied. She goaded her plastic husband on to the unnatural course of wrenching the whole estate from his old father. Ewen visited the ancestral home of Loch Buie to confer with his father on the subject and, not having received the least satisfactory compromise, mobilised his clansmen for the aggressive purpose of carrying out his wicked project by force of arms.

Lochbuie's brother, the Chief of Duart, himself a wily veteran and a skilful strategist, having heard of the martial preparations of his nephew, *Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig, hastened to the Castle of Lochbuie, and offered the Chief, his brother, the assistance of his men in opposing the impending invasion. In those times disputes which could not be settled by diplomacy were decided, not by maintaining a lingering war, but by a pitched battle between the armies of the disputants, the place at which the contest was to take place having been previously agreed upon by the rival generals. On this occasion the theatre of the battle, so memorable from its results in the annals of Mull, was at Craig, in the vicinity of which is a grassy lawn, where, as tradition records, the bones of dead victims have long mouldered in the dust. In connection with this tradition, it is related that, on the day before the battle, Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig rode his dashing black charger down Glen More, perhaps to survey the field of battle in order to carry out some manœuvre in military tactics that he had designed. While brooding over his plan of attack an unusual sight met his eyes. By the side of a stream he espied a female. Her stature did not indicate her age past six years. But she had the form and gait and lines of well-developed womanhood. She sang a beautiful melody whose cadenced notes the rocks repeated, while, in the limpid waters of the stream, she was washing a bundle of blood-stained linen. Ewen stood gazing in mute

*In a recent guide-book to Iona, Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig is quoted as Eoin a Chinn Bhig—John of the small head—but there never was such a person in Mull legend, or in Mull history.

wonder at the tiny creature whose garments of green so unmistakably pronounced her to be a fairy. Ewen approached her with the superstitious awe with which all Highlanders regarded that mystic little race with which the superstitions of those days peopled sequestered glens and green hillocks. Highland folk-lore taught the people that the fairies, "daoine beaga" or "sithichean," as they were called in the vernacular, could foretell coming events; and, on presenting himself to the fairy of Glenmore, Ewen asked her how it would fare with him at the battle pending on the morrow. The fairy replied, "If butter graces your breakfast table without asking for it yourself ere starting for the battlefield, the day is yours. If you don't get butter unasked for—*im gun iarraidh*—the reverse will be the case."

Ewen rode away, musing over that reading of his horoscope by the fairy. He nursed gloomy forebodings and, on arriving home, retired to rest. Next morning found him early girt in his fighting armour. But, on sitting down to breakfast, he found that the maid had forgotten to place the butter on the table, a fact for which she was severely chastised, and which was to our hero a very ill omen. Nothing daunted, however, he marshalled his men and proceeded on his ill-starred expedition. When he arrived at the green link, four miles distant from Craig, he found the allied armies of Lochbuie and Duart occupying points of vantage, and presenting a formidable front. Without a moment's hesitation on either side the attack was sounded and, with yells that rent the air, the two armies advanced towards each other like two gigantic billows. Sword met sword, and spear met spear, and battle-axe met battle-axe, with a crash and a din that brought echoes from the rocks. Chiefs shouted their slogans to cheer their men; and the great conflicting crowd surged and swayed; but Ewen's men began to lose ground steadily until they finally broke out in a general retreat.

Seeing that the day was lost, Ewen spurred his charger, and dashed madly among his foes. But a claymore gleams in the sunshine; it comes with a deadly



Scene of the Battlefield at Loch Sguabain where "Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig" was slain.

sweep on a level with his neck, and, the next moment, his headless trunk falls with a sickening thud to the ground. So ended the life of Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig.

The fairy's prophecy was fulfilled. Belief in fairies or *siochairean* is no doubt a folk-memory of a prehistoric small race of people who inhabited the whole of Europe at one time. They are supposed to have been the *Negrillos* or *Negritoes* of whom the Pigmy race of Africa is a remnant.*

The Gaelic fairy tales are very descriptive of the character and physical appearance of the Pigmies. The quiet stealthy manner in which the "Little Folk" of Highland tales could creep among the brackens and thickets, earned for them the name of "*Siochairean*" or "Stealthy Folk" among the Gaels. This characteristic applies to the Pigmies; and there is little doubt they are the remains of the "Little Folk" who inhabited the green mounds of the Highlands.

The Gaels themselves were the "giants" of Gaelic legends, and those stories of giants, as a writer in "*Guth na Bliadhna*" suggests, were bequeathed to the Gael by captive fairies; for, compared to themselves physically, the big boned Gaels would be giants certainly.

The Gaels held these "little folk" in awe, regarding them as supernatural beings, who sought refuge in the bowels of the earth when threatened with danger. This idea arose from the Little Folks' aptitude in concealing themselves among the bracken and heather, a practice in which they were assisted by their small stature and their green attire.

There is still a tradition in Mull that, sometimes at the dead of night, a tall black steed, mounted by a man without a head, is to be seen galloping about the ruins of the old Castle of Lochbuie; and that, whenever the rattling of Ewen's bridle is heard about his old haunts, it is a sure presage of calamity.

The ancient Mull folk used to indulge in those superstitious ideas, and it is to this curious tradition that Sir

* "*Guth na Bliadhna*,"



Ferrying at Gometra.

Ulva in distance.

Walter Scott alludes in the "Lady of the Lake" in the lines—

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
Of charging steed, careering fast
Along Ben Talla's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.

Most great families were supposed to have a domestic spirit attached to them, which always announced the approach of death by its weird wailing. These ideas are now-a-days scouted, and are cherished only by the imaginative poet.

In the traditions of Mull the battle in which Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig fell is called "Blar Cheann a' Chnocain," and it forms a landmark in the annals of the island, by which the history of the chiefship of Lochbuie is rendered interesting and romantic,

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LEGEND OF MURACHADH GEARR.

IN the sequel to Blar Cheann a' Chnocain appears another prominent Mull man, about whom the fireside tale-teller is as enthusiastic as about Ailean nan Sop, or Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig. This third person, whose career has left many brilliant vestiges in Mull's history, was Murachadh Gearr, or "Dumpy Murdoch," so called, presumably, on account of the shortness of his stature. On the death of Eoghann a' Chinn Bhig, Lochbuie was heirless, and his wily brother, the Chief of Duart, finding the only obstacle to his seizing the estate of Lochbuie removed, lost no time in artfully maturing the plan which he designed. He crossed over the rough hill road to Lochbuie and, entering the ancient castle, placed the old chief, his brother, under arrest, and had him forthwith conveyed to the Castle of Cairnburg.*

In this lone keep, moated by the Atlantic ocean, whose stormy waves surged and seethed with perpetual warfare round the rocky islet, he was kept a prisoner during the rest of his days. By order of the Chief of Duart, a woman of Clan MacPhee, from the district of Torloisk, was sent with him as housekeeper. They were the sole occupants of the solitary island; and, save their own voices, the only other sounds they could listen to were the melancholy notes of the kittiwake, the shrill cry of the razor-bill and the mournful diapason of the ocean which surrounded their island home and prevented their escape to their kith and kin on the mainland of Mull, whose blue mountains their eyes never tired of scanning.

*Cairnburg, whose rocky bastion was used as a place of refuge in emergencies, was also frequently used as a sort of state prison. It is one of the Treshnish range of islands, and a little north of Staffa.

After a couple of years had thus been spent on Cairnburg, the boatmen, whom Duart sent periodically to the island with food, discovered that the housekeeper was about to become a mother. At this time a natural son could claim an inheritance, and the crafty Chief of Duart, afraid that another heir might some day claim the estate and Castle of Lochbuie which he had so cowardly acquired and conferred on his son, ordered the instant removal of the woman from the island. He dispatched a skilful doctor to attend her accouchement, with instructions to destroy the child, if a male. But his cruel and reprehensive plans were circumvented by the nurse. The woman had given birth to twins—a son and daughter—and, immediately upon her delivery, the nurse presented the female child to the doctor, who sat reading in an adjoining chamber. The latter, satisfied that his mission had come to an end, mounted his horse and reported the matter to Duart. Both of them little dreamt that the little infant had a twin brother whom the clever nurse concealed, and who, in after years, became known in Mull's most romantic tales as the gallant Murachadh Gearr. For safety, and in order to receive the rudiments of his education, Murachadh was sent to Glen Cannel under the guardianship of MacGillivray.

The history of his birth, his father's cruel captivity, and the usurpation of his ancestral home, were early instilled into Murachadh's youthful mind; and thus, inoculated with the desire for revenge, he resolved, whenever he became of age, to avenge the treatment of his father and recover the lost estates. Years went by, and Duart remained in undisputed possession of Lochbuie, little dreaming that, within a few short miles of him, there played among the heather a little boy who would some day knock at the gates of the Castle of Lochbuie.

From boyhood young Murachadh passed into manhood and, in order to see something of the outer world and to acquire skill in the use of arms, he visited Ireland, where lived a kindred people speaking a kindred tongue. After some wandering in that country he, one cold winter's day, found himself at the door of the Castle of the Earl of

Antrim. His noble appearance and martial gait, attributes which indicated the quality of the blood which coursed in his veins, procured for him comfortable quarters in the Earl's house, where he was hospitably entertained for a year and a day. At this time in Ireland, as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, hospitality was a distinguishing characteristic of the people; the unwritten laws of hospitality demanded that strangers should be kindly treated for the space of one year and a day and, during that period, it was considered a breach of etiquette to interrogate a protegee respecting his personal connections; and the prestige of any noble family proved to have done so fell low in public esteem. Reticence on such matters was imperative to prevent the disclosure of clan feuds, which, if known, would, no doubt, very often interfere with the proper working of the laws of hospitality.

As it was, however, friend and foe were treated alike during the period required by common usage; and, at the end of a year and a day, the host was at liberty to dismiss his proteges.

The period, then, during which Murachadh Gearr could claim the Earl of Antrim's protection expired on New Year's Day and, just as in the Highlands of Scotland, that most important day in the calendar was celebrated by the exciting game of shinty. The spacious white beach which extended beneath the Earl's house was crowded with young and old, bearing their camans, each one desirous of showing his prowess in the game, of which all the honoured of the land were spectators. The men were divided, an equal number on each side, the ball tossed in the air, and, with uncouth huzzas which the hills repeated, the contest commenced. A lithe young man of almost boyish years, but stout in body and nimble as the red deer, attracted the attention of the onlookers. His swiftness of foot, and unerring skill in wielding his club, made him a prominent object for every eye in the crowd. Every time the ball came his way it was sent spinning through the air, and the side on which he played won by leaps and bounds.

The Earl of Antrim, whose watchful eye follows this

gallant player, at length recognises him as his own protegee and, when the game is over, he approaches the hero of the day and, for the first time since they met one year and a day before, he enquires of him his name and whence he came. Young Murachadh there and then unravels the pages of his boyish biography, which had such a powerful effect on the Earl's mind that he at once embraced his protegee's cause. He set about preparations for a punitive expedition to the island of Mull and, by the end of spring, the plan of campaign had matured.

Young Murachadh was well aware that he could easily enlist the sympathies of his clansmen at home, and that his appearance among his native hills was quite sufficient to set the fiery cross on its warlike message to every glen and clachan in his usurped dominions where so many swords would leap from their scabbards in response to the ancient slogan of the Lochbuie Macleans. With only twelve companions, whose descendants can still be traced in Mull, our gallant young hero set out from the shores of Erin.

It was a clear spring day; such a day as would give buoyancy to the minds of the adventurous band. Little by little the shores of green Erin receded, while the rugged hills of Mull became more and more distinct. The sun was still high above the horizon, and the tiny vessel was gliding in the shadow of the stupendous cliffs which so formidably bulwark the south of Mull coast. Every second brought the gallant band nearer their goal and, when at length the grey lichen-covered tower of Lochbuie Castle, perched on its rocky seat, appeared in view, a thrill of joy passed through the little crew. The waters of Lochbuie laving the base of the tall rock on which the ancient tower is reared, stretch far inland. This liquid defence guards one side of the antiquated keep, while the precipitous cliffs of the rocky headland fortify the place so well as to make it secure against a landing-party. Who could ever dream of assailing those dizzy heights, which rise sheer out of the sea, when not even the mountain goat could venture to crop the scanty growth of the unwilling soil? Yet this spot—the least suspected—is the

place chosen by the bold invaders ; for young Murachadh is strategist enough to make the assault where vigilance is least needed.

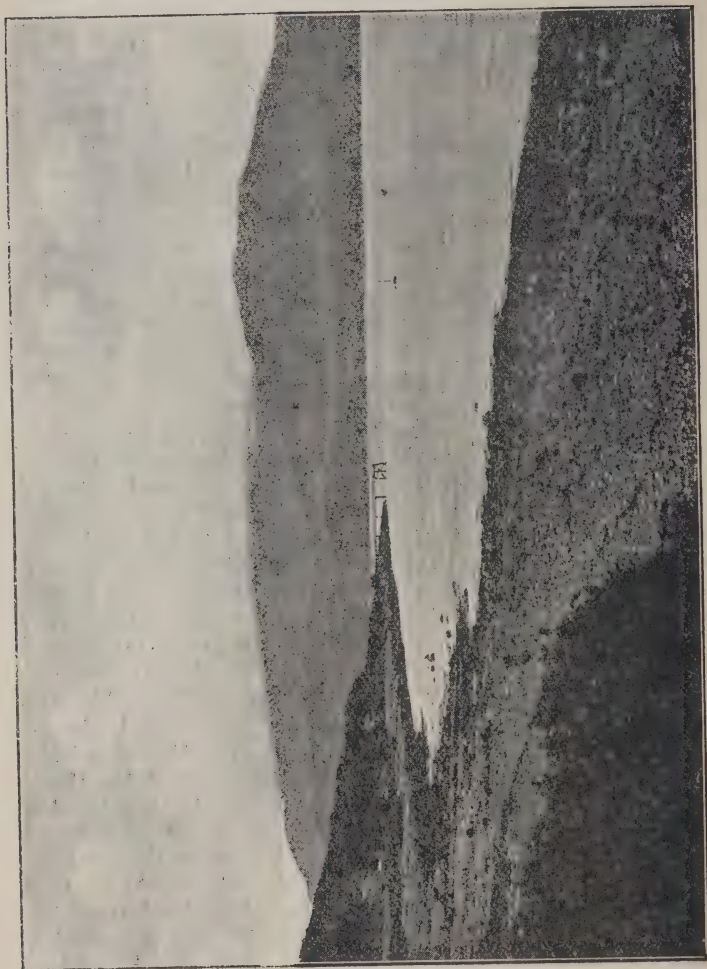
This is Tontire, a most forbidding rock, whose scraggy cliffs frown down upon us as we pass underneath them in the steamer. How can men mount those dizzy heights, then ? The question is no enigma ; for they are provided for all emergencies. Small ladders, constructed of wattles, firmly woven in rope-like fashion, are fixed in the face of the precipice. First one length, then another, is ascended. Each section, as it is cleared, is passed upwards to the topmost man, and so on in rotation, until one by one the whole band alight on the top, and the most difficult part of the work is safely accomplished.

The next step was to reconnoitre the approaches to the Castle. This was not a difficult undertaking, for the presence of an enemy was little expected ; and, besides, the sun had dipped beyond the mountains, and scouting could be easily carried on in the shadow of the great hills. Young Murachadh himself undertook the duties of spy, while his comrades lay in ambush close by. He stealthily approached the castellated keep of his own forbears, and, when within a short distance of it, he could hear the voice of the Highland milkmaid chanting a Gaelic ditty as she drained the udder of a long-horned Highland cow. As the curious spy crept nearer and nearer to obtain a furtive glance of the singer, his foot slipped, and the sound caused by the effort to avoid a fall made the cow start, throwing the maid to the ground ; upon which she exclaimed, “*Dia leat a Mhurchaidh*”—God be with you, Murdoch—words which she customarily expressed, almost unconsciously, upon any sudden emergency. Murdoch approached the woman, and asked her whom she meant by “Murdoch.” She replied that she meant a dearly-loved foster son, of whom she had lost sight for a long time. Asked how she could recognise her foster child, she replied that he had a conspicuous birth-mark on the right breast. Upon this our subject removed the clothing from his breast and revealed the mark, from which the

awe-struck banarach, or milkmaid, recognised her long-lost foster son.

After exchanging the most affectionate greetings, Murdoch explained his mission, and asked her co-operation in the undertaking, which she very readily promised. Asked how he could best proceed, she replied: "When the garrison is fast asleep open the gate of this fold, in which the calves are kept. The calves will run among the cattle in yonder field, and the roars and bellows of the latter in search of their offspring will rouse the sleepers. The whole garrison will turn out. You and your men will man both sides of the gate, sword in hand, and as they rush forth, unarmed and unsuspecting, slay them as they come." "But," enquired Murdoch, "how am I to save your husband, seeing that I cannot recognise him?" His foster mother merely replied, "Leig an t-urball leis a' chraicionn"—Let the tail go with the hide.

Having settled the plan of attack, Murachadh went back to his men, who were impatient to hear what hope there was of immediately striking a blow; and, when their gallant leader told the good news and their chance of success, they could hardly suppress their joy. Tired after their weary voyage across the North Channel, they lay down to obtain a few hours' rest, having previously partaken of a rude supper composed of oatmeal and water, mixed to the consistency of brose. Covered by their rough woollen plaids, and having the heather for their couch, they soon dosed off into a sound slumber. About midnight they were roused by their gallant young leader, much refreshed after a few hours' repose. Having girt themselves with their broadswords, they started for the Castle, which stood only a few hundred yards away, and having arrived there, they immediately began to carry out the plan of campaign suggested by the wit of the dairymaid. One man opened the gate of the fold in which the calves were corralled, whereupon the whole herd rushed out like a torrent, giving a wild roar, which was answered from the adjoining field by scores of cattle which, with tails in the air, ran madly along to meet their young. The dairymaid, who had kept a wakeful watch in bed,



Groggan, Loch Spelve.

heard the wild uproar, and roused the inmates of the Castle, who immediately rushed out to separate the cattle. But both sides of the gate were lined by the assailants, and each man of the guard, as he rushed unsuspectingly forth, was slain, until not one was left alive. In much less than half-an-hour the ancient Castle of Lochbuie was in the hands of the rightful heir. Unconscious of what had taken place, the Chief of Duart's son and his wife were sound asleep in the Castle's best bedroom. Always generous, the victor left them in undisturbed repose until morning, when he entered his relative's bedroom and coolly narrated the night's event: that the Castle, which was his lawful property, had been taken and the garrison slain, but that his life would be spared; that he must instantly quit the Castle; and that he would be safely escorted beyond the boundaries of the estate. Duart's son calmly submitted, and lost no time in leaving what he had so long made his snug abode.

He could not imagine who this newcomer was, nor how he could call Lochbuie his legal property, as, with the exception of a very few in the island of Mull, it was agreed by common consent that the old laird had died heirless. The Chief of Duart, when he heard the news of the taking of Lochbuie Castle by a band of strangers headed by a youth who called himself the rightful heir, seemed to be in the same perplexity. Had he not sent to attend the accouchement of Lochbuie's housekeeper? Was she not delivered of a female child, and not of a male? But, at the same time, might he not after all have been duped by the doctor; and might not a conspiracy have been designed against him, in which the doctor was implicated; and might not the fall of Lochbuie Castle be the budding of a plot whose seedlings had taken so many years to sprout? These thoughts revolved incessantly in the old Chief's mind. The idea of a plot and the probability of there being after all a son who had been reared in secrecy, seemed feasible; but he could not associate his trusted Ollamh with such a conspiracy. No; he would dismiss that link from his mind. But a conspiracy there was, and one whose bud it would take all

his craftiness—and in that direction, as we have seen, he was pretty resourceful—to nip.

The news of the taking of Lochbuie by the rightful heir spread from clansman to clansman with all the speed of the fiery cross. At the same time was promulgated the mysterious story of his birth, for some hesitated to believe the existence of Murachadh Gearr; but the declaration of the parties who fomented the plot, who knew our hero in his childhood and in his boyhood, were too well known not to be accredited. Even Murachadh's uncle, the crafty Chief of Duart, saw through the whole thing. He had been foiled in his intrigues; but notwithstanding that, he resolved at all hazards to wrench those fair domains from the man whom he saw was no longer an impostor.*

Every peak in Mull announced the declaration of war. The fiery crosses of the rival Chiefs sped through every glen and clachan, and clansmen armed themselves to follow their own Chief.

Murachadh Gearr was already master of Lochbuie Castle, and was now summoning his clansmen to take Aros Castle, which Duart was, meanwhile, taking every precaution to defend. Willing warriors gathered from all parts of the island. The defences of Aros Castle were strengthened to the utmost. A living wall, bristling with broadswords and Lochaber axes, protected the place at every point of attack.

Murachadh's army, not smaller in numbers than that of his uncle, encamped one evening on a level plain, through which the river Aros gurgles on its way to the sea. On the opposite bank Duart assembled his own clansmen, quite prepared for the battle which was imminent on the following morning. Separated only by a stream, which was quite fordable, the two armies rested in their armour all night.

Tradition relates that Murachadh's army was badly off for a caldron for cooking meat, and that one of the men unseen, forded the river which divided the two

*Illegitimate children were eligible as heirs in olden times.

camps and, having got mixed among Duart's men, put on such an air of indifference that he easily passed himself off as one of their number. Seeing a number of men cooking, he coolly approached them and said: "Here now, it's time you were done with that caldron; other folk must get their turn of it." That indispensable utensil was immediately handed to him, and off he went as coolly as before. When crossing the river on his way back he was discovered, and a shower of arrows was sent after him. He, however, protected himself from these deadly messengers by placing his head inside the pot, on which the arrows rattled like hailstones.

Through this clever adventure the men of Lochbuie were able to cook a hearty supper. It is said that food was so scarce in the camp that, except for an aged widow who had given Murachadh her only cow to be killed for his men, they would have had to sleep on empty stomachs.

During the night, when both armies, except the sentries, were sound asleep, an interesting incident, which was the means of averting much bloodshed, took place.

Murachadh, always subtle and adventurous, proposed to steal his way into the camp of Duart under the cover of darkness. Accompanied by his faithful henchman, named Mac Cormick, he silently crossed the river and, eluding the watchful eye of the sentry, groped among the slumbering soldiers until he discovered the spot at which his uncle, the warlike Duart, lay at full length sound asleep in his armour. His relaxed fingers grasped the hilt of his unsheathed sword. Murachadh gently removed the weapon and, replacing it by his own sword, returned to his own camp, where he lay down for a few hours' sleep. When Duart arose from his bivouac next morning, he girt his sword to prepare his men for action; but the weapon did not fit in the sheath, and on looking at it he immediately took in the situation. He knew that his nephew had secretly entered the camp, and could have easily taken his life had he been disposed to do so. Hardened as he was by scenes of battle and bloodshed, the incident touched his heart so much that, by way of rewarding his humane nephew, he immediately disbanded

his army and, having sent a messenger for Murachadh, he readily retroceded all that the latter claimed, and promised sincere friendship while he lived. Through this little incident our hero recovered his lost possessions without a blow.

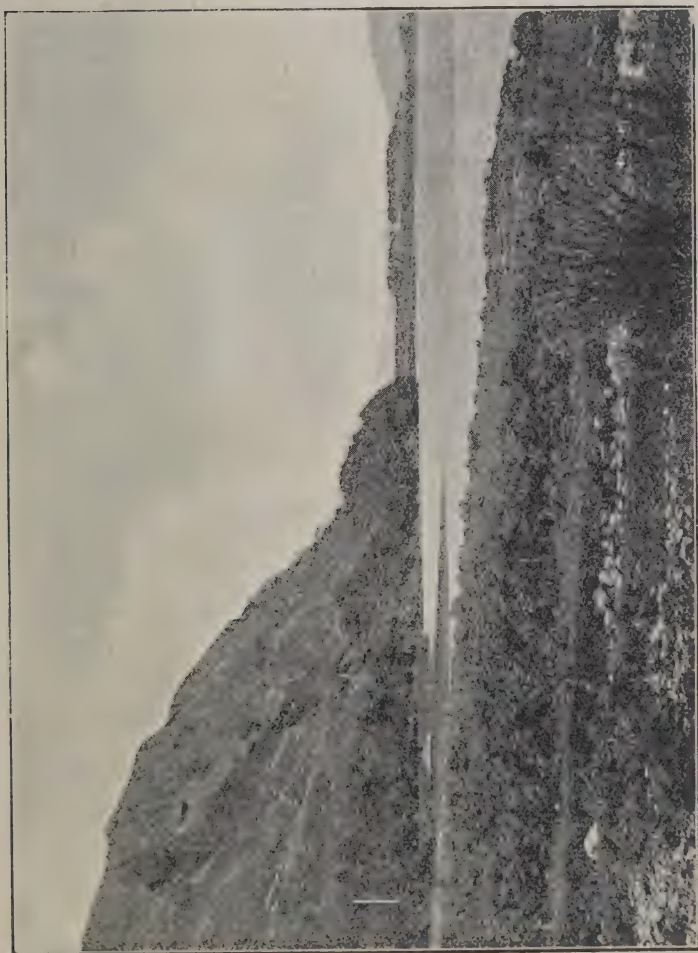
Tradition records that he rewarded the widow who so patriotically parted with her only cow to feed his hungry men by giving her sixteen head of cattle in return. It is also said that, as a compliment to the man MacCormick who so fearlessly accompanied him on his daring adventure, he had cut out on the lintel above the entrance to the Castle of Lochbuie the words "Biadh is deoch do Mhac Cormaig," which means, on being interpreted, "Food and drink to MacCormick."

Murachadh Gearr enjoyed many a happy day in the ancestral halls of Lochbuie Castle and, instead of wreaking his revenge on his crafty old uncle, as he was once determined to do, for the inhuman treatment he had meted out to his father, the Chiefs seem to have got on in the most friendly manner. There is not the least doubt that the episode enacted on the banks of the river Aros tempered the ideas of vengeance which at one time glowed in the breast of Murachadh.

In this fantastic form the legends of Mull have preserved the history and adventures of Murchadh Gearr. According to clan history, Murchadh was the 6th Chief of Lochbuie, and his estate was usurped by his uncle, Murdoch Maclean of Scalasdale. Murchadh Gearr died in 1586.

THE HOUSE OF LOCHBUIE.

No other place in Scotland affords so enchanting a view as that commanded by Lochbuie House and Moy Castle. Whether viewed from the castle, the mansion, or the plain, the summit of Ben Buie or any other point of observation, the eye is delighted and the mind enraptured with the mighty power of grandeur and beauty that lies before him. Even if divested of the works of man, the beauty is not apparently lessened. Taking the summit of Moy Castle as the point of observation, the eye beholds the great plain called Magh,



Head of Loch Uisg near Lochbule.

spreading out from the loch to the north-west, reaching to the foot of Ben Buie and Ben Magh. Over this plain may be seen many houses, and the ruins of a druidical circle. To the north, Loch Uisg rests between precipitous mountains, with its outlet flowing along the base of the castle. A projecting spur of a neighbouring Ben divides Magh from the plain of Laggan, where are other houses and ruins of a chapel, now used as a mausoleum, and said to have been founded by St. Columba. These plains are under a high state of cultivation, and produce abundantly, notwithstanding the fact that they have been tilled for over five hundred years. Looking south is that beautiful sheet of water called Loch Buie, three miles long by two miles wide, hemmed in by mountains on the right, whose altitudes vary from thirteen hundred to twenty-three hundred and fifty-four feet. On the left the point of Laggan varies nine hundred and sixty-seven to three hundred and twenty-nine feet above the level of the sea. At the head of the loch and on the plain of Magh, the Macleans of Lochbuie established their seat five hundred years ago.*

The choice of this place for a home was one of great wisdom; for it is not only inviting, but its somewhat secluded position afforded a great natural shelter in days of danger and of war. The family who was allotted this territory has been fortunate, for amidst the stormy commotions which from age to age overwhelmed so many powerful houses in the Highlands, it till recently, retained its original inheritance unimpaired, and maintained a high and independent position among the families of the Isles.

The family of Lochbuie was founded by Eachann Reaganach, or Hector the Stern. He was a son of John Dubh Maclean, the 4th Chief of Duart; and this historical and authenticated fact disposes of the traditionary record which states that Lochbuie is an older branch of the family tree than Duart. The records of the Lochbuie family are said to have been lost; and the charter-chest tells nothing anterior to 1750.

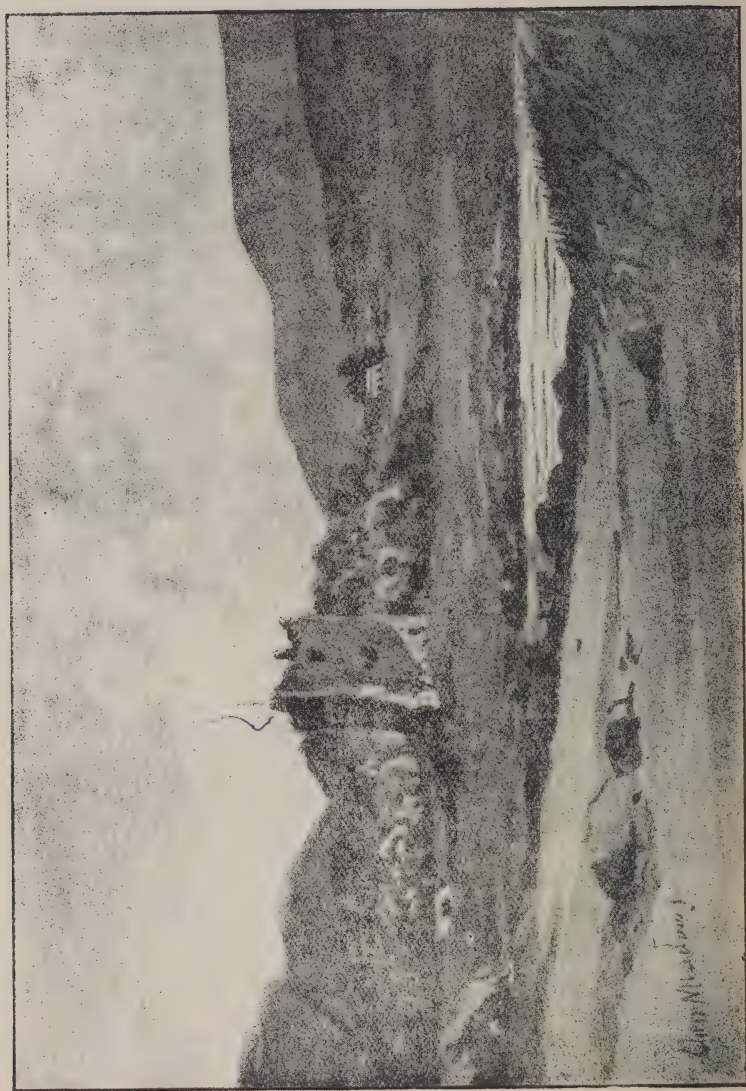
The present Chief of Lochbuie is Kenneth Douglas

*J. P. Maclean's "History of the Clan Maclean."

Lorne MacLaine, the 22nd of the line. The Lochbuie estate was heavily mortgaged, and some years ago the young Chief created quite a sensation by going on the stage. He is a singer of some repute, and in order to release his ancestral estate and home, he made several successful tours in this country and the United States of America. His talents as a Gaelic and English vocalist drew large and interested audiences. On the outbreak of the great war which commenced in August 1914, young Lochbuie, with the martial pride and spirit of his race, abandoned the stage and, putting the safety and honour of his country before his own personal interests, forthwith joined the Army. He received a commission as Lieutenant in the 15th Hussars, and proceeded to Flanders with the British Expeditionary Force. He was not long in the field when his abilities and coolness attracted the attention of his superiors. For skill and daring while in command of his squadron on three several occasions in May 1915 at Ypres and at Hooge, he won the Military Cross, with which he was later decorated by King George. Shortly after his successful tactics at these points, where his skill and initiative contributed largely to maintaining the British Line at a critical time, he was promoted to the rank of Captain. For his distinguished success and gallantry, his clansmen and all Mull people are greatly proud of him.

The instalments on the mortgage were being regularly paid, until one unlucky day one of them arrived a few hours late. Thus by a stroke of misfortune the 22nd Chief of Lochbuie lost his family estates, which he had tried so hard to free from encumbrance. He still works steadily on, however, in the hope that he may one day raise sufficient money to buy them back again.

His father, Murdoch Gillian Maclean, the 21st Chief of Lochbuie, came through some of the bitter experiences of the Franco-German War of 1870. He followed the French Army as military correspondent of the "London Times," and was present at the battles of Gravelotte, Strasburg, Metz, and Thionville. He also experienced the rigours of the Siege of Paris. Like the rest of the



Old Moy Castle, Lochbuie.

Lochbuie Chiefs he was a soldier, and held a commission as Captain in a dragoon regiment.

The ancient home of the Lochbuie Chiefs was Moy Castle or, as it is known in Gaelic, "Caisteal a' Mhaigh"; but this ancient keep has long since been supplanted by Lochbuie House, a more modern and more palatial residence. Moy Castle is built on a low rock which cleaves the sea where the great hills bespeak the further inroads of the restless ocean.

The grey dismantled walls of the Castle can be seen in the midst of its awe-inspiring surroundings from the deck of passing steamers. It is a mere speck in scenery so magnificent that the eye never tires in looking at it; where Nature herself has applied both brush and chisel; where colour excels in the blending; and where illusive light and shade are so cunningly employed that the tall grey mountains and dark winding corries are seen in perfect perspective.

Moy Castle, like all similar structures of its period, was erected on the forbidding headland for defensive purposes. Its walls are stout and strong, and were capable of offering resistance to the artillery of bye-gone ages.

The floor of the interior of the first storey is of solid rock. In its centre is a well four feet deep. It is always full of water; but the source of supply and the conduit to the keep have never been discovered. This is a feat in engineering which bespeaks the foresight and artifice of the strategists of old. The Castle is said to have been partly built by Eachann Reaganach, the first Chief of Lochbuie; but, no doubt, succeeding Chiefs carried out improvements in keeping with the advancements in military science. It was inhabited as late as 1740.



Duart Castle, the Seat of the Maclean Chiefs,

Was confiscated after the 1691 Rebellion, and only recently (1911) re-acquired by Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., K.C.B., the present Chief.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MACLEANS OF DUART.

AS has been said on a previous page, the Glenmore route brings us to Craignure, and therefore to the Sound of Mull, to which we have travelled in the very footsteps of David Balfour, the hero of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped." But before we reach Craignure we must pass Lochdonhead, a small township at the head of the Loch, from which it takes its name. Loch Don is an arm of the sea, entering Mull, facing Kerrera, and goes four miles windingly and narrowly to the north-west. Auchnacraig, at the mouth of Loch Don, has a small harbour or pier at Grasspoint, which was, and still is, the



Lochdonhead.

principal ferry station of Mull, being the nearest to Kerrera, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and Oban on the mainland, about $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Great numbers of the black cattle for which Mull has been famed have been shipped from here for the markets on the mainland, and cattle also from Coll and Tiree used to be landed at the further side of Mull, brought over-

land and here reshipped. Until thirty or forty years ago the mails for the south and west of Mull were brought here from Oban, in a fishing ketch. Craignure, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles further, is the first port of call out from Oban by the Sound of Mull mail steamer; it is situated at the head of a small bay of the same name. Though it has a pier the mail steamer is generally met by a ferry boat. The road passes on in a north-westerly direction by the Sound of Mull, and back to Salen whence we started, completing a circuit of some sixty miles. The country along the sea-board of the Sound of Mull from the district round about Craignure, and away to Salen, maintains its characteristic grandeur.

Between Lochdonhead and Craignure we pass Torosay, until lately called Duart House, and we are within easy reach of the old historic castle of Duart, the seat of the Chief of the Clan Maclean. This interesting relic of olden times, and of the rude days of clanship, is perched on a rocky promontory which rises abruptly out of the sea. From a strategic point of view it occupies a good position; and it is said that, in old times, its guns, mounted on its tower, could sweep the whole breadth of the Sound of Mull. These old-fashioned weapons used to be trained on passing vessels which did not salute the Duart flag which floated in the breeze over the battlements of the Castle.

Like the rest of Mull, Duart has fine scenery. Beautiful slopes rise in varied gradations till they terminate in one or two of the grand mountain peaks that stretch from Ben More to the Sound of Mull. Here the red deer crops the sweet herbage which grows on the soil of its mountain home. It has still the timidity and the wildness; still the alertness and the nimbleness which made its chase such a favourite sport in olden times. On those very hills which now, on such occasions, resound to the crack of the modern rifle, the Lords of the Isles and Chiefs of Duart and Lochbuie hunted the swift-footed denizens of the forest with arrow and hound. Arrow heads of a type reaching back to the primeval periods of the island's history, have been discovered in the soil, the flinty barbs of deadly messengers which had missed their mark,

The early history of Mull is so interwoven with the history and name of Maclean of Duart that to write about the island's ancient annals without mentioning this interesting Clan would be like writing the history of Scotland without mentioning Bruce and Wallace. According to clan history as written by a well-known clansman, J. P. Maclean, U.S.A., the Clan Maclean possessed Mull as early as 1390. On the 12th of July of that year, Donald, Lord of the Isles, granted to Lachlan Maclean the custody and constablenesship of Duart Castle. This charter, which had afterwards such an important bearing upon Highland history, was executed at the Castle of Ardtornish. This Lachlan, who is known in Mull stories as Lachlan Lubanach, was the founder of the House of Duart. In 1366 he married Margaret, daughter of John, Lord of the Isles. It was for the first-born of this union that the old nurse of Mull legend desired the Lord of the Isles to make his infant grandchild a grant of "Einisgeir Bheag 's a cuid Eileanan"—Little Enisgeir and her Isles. The old Chief quite understood the nurse's cryptic language, but readily granted her wish, though it relieved him of a large portion of his territories. As a race, the Macleans claim descent from Aonghas Tuamhi Teamhrach, a powerful monarch of Ireland.*

As a Clan, they trace their origin from Gilleon, or Gill-eathain na Tuaighe—Gilleon of the Axe—who flourished about 1250. It is related of this remote ancestor of the Duart line of Chiefs that he lost his way in a thick fog while hunting deer. He wandered among the hills till nightfall, when, tired and weary, he lay down in a cypress bush to die. He stuck his battle-axe in a branch, so that his last resting-place could be discovered by his clansmen. Some days afterwards the dying Chief was rescued by a search-party who had seen the rude signal of distress while exploring in the vicinity. Memory of this incident is perpetuated in the Maclean crest, which consists of a battle-axe between a laurel and a cypress branch. The long line of Chiefs which stretches away from the

* "Historical Account of the Clan Maclean," by a Seanachie.

mystic Gilleon or Gill-eathain is punctuated by many notable men, skilled in warfare and statecraft; and, possessing power and influence, they were always factors to be reckoned with when the King and Parliament launched forth new schemes for the better government of the Highlands. After the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles, they became the most powerful chiefs in the Highlands. Their military power and political leverage were a constant menace to neighbouring clans, particularly to the Campbells.

One of the most notable of the Duart Chiefs was probably Sir Lachlan Mór, the 14th Chief, who was killed at Traigh Ghruinneirt in Islay in 1598 when engaged in a military expedition against his nephew, Sir James MacDonald of Islay. In story and legend the name of Sir Lachlan Mór is green in Mull to this very day. His mentality and greatness of heart captivated all who knew him, and his tragic end on the field of battle moved poets to the very depth of their feelings. His elegy called "Gaoir nam Ban Muileach"—The Wail of the Mull Women—is one of the most pathetic pieces in Gaelic poetry, famous as Gaelic is for its heart-melting poetic effusions.

It was during the reign of his son, Hector, the 15th Chief, that the first attempt was made to dispossess the Macleans from the castle. A royal commission under the king's lieutenant, Lord Ochiltree, with a fleet of armed vessels, reached Duart on 15th August, 1608, and summoned its surrender, a royal garrison being left in charge. Maclean and many other Chiefs in the Isles were invited on board the lieutenant's vessel, and they were taken prisoners to Ayr, thence to Edinburgh, where they were sentenced by the privy council to be confined in the prisons of Blackness, Dumbarton, and Stirling. The following year Maclean with all the principal islesmen were taken by the Bishop of the Isles to Iona, where were promulgated the famous "Statutes of Icolmkill," for the better government of the isles. These were confirmed by the king the following year.

The 17th Chief, Sir Lachlan Mor, was the first baronet,

being created in 1631 by Charles I. In the civil wars the Macleans took arms under Montrose and fought valiantly for the royal cause. At the battle of Inverlochy, in 1645, Sir Lachlan commanded his clan. He was also engaged in the subsequent battles of the royalist general. After the betrayal of Charles to the Cromwellians the eighth Earl of Argyll, accompanied by Leslie, invaded Mull, committing disgraceful outrages and cruelties on a defenceless people, no resistance having been offered. The castle was besieged by this army, the leaders of which threatened to put all to the sword if obliged to take it by force. Sir Lachlan found resistance to be futile, made the best terms possible, and surrendered it to save further bloodshed. Sir Lachlan died at Duart in 1648, after suffering imprisonment at the hands of Argyll in Carrick Castle, because he would not sign a bond acknowledging debts due to Argyll.

His son, Red Hector, was 18th Chief, and his period was a continuation of the great civil commotions. In the cause of Charles II., with eight hundred Macleans and seven hundred Buchanans, he for four hours withstood the repeated shocks of Cromwell's troops, under Lambert, at Inverkeithing, 20th July, 1651. On this occasion an instance of devoted attachment to the chief was shown on the part of the Macleans. In the heat of the battle Sir Hector was covered from the enemy's attacks by seven brothers, all of whom successively sacrificed their lives in his defence. Each brother as he fell exclaimed, "Fear eile air son Eachainn," "Another for Hector," and a fresh one stepping in answered, "Bas air son Eachainn," "Death for Hector." The former phrase has continued to be a proverb and watchword when a man encounters any sudden danger that requires instant succour. Only forty Macleans survived this battle; with life only had ended the resistance of the fearless Sir Hector and his clansmen.

During the minority of the 20th Chief, Sir John, the Macleans were again dispossessed of Duart. The Duart estates had become deeply involved in debt and the Marquis of Argyll, by purchasing these debts had acquired a claim

against the lands of Maclean, which ultimately led to the greater portion of them becoming the property of that grasping family. In 1674, after the execution of the eighth marquis, payment was insisted upon by his son, the earl. The guardian of the young Maclean evaded the demand for a considerable time, and at length showed a disposition to resist it by force. Argyll had recourse to legal proceedings, and supported by a body of 2000 Campbells he crossed into Mull, where he took possession of Duart and placed a garrison in it. The Macleans, having not yet recovered from the disastrous battle of Inverkeithing, were upon this occasion ill prepared to resist so considerable a force. Lord Neill Campbell was left in charge of the garrison of Duart, and he and his followers spread themselves over the island, committing wanton barbarities on the unresisting inhabitants and their property. Even with Duart occupied by the Campbells, the Macleans refused to pay their rents to the earl, and in consequence he prepared for a second invasion of Mull. To resist it the Macdonalds came to the aid of the Macleans, but Argyll's ships were scattered and driven back by a storm. In the meantime Maclean's guardians, accompanied by Lord Macdonald, went to London, 1676, to lay the cause of grievance before Charles, who remitted the matter to three lords of the Scottish privy council. No decision, however, was come to by them, and Argyll was allowed to prolong the suit until 1680, when the guardians again complained to the king of the delay. The final issue was that Argyll was given Tìree in full compensation of all claims, and Duart was restored to the Macleans. On the forfeiture and execution of Argyll in 1685, Tìree was restored to the Macleans.

After the revolution Maclean's partisanship for the cause of the Stuarts brought on his final ruin and the loss of his estates. At the battle of Killiecrankie, 1690, Sir John Maclean, though only 18 years of age, was with his regiment placed on Dundee's right, on which occasion he acted worthy of his warlike forefathers. Though victory favoured the side on which the chief of Duart fought, we have here the beginning of the last stage of the long

struggle with Argyll. Sir John returned home and retained possession of his estates until Argyll represented him to King William as an enemy to his cause, and secured a commission from him to bring the Macleans to obedience, which he began to do with fire and sword. Sir John himself took refuge in Cairnburg, leaving Duart in the charge of Capt. James Maclean. In obedience to an order from King James, on the 31st of March, 1691, Sir John surrendered both Duart and Cairnburg to the government. Thus, during a period of four hundred and forty years, with slight exceptions, Duart was in the possession of the Chiefs of Maclean.

In the rebellion of 1715 the Macleans ranged themselves under the standard of the Earl of Mar, and were present at the battle of Sheriffmuir. For his share in the insurrection, Sir John Maclean was forfeited, and the fate of his house was sealed. This brave, unfortunate man, the last of the powerful chiefs of Duart, died at Gordon Castle on 12th March, 1716. He had many opportunities of making his peace with King William and with Queen Anne, and thereby saving his estates, but he always threw aside personal convenience in a tenacious adherence to the ill-fated Stuarts.

The Maclean Chiefs were dispossessed in 1691, and, for 220 years Duart Castle, the old home of the Clan, knew them not. It fell into a hopeless* ruin, whose roofless walls and dismantled battlements were silent witnesses of the ravages of time and weather. The last Maclean Chief who made a permanent home in Mull was Sir Alan Maclean, the 4th Laird of Bròlas and 22nd Chief of Duart. Sir Alan had the military instincts of his ancestors, and became a soldier. He served in the Seven Years' War, and also in the American War of Independence. He eventually settled down in Mull, selecting for his home the little island of Inchkenneth at the entrance to Loch-na-

*Dr. MacCulloch writing at the beginning of last century says that "Duart Castle was till lately garrisoned by a detachment from Fort William," but "that it is fast falling into ruin since it was abandoned as a barrack."



**Col. Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., K.C.B.,
of Duart and Morvern.**

keal, or properly "Loch nan Ceall." For three days in October 1773 he entertained Dr. Johnson while in the course of his Highland Tour. The latter's eulogy on the engaging Highland Chief is of absorbing interest, notwithstanding that the prime object of the famous biographer's mission to the Highlands was not to gather material for commendation of the Highland people. Sir Alan passed peaceful days at Inchkenneth after a long spell of arduous military activities. The roar of cannon had given place to the murmur of the sea waves, and the rattle of musketry to the sighing of the winds as they struck the frowning cliffs of Gribun. He is buried in the little chapel whose roofless walls are near the site of his home. There he lies, and the tall hills whose sterile peaks look down on serene and peaceful Innis seem to murmur—

"Soldier, sleep, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of fighting fields no more,
Morn of toil nor night of waking."

The present Chief of the Clan is Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, the 26th of the line, and 10th Baronet of Morvern. He is of the Bròlas branch of the Clan, and is a lineal descendant of Donald Maclean of Bròlas, whose great-grandson succeeded to the family titles in 1750 on the death, in Paris, of Sir Hector of Duart.

Some years ago Sir Fitzroy acquired by purchase the old home of his ancestors, and forthwith started to restore the ruined structure. The work of restoration was still in progress when a formal opening of the old Castle took place in August 1912, some 220 years after Sir John Maclean was dispossessed in 1691. It was a great day in the history of the Clan Maclean, and devoted clansmen were present from all the ends of the earth. Undeterred by distance or expense, they gathered in their hundreds. Their Chief had called, and they answered his slogan; which showed that neither time, nor distance, nor exile had cooled their ardour, enfeebled their loyalty, or chilled their devotion. On that sunny 24th day of August the everlasting hills, the natural bastions that guard the fortress

of Duart, craned their necks to witness the re-crowning of a Chief and the re-birth of a Clan. The motley crowd spoke in the accent of many lands; but they were all the descendants of Gaelic warriors bred among the hills of Mull, and Islay, and Tiree, as well as the mainland of Argyle. They answered the call of Duart as their fathers did in days gone by, when the fiery cross of the great Maclean summoned them from all the Isles.



Arrival of Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean and Party at Duart Castle
on August 24th, 1912.

If anything in history can prove the tensility of the ties of blood and race; if anything in history can prove the undying loyalty of the clansman to his chief, it is proved in this romantic gathering of the Clan Maclean.

That Castle of Duart, which is once more occupied by its Chief, stands on a rocky bluff that pierces the Sound of Mull. Its great walls, sullen and grey against the sunlit landscape, have been for centuries part of the

scenic features of the Sound of Mull, so picturesque, wherever one turns an eye. The massive building, the creation of the military strategists of old, was, as has been stated before, recently in process of restoration, and now wears quite an air of modernity. Shorn of its military equipments, this relic of a period of dispeace and war, will no longer witness the marshalling of armed warriors thirsting for the blood of a foe, but be the quiet and peaceful Highland home of the reigning head of the Clan Maclean.

Its embrasured battlements, and its stout walls, the outer of which is fourteen feet thick, and the inner eight feet thick, will always be a reminder of its past and stormy history. The building has a hundred apartments, those of the lower stories being supplied with light from the great quadrangle within. The whole building is now lit by electricity and heated by steam.



Duart after Restoration.

CHAPTER IX.

KINLOCH.

LET us now come back once more to the spot where the road which brought us through "Gleann Siolas-dair" joins the main road through Mull, and which we followed through Glen More. At the fork we had the option of turning either to the right or left. Taking the road to the right this time, we have a straight road to the Sound of Iona. Here, from a scenic point of view, the country is not so fascinating, once the range of mountains, over which Ben More stands sentinel, changes into that shade of blue which distance gives to objects. However, notwithstanding the tameness of the scenery possessed by the district which we are now about to traverse, its ancient tales and legends are no less interesting than those of the parts with which we have already formed an acquaintance. Kinloch, which is at the head of Loch Sgridain, round which we have come, is a little township from whose mossy soil the people take part of their living. This estate is the property of Thomas Robb, Esq. It is a low-lying, marshy-looking place, upon which the sea would be disposed at times to make inroads. The Aird, so-called because it is a promontory, juts far into Loch Sgridain, whose two arms embrace it so as to make it almost a peninsula. One of these arms, which laves the foot of Ben More, is Loch Beag—the little loch—noted for herring fishing, a branch of industry which the people couple with agriculture, but which has considerably declined in recent years owing to the constant ravages of steam trawlers. There are not a few comfortable houses to be seen at Aird. Within recent years the improvement made in house-building is considerable. Since the visit of the Crofters' Commission, improvements in this direction began to appear and, now, very few of the typical Highland cottages are to be met with at all. Near the head of Loch Sgridain is the Kinloch Hotel, a snug little

house, which has recently been renovated. It is just on the roadside, nestling among gigantic hills. The comforts of its cosy rooms are undoubtedly more appreciated amid the wild and rugged, and withal, forbidding mountain peaks, whether clearly delineated against the sky, or with great clouds poised over them, or streaming down their shingly sides.

Two miles down from the hotel is Pennyghael, owned by Mr. Pettigrew. Below the road is a small Columban cross, which gives the place its name—Pennycross—the penny land of the cross. This is a latter-day appellation. This cross is an important landmark in history, no doubt connected with St. Columba or some one of his disciples who was on a mission to this quarter.

The cross itself is a plain one mounted on five steps and standing four feet three inches in height.

THE MULL OLLAMHS OR NATIVE PHYSICIANS.

At Pennyghael there lived the “Ollamhan Muileach”—the Beatons—a race of physicians, whose names are still household words in every part of the island.

They were supposed to be among the most skilful physicians of the day. In the clinical department of medicine they wrote many able treatises in Gaelic on diseases, their pathognomonics, and cures. Some of their manuscripts are preserved in the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh, and they appear to be interesting. They constitute part of the Gaelic MSS. there. These Beatons made extensive researches in botany; and the little enclosure which was their reputed botanical garden, can still be pointed out. It is said that many varieties of medicinal plants were carefully reared and manufactured into the drugs with which they palliated or cured deadly diseases.

Tradition records that the first of the Beatons learned the healing art in Ireland from a man who had a reputation there similar to that which they afterwards established for themselves in Mull. It appears from the legend which records the story, that young Beaton had a walking-stick which he had cut from a bush near his father’s house,

He carried the stick with him to Ireland and, a day or two after his arrival there, his tutor enquired where he had procured it. The modest pupil replied that he had cut it from a clump of trees that grew near his father's house in Mull. "Well," resumed the old physician, "a white serpent has its retreat in that very bush. I will do anything for you on condition that you go back to Mull and do your best to catch that serpent when it is taking its mid-day nap in the sun." Young Beaton retraced his steps to Pennyghael, rather sceptical of the old man's hallucination, as he took it to be. But, notwithstanding his scepticism on the point, he paid a visit to the spot, and what was his surprise to see a white serpent* coiled at the foot of a rowan tree basking in the mid-summer sun! Placing his stick in the centre of the coil, he pitched it on to the green, and having coaxed it into a bottle, he brought it to the Irish Æsculapius, unable to conceive what he proposed doing with the uncanny reptile.

But the old physician took the reptile and let it drop into a large pot which hung over the fire. Having occasion to make one of his professional visits, he enjoined his pupil to keep the pot stirring about; and he conjured him not by any means to taste the contents of it. This last injunction could well be spared, as serpent soup, however well sauced, would be the last thing desired by the youthful student. When left alone, young Beaton kept stirring, stirring, stirring the pot. He had more than enough to do to dodge the drops of boiling water which it spat about in all directions. Ultimately a scalding drop alighted on his hand, and he at once applied his tongue by way of alleviating the pain. When his master returned from his visit, he asked him whether he had tasted the contents of the pot. "Well," replied the boy, "a drop of the hot water fell upon my hand, and with the great pain it produced, I licked it off with my tongue." "If that is so," replied the physician, "the rest of the decoction is valueless. You have now the magic benefit which it contained, and

*It is true that there was a species of the white serpent in Mull. The writer's father shot one near the Sound of Iona many years ago.

instead of having to be taught the healing art by me, you are now my superior in that art."

It appears that the person who first tasted the water in which the mysterious white serpent stewed was the only one who could get the benefit of its efficacy, and was believed to be immediately imbued with all the mystic secrets of the healing art. This is tradition's record of the way in which the first of the famous Beaton's became initiated in the medical profession. Setting traditions of this nature aside, however, and packing up with them—except as illustrations of the people's beliefs in those days, and as interesting archæological relics—the superstitions with which they are invested, these Beaton's were, all the same, skilful physicians. And, as generation succeeded generation of them, the art, by constant observation and study, was given plenty of scope for expansion. The most famous of that interesting line of doctors was John Beaton, also called "*An t-Ollamh Muileach*," by which significant cognomen he was known all over the Highlands. He is interred in Reilaig Orain, Iona, and his antiquated tombstone is to be seen in the enclosure there which contains the tombs of the chiefs. Many interesting anecdotes are related of Dr. John Beaton.

At one time the Chief of Lochbuie was seriously ill with a dangerous throat affection: the formation of a huge abscess near the larynx, which interfered with the respiratory organ named the trachea. The best medical skill of the day was in constant attendance; but, as the seat of the disease was beyond reach of the lance, nothing could be done for the patient. Dr. John Beaton, "*An t-Ollamh Muileach*," was sent for. He made a minute examination of the affected part in presence of several of the medical profession; but before operating on his patient he ordered everybody out of the room. He then made up a powder composed of rather loathsome material, and put it on a piece of clean paper, and placed it on the table opposite the patient's bed.

Beaton then called in his professional friends, who immediately began to examine the medicine exposed on the table. Beaton himself sat near the fire quite uncon-

cernedly and seeming to pay no attention to the pains which his professional brethren were taking in making an analysis of the chemical properties of the wonderful medicine. The sick man was a keen witness of all that the perplexed *Æsculapii* were doing; but when he saw them one by one taking some of the powder and tasting it, the strain which this analytical experiment placed on his risible faculties was so severe that the convulsions of suppressed laughter burst the abscess in his throat and, in a few minutes, he procured the relief which he so much needed. When Beaton made his diagnosis he knew the only way by which the internal abscess could be made to discharge the pus would be by doing something in the man's presence which would produce laughter. Hence the trick which we have recorded above.

This anecdote exemplifies how the memory of the celebrated physician has been kept green in Mull to this day. It has enough of native humour in it to keep it always in a state of preservation. It is, along with many other anecdotes concerning this man of genius and resource, of keen scrutiny and highly developed power of observation, in the front rank of the tales that relieve the gloom of Mull firesides during the winter evenings.

It is also recorded that his only daughter became chronically ill of some disease whose pathognomics he could not associate with any other disease that had ever come within his range. In spite of careful treatment the young woman sank from day to day and, ultimately, her illness terminated fatally. Upon dissection her father discovered a live frog embedded in her intestines. It is said that he kept it for a long time, giving it food of whatever description the household had. One day he had occasion to be away from home for some hours, and he left the servants peremptory orders not to neglect the frog. They had nettle soup to dinner that day, and the frog had its share, with the result that in a short time it was found dead. Everybody was in a paroxysm of fear in anticipation of the doctor's fury upon hearing the news. When he came, however, and was told what had happened, he replied: "Alas! alas! how easily I could have cured

my daughter had I known that a medicine so simple could have counteracted a disease so treacherous." It was then discovered that Beaton's motive for such careful feeding of the frog was to ascertain what sort of food would kill it, so that he might be able to treat similar cases afterwards.

It is said that after this event he recommended nettle soup three times every spring. It is a fact that Mull people adopt the famous physician's maxim and, even to this day, the older folk follow this simple prescription. Nettle soup is still a favourite dish during the spring months and it is said to have virtue in it in giving tone to the system.

At another time, previous to the incident above related, we are told the Ollamh, in company with a friend, was passing a house by the roadside in the Ross of Mull, where a number of women were "waulking." The Ollamh's friend happened to remark on the beautiful voice possessed by the young woman who, according to native custom, lightened the work by singing a ditty or waulking-song, when the Ollamh said: "'S math an guth air uachdar losgainn"—'Tis a good voice on top of a frog. It is supposed that this young person had a complaint similar to that of the Ollamh's daughter already referred to.

It was believed then that the larva of the frog had been swallowed while drinking from a pool at night and, from this circumstance, many people in Mull are shy about slaking their thirst after nightfall. Many other interesting anecdotes are related of the famous man polished up, no doubt, by the powerful imaginations of the ages gone by. Still, setting aside all that, these Ollamhs left reliable records of themselves in Gaelic MSS which reveal the state of advancement which medical knowledge had reached in their time.

The foul manner in which John Beaton, the Ollamh Muileach, met his death is also interesting, though sad. It is recorded that the then King of Scotland, wishing to ascertain who was the most skilful physician in his realm, feigned sickness, and summoned the best twenty-five medical men of that time to make a diagnosis of his reputed

disease. Among them was John Beaton, the Ollamh Muileach. The physicans were not allowed to make either an objective or a subjective examination of the alleged patient. In fact, the tradition says they were not allowed even to enter his room.

The King had played a trick, and this Beaton soon discovered. He was received into royal favour, but he was not destined to enjoy it long. His rivals for that important position conspired against him, and on their way back from the Royal Palace they bribed the keeper of the first stage house to carry into effect their villainous plans. Beaton and his gillie arrived at the stage house a short time after the others had left. Being tired with the journey, Beaton rested on a couch, and asked a drink of water, which the keeper of the stage house gave him. He quaffed it off, and the moment he did so he pressed his hands against his breast, and asked for milk. The landlord replied there was not a drop in the house. He then directed his servant to go out to the kailyard and to bring him some cabbage quickly. The unsuspecting gillie hurried off, but returned without the kail, every stock, he said, having been previously taken away. "Well," said Beaton, in the agonies of death from the virulent poison which the keeper of the stage house had administered in the drink of water, "take care of yourself, and get home in safety. I am poisoned." A few minutes later he breathed his last. The snare, it appears, had been well laid. The villains who laid it took care that any emetic, such as milk or cabbage, that their unsuspecting victim would ask for, would be put beyond his reach. So ended, it is said, the life of a man whose name is still green in his native island.

CHAPTER X.

CARSAIG.

AT Pennyghael the Carsaig road branches off from the main road. Carsaig is a place of great geological interest; and any person who comes to Mull for the sake of its scenery cannot spend a day more delightfully than in rummaging among the gigantic metal cabinets of Nature there to be found. Turning off the main road to the left, we drive into an avenue of pine trees beautifully arranged on the roadside, some guarding what appears to be sharp, arched orifices in the face of the rock seen on the right. We have to tackle nearly two miles of uphill road, with here and there a landing which relieves the monotony of the steep ascent. On the right we pass Pennyghael House, almost hidden from view in its pretty silver-like enclosure. On either side of us as we go along and up the flank of the hill, everything looks desolate; and, but for the low, guttural notes of the moor hen or the mellow voice of the pheasant, with which the covers here are well stocked, silence is general.

Let us turn round at this landing, and look on the scene behind while we breathe after assailing such a steep road. There is Ben More again in sight wherever we go, almost. From these altitudes we get a much better view of it and its progeny of serrated hilltops that stretch away from it to the eastwards. In imagination we picture Ben More sending out fire and smoke. How much like smoke are the dusky clouds that poise over it, or turban its sterile peak. What dreadful pages of natural history have those great telluric convulsions which gave these everlasting mountains their birth, left behind them to be read from those great manuscripts of Nature. These scenes give one endless themes for reflection.

But let us proceed. Once we gain the top of the mountain range, as one must call it, that separates Carsaig from Pennyghael, the road is pretty level for a couple of



Inniemore Lodge, Carsalg, Mull.

hundred yards, but after that there is a very steep declivity. The road swerves round an angle of the hill, out of whose flank it seems to have been scooped. A feeling of horror seizes one traversing this route. High above soar stupendous freestone cliffs with their garlands of pine trees, whose network of spongioles is spread on rocks that almost overhang the levelled road. Below is a gloomy abyss whose concave flanks are studded with pretty trees which extend to the level beneath. Here is a beautiful gorge, walled in by gigantic mountains whose dark sides are fluted with cascades and waterfalls, the erosion of centuries. This, then, is Carsaig, battlemented with everlasting hills whose jagged outlines of grand basaltic character cannot but inspire ideas of horror in those who are uninitiated in Alpine travels. The modern mansion on the green terrace above the rugged shore is Inniemore Lodge.

Carsaig has a southern exposure, and in summer the place is oppressively hot. The hills shelter the place so well that air is stagnant and, but for the refreshing ozone from its sunny bay, one would have a feeling of suffocation. There is much to be read in those freestone rocks that surround the place. They are the archives which have preserved for countless ages the fossilised remains of marine organisms to which far distant epochs gave birth. Molluscs and crustaceans are there in one gigantic catacomb, hardly one line of their pretty traceries being missed. We have only to break down one of the fossiliferous rocks to find that its wonderful cabinet contains beautiful spiral shells whose inhabitants once groped on the sandy bottom of some primeval ocean. How terrible must have been the cataclysm which heaved upwards to the clouds the rugged hills which were once the bottom of an ancient sea. And yet, as we have seen, those hills bequeath to us fossilised specimens of the creatures that peopled that quondam ocean; and, though limitless ages separate us, we can with wonder and admiration examine their calcareous shells as minutely as if they were the creatures of our own times. Nature thus preserves to us in the repositories of her rocks, links which join the present with the early epochs of the globe.

Over across the bay, nearly opposite the spot where the little quay is built is "Uaimh nan Cailleach," or the Nuns' Cave, where it is supposed much of the freestone used in the building of Iona Cathedral was wrought. The sandy floor is still strewn with the chips that flew from the sculptors' punches. The bankers at which ancient artisans chiselled the beautiful freestone mouldings which now adorn the cornices of the old Cathedral, are there just as the workmen left them. It is wonderful to imagine that, in a place so rude, and amid scenes so wild, such beautiful examples of workmanship should be produced. The supposition is that there, in constant sight of the asperities of those hills, and with the incessant roar of the wild Atlantic in their ears, amid scenes, in fact, which could only inspire horror, the old-world workmen traced out the pretty carvings whose tender lines, whether we look at them in the corbels of the tower or in the caps of the columns which support the arched doorways, still proclaim the perfection of the sculptor's art in those far-off times. On the walls of the Nuns' Cave lines can still be traced which suggest sectional designs of the Cathedral. These things, and the fact that the nature of the freestone in Iona Cathedral so much resembles the freestone rocks of Carsaig, strengthen one's conviction that from this lonely spot was brought part of the material used in the construction of St. Mary's Abbey. But even were we to divest the place altogether of any connection with the buildings at St. Columba's Isle, enough still remains to interest one in the departments of geology and archæology. There is pretty strong evidence in favour of the idea that at one time, and that time far back in history, the freestone for which the place is so famous had not only been exported for some architectural work, but sculptured on the spot.

Tradition, which always preserves, however crudely, historical records which would otherwise have been lost, is quite silent on this point. It does not record a single word to throw light on these interesting foot-prints which have been discovered there; and deduction alone is all that we have to rely upon in concluding that Carsaig had supplied the freestone which we see in the ancient monu-

ments at Iona. Certainly, in the absence of more substantial evidence, we can only speculate upon these points; but there seems to be sufficient data to render our speculations legitimate. Even the sculptured slabs which still point out the last resting-places of rival chiefs and haughty kings, resemble the greenest strata of rock, over which the great hills of Carsaig are such gigantic superstructures.

The ceaseless erosion of the waves in gnawing away the freestone superstructure reveals the underlying strata. This rock lies in horizontal beds, and admits of its being easily slit up into thin layers. This characteristic, coupled with its being easily wrought, recommended it for monuments during that age. It is also accessible to Iona by boat; and we can, therefore, safely speculate that the beautiful tombstones of that famous island, whose artistic floral designs are still the admiration of archæologists, notwithstanding that time and incessant atmospheric influences have made impressions on them, have been brought from this very shore—nay, were designed and chiselled, perhaps, in the Nuns' Cave, and on those very bankers which are still the silent witnesses of those far-away times. Attempts were lately made to bring the Carsaig freestone into the market; but, being too coarse in the grain, it would not stand competition, and the idea had to be abandoned.

Along the coast line of Carsaig one is struck with the fractured nature of the hills. Great gorges, gaping grot-



Carsaig Arches.

toes, innumerable fissures and asperities of fantastic shapes present themselves to the eye of the tourist passing close to the rocky shore by boat or by steamer. Here are the famous Carsaig arches. Their pretty apertures stand before us like the remnants of a great building whose walls had long ago yielded to the ravages of time or been crushed by one of the avalanches of rock and debris which broke loose centuries ago from the dizzy heights which slope at a very steep angle into the sea. One of the arches is a tunnel 150 feet long, 60 feet high, and 55 feet in breadth, through a projecting mass of rock, crested on a basaltic colonnade, very similar to those seen at Staffa, and overhung by a cliff which also has colonnades, and rises to an altitude of 983 feet. The smaller arch is 73 feet in height, but only a few feet in length; it pierces an isolated rock about 120 feet high crowned by a basaltic column.

These precipitous slopes are dotted here and there with straggling tufts of herbage, over which the wild goat holds undisputed sway. These animals are the descendants of domestic goats which evicted crofters left behind them more than half a century ago. They are now as wild as the chamois of the Swiss Alps; and they afford excellent sport.

All along the seaboard until we pass Lochbuie Point is one long, gigantic sea-wall of basaltic rock, with here and there pretty indentations, which afford shelter to storm-chased fishing boats. At various points this great natural bulwark, rising sheer out of the sea, continues its ascent until it terminates in peaks that reach over 1500 feet, and then Lochbuie is overhung at the head by the grand isolated mountain of Ben Buie (2354 feet). The loftiest of these elevations at Carsaig is "Binnean Ghoraidh," or "Gorrie's Peak."

GORRIE'S PEAK.

The tradition to which the name of this frowning cliff is attached records that one day the Chief of Lochbuie had been deer-stalking, and he gave directions to one of his gillies—John Gorrie—to guard a certain pass, and on no

account to let the deer pass through. Failing this, he would be punished severely. Like a rushing torrent a herd of deer came galloping for the pass which Gorrie defended; but, notwithstanding his efforts, the impetuous herd passed through at a great gallop. Lochbuie was frantic with rage, and ordered Gorrie to be seized and punished. He was bound with ropes, and disfigured as an example to all others who happened to be under the cruel Chief's sway. But Gorrie was determined to be avenged on his brutal Chief. The moment he was released he sprang like a wounded tiger and, seizing Lochbuie's only son and heir, ran and jumped with him over the peak which now bears his name, alighting on a cleft of rock several feet across. Lochbuie writhed with grief and anguish on the top. He offered his ill-treated servant anything he could part with if he would restore his child. But the only compromise Gorrie would accept was that Lochbuie should submit himself to a punishment similar to that which he had ordered to be administered to his servant. Lochbuie readily submitted; and, the moment Gorrie was satisfied that the punishment had been meted out to his Chief, he grasped the child and jumped down the frightful abyss into the sea that yawned to receive them. From that event the mountain peak has ever since been called "Binnean Ghoraidh," or "Gorrie's Peak." It is always pointed out to the tourist who passes under the shadow of its frowning cliffs.

In this neighbourhood, more especially in the vicinity of Carsaig, we find vestiges of the carboniferous period of the earth's history. There are distinct indications of coal seams, but the combustible is not found in sufficient quantities to encourage operations towards the establishment of a native industry. There is enough, however, to indicate that the freestone rocks of Carsaig preserve to us not only specimens of the molluscs that inhabited the seas of an ancient world, with all the delicate traceries of their carapaces, but even unmistakable impressions of the plants that grew in its marshes, from which sprung its primeval forests which, in later epochs, were destined to be transformed into coal strata.

THE FAMILY OF PENNYCROSS.

Carsaig has for generation been associated with the name of the Macleans of Pennycross, a branch of the Duart Macleans which always played a conspicuous part in the annals of Mull.

The present representative of the family of Pennycross is Colonel C. A. H. Maclean, formerly of the Argyll and



Colonel C. A. H. Maclean.

Sutherland Highlanders. True to his family instinct, he took to the profession of arms, in which he has had a rapid career. Shortly after the outbreak of the Great War of 1914 he was sent to the Dardanelles as Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General of the 52nd Lowland Division. In the firing line in the Gallipoli Peninsula he was in charge of the 4th K.O.S.B. He was then promoted Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General of the same Division of the Army, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He is married to a sister of the Chief of Lochbuie.

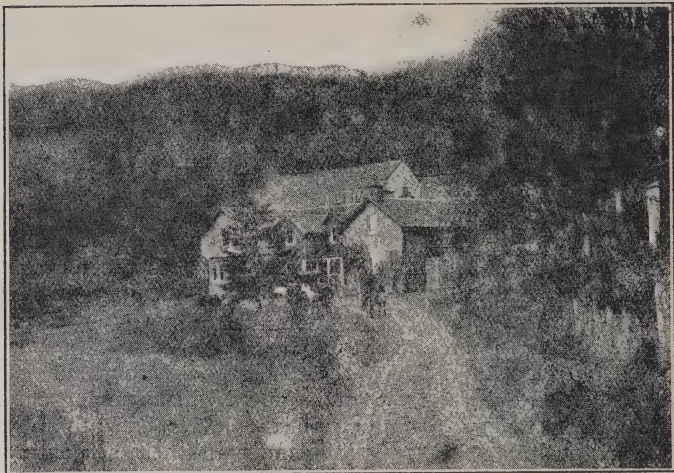
It is interesting to note that during the great war, which ended at Waterloo, five of the Pennycross family held posts in the British Army, one having risen to the rank of Major-General.

Local incidents connected with the present war recall to Mull people the stories told by their grandfathers of gallant young Mull men marshalling in every hamlet to take their part in the Peninsular campaign.

CHAPTER XI.

PENNYGHAEL.

RETURNING to the main through road at Pennyghael, we will resume our journey in the direction of Bunes-san, for this road takes us all the way down to the Sound of Iona, where it ends its stretch of thirty-eight miles from Craignure. From Pennyghael onwards the journey is relatively cheerful; but by that is only meant a degree of monotony differing from that which one experiences on the Craignure-Pennyghael route. Here, also, we find the usual characteristic of the Mull roads; one side at least flanked by precipitous hills, down which roaring cascades fling themselves, until on the levels beneath they form beautiful rivers which meander in their serpentine courses down to the sea where lithe salmon enter them and deposit their ova. Sometimes their silvery scales betray their presence as they bask in the sunshine underneath a protecting bank. On this part of the road we pass an occasional farmhouse. On the right we have Loch Sgridain, which stretches far away among the hills. Athwart the loch is the great headland of Burg, whose outermost point is buttressed against the mainland like the ram of a huge ironclad. All along its flank we see pretty terraces rising upwards in gradients that end in what looks like a sharp ridge, where it attains an altitude of 1621 feet above sea level, which stretches upwards to Ben More. Those pretty green slopes, spread in their grandeur before the summer sun, consist of rich loamy soil which yields excellent grazing; and hundreds of hardy blackfaced sheep pasture on their sweet herbage. Tiroran and Tàpoll, with their beautiful mansions almost hidden amid the foliage of pine trees, are two of the neatest estates on the island. They look ideal summer retreats, with their pretty plantations, their roaring cascades, and green grassy slopes all basking in the sunshine and in glorious solitude. Tiroran is the property of Brigadier-General Cheape, son of the



Tiroran House, Mull.

late Squire Cheape of Bentley Manor. Two of his brothers made the supreme sacrifice during the Great War.

Near the extreme end of the headland of Burg there are to be seen two large depressions which run perpendicular to the sea. Their brownish tint presents a strong contrast to the soft, greenish hue of the fluted hillside; and even the casual observer notices that they are caused by the erosion of running waters. They are the beds of two large waterfalls, dry in summer, but in winter pouring out millions of tons of water, which a thousand streamlets convey to their gigantic ducts. During the storms of winter these falls roll over the banks of the frightful precipice; but no sooner are they launched over the rocky ledge than an incessant contest takes place between them and the wind, and clouds of vapoury smoke rise up to the sky. Considering the wild grandeur of the surroundings, the sight gives one an idea of that mountain vomiting forth smoke and lava. Burg is one of the places that Mull folk peopled with fairies or "sithichean." The wild scenery of the encrusted mountain ranges, coupled with their weird

solitude, could hardly have failed to inspire the superstitious minds of the primitive people who lived their uneventful lives in a region which is so powerful an accessory to imagery. The fairies of Burg were called the people of the Dun or hill—*muinntir an Dùin*—and they appear to have been adepts at all sorts of handicraft. There is an old legend which Mull people still relate, and, as it forms an interesting part of ancient folklore, it may stand repetition as given by one of those men whom we seldom come across now-a-days, who possess almost inexhaustible stores of legendary lore upon which they are never tired of dilating.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

The legend says that at one time an industrious housewife had collected a quantity of wool which she was to manufacture into clothing for the family. In order to expedite the spinning it was an old Highland custom to collect a number of women with their spinning wheels; and, almost in one day, a sufficient quantity of yarn was ready for the weaver. This was called “calanas,” or “kemping.” This woman, when preparing to carry out arrangements according to the old custom, remarked quite jocularly that she wished

“THE PEOPLE OF THE HILL”

(*Muinntir an Dùin*)

would come to take part in the kemping. No sooner had she dropped the words than, in a trice, every corner of the shanty was full of these capricious little beings. They all sang out in chorus—

*Cireadh, tlàmadh,
Càrdadh, cuigeal,
Beart fhithe gu luath
'S bùrn an luadhaidh air teine.*

Each of the words in italics represents different departments of the manufacturing process, from the combing of the wool to the waulking of the cloth. Simultaneously with the pronouncing of each word by the fairies a stage in the manufacturing process was finished, so that,

in the time that the words representing the different stages were pronounced, the cloth was made ready for tailoring. These words translated mean—

Combing, mixing,
Carding, spinning,
A weaving loom quickly,
And the waulking water on the fire.

After finishing the work so quickly, the little folk crowded round the table expecting the customary meal. But the woman was unprepared for entertaining such a host. She wished they would go; but go they would not. She went to the door and, calling an old man, she told him her predicament. The old man said: "Stand outside the door and cry as loud as you can 'Dun Bhuirg ri theinidh, Dun Bhuirg ri theinidh,' " which means "Burg is on fire! Burg is on fire!" The woman did as the crafty old man had enjoined her and, no sooner did she speak the magic words, than the little folk rushed out, each one crying and yelling in great distress: "M' ùird is m' inneinean, mo chlann bheag's mo mhuirichean, ohh! ohh! ohh! Dun Bhuirg ri theinidh." Being interpreted, these wild exclamations mean, "My hammers and my anvils; my little children and my offspring; Burg is on fire. Alas! alas!" They disappeared at the portico of their fairy hall, and the woman saw them no more.

THE LEGEND OF "GILLEAN FIR THAPUILL."

Another fairy tale indigenous to Burg is "Gillean Fir Thàpuill"—the men of the Laird of Tàpol. It appears that the Laird of Tàpoll had hired two men whom he afterwards dismissed for spending their time over useless pastimes. One day in the following Autumn, some months after he had dismissed the men, he was walking in a field where the newly-cut corn had been stooked, when he saw a stranger coming in his direction. On approaching him, the stranger asked a bundle of corn, which the Laird magnanimously granted. A rope was spread on the ground, and they both began to make up a bundle from the stooked corn. Sheaf upon sheaf was piled, but the bundle did not seem to in-

crease in size. When the Laird saw that the whole field was being swept away by the magic of the mysterious stranger, he repeated the following prayer, which is still remembered by many of the old people:—

Di-màirt a chuir mi,
Di-màirt a bhuain mi,
'S Di-màirt a chuir mi
Mo chrann air àr.
'S a Thì chùir oirnn na trì màirt,
Na leig mo chuid air falbh air aon chuail.

which means literally—

On Tuesday I sowed,
On Tuesday I reaped,
And on Tuesday I stuck
My plough in the soil.
And Thou, who hast given us those three days,
Let not my corn in one bundle away.

Through the efficacy of the prayer the bundle and the stranger vanished, and not one stook was wanting on the field. It appears that the two men whom the Laird of Tàpoll had dismissed from his service were of the supernatural kind, and the mysterious stranger was one of them come back to take vengeance on his former master by carrying away all his corn.

A short distance from Pennyghael we pass an old burying-ground in whose soil recline many of "the mighty of the land," as time-worn and weather-beaten monuments declare.

It is Killunaig—or to render it in its proper and more significant orthography, Cill-fhionnaig—which means "the grave of the little fair-haired girl." Opposite us, on the other side of Loch Sgridain, but in a somewhat oblique direction across, is the grave of "the little fair-haired boy," Kilfinichen, which I have already described. The etymology of these place-names points to some romance, perhaps to some tragic tale, which tradition does not record, and which oblivion has enshrouded. Here, however, we have on the shores of Mull what, on the shores of Greece, would remind one of Ajax and Hecuba. On our way down to Bunessan we pass through townships and not a few small farms whose quondam pretty steadings are falling into a

state of decay and dilapidation owing to the difficulty of procuring tenants for them. The soil in those parts seems to be of an inferior nature; and the small breed of black-faced sheep that one sees cropping the herbage on the roadside and up among the rocky hillsides, does not seem to encourage farming in parts of Bròlas, as this large slice of the country is called. Respecting the agricultural characteristics of Bròlas, an old Mull couplet says:

“Diù Mhuile, Bròlas,
'S diù Bhròlais, Cille-phàruig,”

which means in English—“The worst spot in Mull is Bròlas, and the worst spot in Bròlas is Kilpatrick.” The title of Bròlas is still claimed by the baronet who, by his descent from Gillean-na-tuaighe, and lower down in the genealogical tree, Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, is chief of the clan Maclean, to wit, Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORSE INFLUENCE.

THE country side on both shores of Loch Sgridain was densely populated in olden times; but during the civil wars of the time of Charles I. there was such a drain upon the young men of this part that eventually no able-bodied men were left to till the soil. The old men left behind could not cope with the demands of their homes, and the result was a famine which carried off the whole population of Loch Sgridain side except two families. Men and women fell by the roadside, and were buried where they fell, because their neighbours had not strength enough left in them to remove them or accord them burial with their fathers in the local cemetery.* The topography of this part of Mull is strongly mingled with Norse names. Loch Sgridain itself is probably from the Norse *Skrida*, a landslip. This arm of the sea has a Gaelic name as well, and to many of the old natives it is still known as Loch Leamhain, or Loch Leven, the loch of elms.

Some miles inland from the head of Loch Sgridain is the farm of Rossal, which means "horsefield," from the Norse *hross-volr*. Burg is the Norse for fort. It is not improbable that originally the name applied merely to broch, or keep, whose remains are still to be seen in the very snout of the great headland now known as Burg. This fort is known to the people as *Dùn-Bhuirg*. In Gaelic *Dun* is a mound as well as a fort, and the name *Dùn-Bhuirg* points to a period when the Gaelic began to reassert itself.

Sgòpoll and *Tàpoll*, on the northern shores of Loch Sgridain, are also Norse. The endings in *boll*, *poll*, *stad* and *dal* signify "farm" or "homestead." All place-names with such endings, as well as *vick*, *aig*, and *ey* are of Norse origin.

*Old statistical account of Scotland. (Sinclair.)

At Sgópolis there are the remains of an ancient "broch" or fort of the usual Norse type; and this, along with "Caisteal Bhuirg" already mentioned was no doubt intended to protect the entrance to Loch Sgridain. It was in the neighbourhood of this rugged region that the late William Black laid the opening scene in "MacLeod of Dare"; and Burg Castle figures in the story as Castle Dare. Ormsaig, on the southern shore of the Loch, might mean the "Bay of the Serpent," from the Norse. Two miles or so nearer the entrance to Loch Sgridain is the lumpy headland of Aird-chraosnais, where we find the native language again re-asserting itself, if the Gaelic prefix "aird" and the Norse suffix "nis" both mean "point," which is often, but not always the case.

It is not in topography alone that the vigour of the Viking sway in this lone region is seen at this distance in time. Its influences are still discernible in the language of the peasant-folks who inhabit the shores of Loch Sgridain. The broad gulping way in which they pronounce the letter "L," and the guttural burr of the local "R" suggest a Norse origin. Notwithstanding all these observations, however, it need not be too hastily assumed that the population was entirely or even extensively or, for that matter, at all Norse. Norse traces in the ethnology of these parts are very meagre, so that those indications of Norse influences, whether topographical or dialectical, may be due more to the hegemony of the conquering Vikings than to actual colonisation by a foreign race. Norse was at one time the administrative language all over the Western Islands and sea-board. Norse Colonies existed in those parts of the mainland. The Gaelic natives, whether they intermingled with the colonists or not, acquired the language of the ruling classes, and probably spoke it when occasion called for it. They also copied some of their habits and customs. The same process goes on at the present day, when English is the language of administration, and Gaelic the language of the home. At one time Norse culture was about to overwhelm the native, and the prevailing language being Norse, its terminology and its appellations were extensively employed in topo-

graphy, in the names of various domestic articles, and in navigation, alongside of those of the native language. It speaks well for the vitality of the native language that it has survived all the attacks made on its existence for hundreds of years by two powerful foreign languages, which imposed themselves on the Gaelic sanctum during two successive periods. At the present time Gaelic is, if not so robust, yet more extensively read, studied, and written than at any previous period.

MACLEANS OF BRÒLAS.

This is the country of the Macleans of Bròlas. With this part were also associated the Macleans of Ross,* known in history as the race of the "Iron Sword," or in Gaelic, "*Sliochd a' chlaidhimh iaruing*," from their great bravery in battle.

The progenitor of the family was Niall—Niall an Rois. He was the third son of Lachlann Bronnach of Duart. The most notable member of this well-known family of Macleans was Lachlan of Ardchrisnish, who was a constant follower of Sir Lachlan Mór of Duart. He had a large family and, at the great battle of Inverkeithing in 1651, five of his sons, as well as 140 of his followers from the Ross of Mull, were killed. He was known locally as Lachlann Odhar. Lachlan of Bunessan, whom old men of the last century remembered, was his descendant.

Kilpatrick is the last bit of Bròlas we have to pass through till we come to the Ross of Mull. A rapid, roaring cascade which follows a circuitous course to the sea beneath, delimits its boundaries. Here, as the very name Kilpatrick implies, is a burying-ground, close to which the road sweeps along. Wherever we find the name "Kil," or rather "Cill," prefixed to a place-name, we may look for the ruins of an old kirk, whose grounds are the receptacle of the dead. The Gaelic "Cill" signifies "church"; but, as there was always a graveyard in connection with every church in olden times, the word "Cill" latterly be-

*Clan Maclean history.

came synonymous with "kirk-yard"; and it is because of this that, in some parts whose place-names have the prefix "Cill" or "Kil," we find graveyards without any trace of a church.

In these place-names we are inclined to think that the prefix "Cill" means a graveyard, that being the signification that Gaelic-speaking people, in Mull at least, attach to the word now-a-days. Kilpatrick, then, comes under this category; for there does not seem to be any trace of a church within the walls of the burying-ground. Graveyards of this description seem to belong to a date posterior to those in which we find the ruins of old churches.

THE HOUSE OF ARGYLL.

Across the bridge which spans the stream already referred to we are in the Ross of Mull. The whole of the rugged promontory is owned by the Duke of Argyll who is the largest proprietor in Mull. This large estate, as well as other extensive tracts of land, at one time the property of the Duart family, was acquired by the 10th Earl of Argyll in 1692 on the forfeiture of Sir John Maclean.

About the middle of last century, when the great eviction wave swept over the Highlands, several large crofting townships in Ross were cleared of their tenants for the creation of sheep farms; but, on the whole, the Argyll estates suffered less from the eviction mania than many other parts of the Highlands. In 1849 about 243 people of all ages emigrated from the Ross of Mull in a body. Many of them became ill of cholera and died on the way. The survivors found new homes among the great woods of Canada, where they became prosperous farmers though, in the course of their early Colonial experiences, they suffered many hardships. There were many isolated cases of eviction since the great clearances; but they were for the most part held to be justified by the requirements of proper management, and by estate regulations.

The 8th Duke, whose memory is still green in the Ross of Mull, took a fatherly interest in his people. Many can still recall his and the Duchess Elizabeth's early visits to



Niall Diarmid Campbell, 10th Duke of Argyll.

this part of the ducal estates, and tell how they visited the poorest and the humblest cottage, and engaged in friendly talk.

The 9th Duke never visited this part while he held the title; but in his dealings with the people he was generous and noble. He is described by all who knew him as humble and amiable, and in every way an ideal gentleman. He was married to the late Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, who survives him. Though Duke John's activities in other spheres prevented him from visiting the outlying parts of his vast estates, his personal interests in his people were always represented by his brother, the late Lord Archibald Campbell, a nobleman who was idolised in all parts of the Argyll estates, and whose memory will never fade in the people's hearts.

Niall Diarmid Campbell, the 9th Duke's nephew and Lord Archibald Campbell's only son, is the 10th Duke of the line of Argyll. He was in the habit of paying regular visits to the insular parts of the Argyll domains from his early manhood, and his accession to the title and inheritance of his fathers was hailed with delight by all his people. Shortly after the demise of his noble uncle, he and his sister, the Lady Elspeth Campbell, took up residence in the Castle of Inveraray, the ancient home of the Argyll family.

From the burying-ground at Kilpatrick to the village of Bunessan the distance is only about three miles of a somewhat hummocky road. Bunessan is a spot from which a few interesting walks radiate. One of them is to the floral rocks of Ardtun, whose low, boggy promontory juts into the sea in the direction of Staffa. On the right, as we pass along, we see many houses. These are cottages of the crofters who take their living from the mossy bogs of that low-lying neck of land. It requires a great deal of labour to take one's living from such unwilling soil; but the toiling crofter works from morn till night, and seems never tired of improving his little holding. That improvements are being carried on we see at once in the tidy, workman-like crofts and steadings. These last are a picture of cosiness, yet they are all the fruits of the crofter's own labour.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUNESSAN.

WE now come to Bunessan, a smiling little village whose little street of old-fashioned houses sweeps with a graceful curve round an arm of Loch Caol which the high spring tide forces in to the very parapet which guards its roadway from the assaults of the sea whose waves come careering one over another during the storms of winter. Torr-a-Bhacain rears itself behind the village, its green, grassy slopes relieving its grey lichen-covered rocks, and its heather-capped peak making a fitting background. The village boasts of numerous little shops,

**Bunessan.**

which display their wares in their cleanly-kept windows with all the show and rivalry of a place of much greater pretensions. These thrifty shopkeepers depend upon the surrounding crofting townships for trade and, as a proof that trade is more prosperous than appearances would warrant, it is surprising to see the quantity of goods landed on its quay by the steamer from Glasgow.

The large district of which Bunessan is the commercial centre is pre-eminently agricultural and, as the people do

not now live upon the natural produce of the soil, the consumption of imported goods is greater than anyone who merely pays the place a casual visit would suspect. In the centre of the amphitheatre-like street is the Parish Church, its stone-built fencing preserving the continuity of the graceful bend in the little street, which the receding frontage of the building would otherwise break. A few paces from the church, and bringing up the rear of the village, is the building which contains the local post and telegraph office. Contiguous to it, and separated from it by only the breadth of the main road from Kinloch, which passes through the village, is the Bunessan Hotel. It stands in its own grounds exactly at the acute angle formed by the junction of the parliamentary roadway and the road which leads to the steamer wharf. It is a cosy, though unpretentious building, whose best advertisement is an experience of its comforts. The privilege of fishing in the neighbouring burns and lochs is extended to its visitors and, all through summer, it is well patronised by Waltonians from different parts of the kingdom, who find scope for their inclinations on the moorland waters of the Ross of Mull. The hills which surmount it compensate for their treeless aspect by their quiet solitude.

From the windows of the hotel one may hear the tinkle, tinkle of the waves as they lave the edge of the pebbly walk, when spring-tide has reached its highest mark. Now and again a lusty sea trout springs out of its element in pursuit of a tiny minnow. It falls with a splash just a score of yards from the shore, and the ever-increasing concentric circles which its fall causes die away or are lost where a contiguous hilltop casts its shadow on the limpid waters. There is hardly a sight more animating than this; and it is more fascinating still when the hills cast their evening shadows on the surrounding scene.

The village of Bunessan seems not to have increased its area appreciably during the last three decades. The only addition of any consequence that has appeared is the Baptist Church, a neat building situated on a rising eminence just behind the hotel. Its bright granite front, indented with nicely pointed windows, presents a strong contrast to

the white-washed walls of its neighbours. Both sides of Bunessan bay contain ideal spots for villas. The real beauty of the place can only be seen when entering the loch by boat. On one side is the low coast-line of Ardtun, its bits of green, dotted with the thatched cottages of its crofters, sending out spiral columns of peat reek. On the other side high undulating braes, where huge whin rocks protrude their carpet of purple heather. Right in front of us is the village of Bunessan, nestling under the hill which forms its background.

The visitor to Bunessan needs not die of ennui. Its surroundings possess spots of geological, historical, and archæological interest. Within two miles of the village is Ardtun, another of these grand basaltic headlands. It is cut by a wild ravine called the "Goblins' Dell"; rises to a height of 130 feet, and shows basaltic scarcely inferior to that of Staffa. Under its basalt is a thin stratum of coal and three leafbeds aggregately about six feet thick.

These floral rocks of Ardtun bear the impress of leaves of different varieties of trees and plants, which geologists tell us belong to the Eocene age. These geological specimens are found near the outermost part of the headland. It is rather a rough walk over rocks, dykes, and bogs; but the interest which belongs to the spot well repays the visit. The place is not altogether void of danger, and one must be cautious while groping along the fractured cliffs and calcined rocks, under which the sea keeps up an incessant noise. Having procured a good specimen, a few clicks from a light hammer on its upturned edge will part the layers like a piece of coal. Then, just as one would turn up a page in a sketch book, we find the imprint of the leaf of an alder or yew. One can delineate the finest traceries as distinctly as if the original leaf had been there. These wonderful archives of Nature contain impressions of plants which do not grow in our moist climate. There is, for instance, the *Salisburia* now found in the warm soil of Japan.*

*Duke of Argyll's (8th) "Iona,"

These impressions point to a much warmer climate than we now experience in these islands. The fossilised petals of extinct plants, no doubt, belong to an age during which a consistent vegetable kingdom extended from pole to pole—the production of the great central heat which raged in the bowels of the earth. It is supposed that this promontory of jagged rocks, covered by their winding-sheet of lava, was at one time the bed of a river, whose waters drained the soil of a vanished country. The trees which grew in its forests dropped their leaves into the clayey bed of the river. Time after time, alternate layers of clay and leaves accumulated until the whole mass became petrified and, afterwards, transformed, as we see them now, into fractured crags and excoriated cliffs by the convulsions which gave birth to the hills and mountains. That epoch is separated from us by an immeasurable gap; but, in these rocks, we can, with wonder and awe, examine correct impressions of leaves which once quivered on trees that adorned the face of a vanished country, and of flora whose aroma perfumed its air.

But, besides its wonderful floral rocks, the low, bleak headland of Ardtun preserves amongst its strata of igneous formations an interesting chapter of the old carboniferous period. For more than three hundred years it was known that the superimposing rocks and peat concealed seams of coal, and early in the 18th century efforts were made to tap the mineral wealth which, it was supposed, was locked up beneath the bogs of Ardtun and in other parts of the west of Mull.

It was then that careful prospecting induced Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope to sink a considerable sum of money in an effort to promote coal mining at Beinn-an-Aonaich, near Carsaig, where a seam, so near the surface as almost to assume the character of an outcrop, was known to be about three feet in thickness. In consequence of financial embarrassments in other directions Sir Alexander's projected coal industry had to be abandoned before the adventure had arrived at a stage which might have promised success. As recently as 1910 another attempt was made to ascertain the extent of the probable wealth

locked up in the bowels of those heath-clad hills, when, for a whole summer, careful prospecting was conducted under the direction of Mr. MacCormick, the manager of the Mull quarries. Seams of various thicknesses were discovered, occupying large areas amongst the Bròlas hills, and at Ardtun where, close to the sea-shore and surmounted by thick layers of rock, a quantity of coal of high calorific quality was mined from a twelve-inch seam in the face of the fore-shore. It is not improbable that both in Bròlas and in Ardtun deep borings would reveal fields of good coal; but the initial expense of conducting prospecting operations in a region so far removed from populous centres, and so incapable of providing either labour or equipment, was a deterrent.

It is apparent that, as early at least as the 16th century, coal mining was carried on in the west of Mull. Operations may have been conducted on a very modest scale; but that coal formed one of the productions of the western part of Mull is indicated from the rental of lands mentioned in the Latin Charter granted to Maclean of Duart in 1588.*

In this interesting Charter the rentals of the whole Ross of Mull are quaintly disclosed under a precept which opens thus:—"Precept under the Privy Seal of James VI., of the Royal Charter of Novodamus, with augmentations of the rental, to Hector McLean, son and heir apparent of Lochlyn McLean of Dowart, of the Island of Iona and many other lands, formerly belonging to the Abbot of Iona 1587-8."

Then comes the rental of each township in the whole of "Rossy," or Ross. Many of these places are now tenantless and absorbed in larger farms. The Norse system of land-inclosement is adopted in every case, so that the number of "pennylands" is quoted for each farm. "Schobabay," as the township of Siaba is quaintly written, contained 4 pennylands, and the aggregate value of the various items which "McLean of Dowart" was obliged to return to the Crown was £5 os 10d in Scots money.

*Transactions of the Iona Club.

The imposition in name of rental was as follows:—

24 stones of oatmeal at 8d,	...	£0	16	0
24 stones of cheese at 1/-,	...	1	4	0
4 calved cows at 10/-,	...	2	0	0
Eik in money,	...	0	9	2
Quowart = 3 stones meal at 8d,		0	2	0
Quowart = 3 stones cheese at 1/-,		0	3	0
4 bolls coal at 8d,	...	0	2	8
4 bolls lime at 1/-,	...	0	4	0
Total,	...	£5	0	10

We see from this list of items, of which the Crown rent of Siaba was made up, that coal was one; and it is admissible to suppose that coal mined in the district was meant. "Eik" and "Quowart" were additional burdens.

In the list of townships quoted in the "Transactions of the Iona Club" are a few which are almost unknown to-day; one is Edderaloch, whose extent was one-half pennyland and aggregate rental, made up in meal and cheese only, five shillings and "no eik or other burdens." Edderaloch could not be located; but, from its position in the list, which seems to be in order of sequence, it must have been somewhere between "Seirpene"—Saor-pheighinn—and "Uskane"—Uisgean. I may here state that the name "Siaba" means "six cow-land," so that its rental at one time must have been equal to the value of six cows. Many places in the Highlands are named after the number of cattle or horses which they were supposed to render annually in the name of rent payable to the church.

LOCH ASSAPOL.

Another very interesting spot is Loch Assapol and its surroundings. This pretty loch is within two miles of the village, from which it is reached by a good country road. People who stay in the hotel have the privilege of fishing these waters, and they are reputed to be the best, or among the best, in Mull. The loch is well stocked with brown and sea trout; and fishermen have been rewarded with excellent baskets of the latter, specimens of which have often

reached twelve pounds. Loch Assapol is the reservoir from which flows the rattling stream over whose estuary is placed the bridge which is crossed before entering the village. On the left hand side may be seen several small piers, which were constructed to suit anglers; and even there good baskets can be had. It is at this bridge that sea trout enter the burn, by which they make their way to the loch to deposit their ova. Sometimes, during a long spell of dry weather, the fish cannot get up owing to want of water in the burn; and it is interesting and amusing to watch their efforts to get into their native water two miles up among the hills. At high water the sea reaches just under the bridge, and here the trout gather in one immense shoal, and roll and wallop and jump sheer out of the water. One can even hear them move heavy boulders while wallowing and rolling about in their efforts to work their way upwards. Sometimes for two weeks communication is cut off. On such occasions there are dull times on the loch; but, as soon as a spate occurs in the river, excellent baskets can be had on it.

Owing to its surroundings Loch Assapol has every advantage for attracting fish. On its tussocky banks black cattle browse all the year round; and, in times of freshet, hundreds of rivulets that trickle into it from the hills, carry along with them myriads of worms which accumulate in the excreta of the cattle. It is for these that the silly fish hunt when, allured by the teal or minnow, they greedily snatch at the hook ingeniously hidden by these subtle decoys. One of the best spots in the loch for brown trout is the end next Bunessan, where one can fish pretty close to the banks. Here, about twenty yards, or perhaps more, from the shore, the keel of the boat may grate upon what is found, upon looking over the gunwale, to be a huge heap of stones, as if some vessel had discharged her ballast at the spot. A good deal of archæological interest belongs to this seemingly insignificant heap of round and shapeless boulders. They are the remains of a lake dwelling, which connects us with the Neolithic age. Whether these buildings were reared as a means of defence against wild beasts, or against armed foes during tribal warfare, we do not

know; but the sites on which they are found, guarded by their watery defence, indicate that they were used as places of refuge. The Irish and Highland crannog is an analogous specimen. On the shores of Swiss lakes similar remains have been discovered; and African travellers of recent years have found such dwellings inhabited by the savage tribes which dwell in the lake regions of that country. Our specimens of them belong to the far-off Neolithic times; and, rude as they are, having been man's first attempt at house-building, they are no doubt the beginnings of the ideas from which our sumptuous castles took their development. Old people remember having seen a large part of these ruins above water; but, in recent years, the walls yielded to the constant action of the waters, or perhaps to the meddling of some iconoclast. A clachan, as stepping stones are called in Gaelic, leads from the shore to this ancient water-girt keep. It is submerged; and no doubt the idea of its primitive engineers was to render access to the castle more difficult, especially at night-time, when assaults were more frequently made. The ancient tenants of this interesting building are gone, and its subaqueous recesses are now tenanted by brown trout.

The scenery about Loch Assapol is characteristically Highland, especially when black, water-laden clouds are poised above its surface, or hang like palls on the surrounding peaks. This region has the dreariness one usually experiences where human habitations are few and far between. On one side is a pretty farmhouse and a couple of thatch-roofed cottages. On the other is the Parish Manse, close to which is a quadrangle of century-old sycamores, their broad-leaved branches almost excluding the sun from the varieties of berry bushes and stalwart apple trees within. These trees and bushes recall to the old people of the parish former tenants of the manse who lived among, and taught, their forefathers in past years.

THE LEGEND OF THE WATER-HORSE.

One can hardly come across a boatman who has not heard sometime or other in his life-time "*Sgeulachd an eich uisge*"—The tale of the water-horse—the water-horse

being one of the imaginary creatures with which old Highlanders tenanted the lochs contiguous to their cottages. This legend says that one pretty hot summer evening a coy damsel was straying leisurely along the banks of the loch when a stranger accosted her. They sat down on a green knoll, and the stranger laid his head in the maiden's lap. Carelessly she ran her soft fingers through his hair, among which she discovered the green fungi of the loch. She trembled with fear, and looked about for some one to whom she could fly; but there was nobody in sight. To her joy her mysterious companion gave a long, loud snore, which told her he was sound asleep. Stretching out her hand she reached a stone, and quietly placed it under the man's head; then she ran for her life to the old manse, where she served. When within a few yards of the door, and able, therefore, from renewed courage to breathe freely, she looked behind her and saw a beautiful grey steed in full gallop after her. It was the dreaded water-horse—each uisge—which lived in the loch, which, when it found that the maiden had escaped from him, cried after her: "Next Sabbath I will come and take you." The girl told everybody about her adventure and her narrow escape from the water-horse.

On the following Sabbath the old parish minister preached to a great congregation on a knoll immediately above the loch. In the very centre of the great crowd the girl was placed for safety. In a little while a loud neighing was heard in the direction of the green plain which skirts the lake, and, on looking, they saw the water-horse coming at full gallop, with foaming mouth and distended nostrils. He charged into the middle of the fear-struck crowd, and seizing the girl in his jaws, carried her into the loch, "and," said the narrator, "she was never seen again." This product of a superstitious age is now relegated to the nursery, where it is recited to quieten its young and riotous tenants.

KILVICEON.

Some little distance from the far end of the loch, looking eastwards, is the burying-ground of Kilviceon—Cill of

the son of Ewen—in the centre of which is the ruined church from which the place takes its name. This little building was once the Parish Church. At one time the now desolate spot was the centre of a large population, who lived a rude and primitive, but, in a sense, cultured life on the produce of the soil and the sea. All the evidence that remains of them now is the ruins of the little building in which they worshipped, and so much of their ruined cottages as was not used in building fences. In point of architecture the church of Kilviceon bears a strong resemblance to St. Oran's Chapel in Iona; but, possibly, it belongs to a posterior age. The masonry is of the style we usually see in buildings of its epoch. The walls are strongly built of unhewn stones, small slabs of whin and mica schist, with an occasional granite boulder, buried in mortar produced from the shells of molluscs, the whole forming a solid concrete mass which has withstood the beating of the rains and winds of centuries. Tradition records that all the stones used in the building of this church were brought from the sea-shore, nearly a mile away. A long cordon of men, it is said, stretched from the building to the sea-shore, and every stone was passed along from one to another, until the last man in the cordon dropped it at the feet of the masons. There was no other means of transit in those days, but we see that the means adopted was successful.

A number of antique tombstones are to be seen inside and around the building, their almost obliterated inscriptions beginning with some stereotyped Latin phrases and proclaiming the names of the illustrious dead that sleep underneath or in front of them. When a crowd of natives is engaged upon the last rites to some departed friend, the time occupied in opening the grave is whiled away in examining those ancient monuments, and in deciphering their time-worn inscriptions; and, in general, the grave of some renowned hero in war who has played an important part in the history of his country, and the tale of whose virtues and qualities has descended through tradition from one generation to another, attracts the greater crowd. The personal qualities, the feats of strength and the marvellous

adventures of such an one are usually related at his grave on those occasions by some one noted for his stock of folklore; and it is here, and on such an occasion as I have mentioned, that many of the rising young learn about the departed celebrities of their native parish. In the first rank of those notables now gathered to their fathers, Ross of Mull people always place the name of the late Colonel Archibald Maclean of Scoor, best known as Coirneil-na-Sgurradh, a man and a soldier, whose name will be always dear to the hearts of his countrymen.

The prowess, daring, and indomitable courage of Coirneil-na-Sgurradh were learned from Ross of Mull soldiers who followed him and fought with him in the hard won campaigns which made the British Empire, and which will be ever emblazoned on the British escutcheon. The grave of the Colonel in the little churchyard at Kilviceon, and the house in which he was born and bred—the little farm-house on the hill-side, a few hundred yards away—are remembrancers of this famous hero of Mull “céilidhean.” The farm-house of Scoor, which one can see from the churchyard, was the Colonel’s old house. In it he was born, and in it, in 1817, he died, after experiencing many hairbreadth escapes; and, in the soil of the little parish churchyard of Kilviceon, his remains are now.

Between this spot and the sea, rather in a westernly direction from the churchyard, is a hill called Dun-a’-Ghèird—the Garrison Hill. It is crowned with the ruined walls of one of those ancient keeps which are numerous on the south coast of the Ross of Mull. Dun-a’-Ghèird is near the sea, of which it commands a very extensive view, embracing a large part of the mainland of Lorn and of the Southern Hebrides. Between it and the extreme end of the Ross are five more similar forts, or brochs, holding like positions along the sea-board. These are Dùn-Chiabhaig, Dùn-an-Fhiarain, Dùn-Chuilein, and Dùn-Torrain. Dùn-an-Fhiarain seems to have been the stoutest building of the lot. On either side of its portals are two stones of such colossal size that it puzzles one to conceive the contrivance by which they were taken from the level below to the top of the hill. It was from these watch-

towers that the ancient defenders of the soil watched for the approach of a hostile sail. Far away in the distance stretch the blue coast-lines of Colonsay and Islay, with the Paps of Jura thrusting their conical peaks into the clouds.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF PORT BHEATHAIN.

THOSE forts which I have enumerated, and which are ranged at irregular intervals along the southern seaboard of Ross, would not have been there but for the feuds that existed between the rival chiefs of those islands and of Mull—feuds that often brought their respective peoples into deadly conflict with each other. Below Dùn-a'-Gheird is a little creek called Port Bheathain where, it is asserted, many hundreds of the MacPhees of Colonsay were slaughtered while boarding their boats after having suffered defeat in battle with the Clan Maclean. The interesting episode, which resulted in strained relations and in unhappy friction between two brave and warlike clans, is worthy of relation.

Tradition asserts that MacGillivray of Glencannel, who appears to have been a great favourite with the Chief of Duart, was killed by one of Duart's clansmen. One morning, very early, this man came to MacGillivray's house in Glencannel and desired to see him. He was unsuspectingly told that MacGillivray was deer-stalking in Glen More, and he asked how he could recognise him if he happened to meet him. "You will recognise him at once," replied the servant, "for he has a white dog with one ear red."

The man went straight to Glen More and discovered Glencannel a short distance away walking in search of game along a mountain spur near to which the road now passes. He levelled his flintlock and, in a trice, his victim lay writhing in the heather. The murderer, knowing the esteem in which MacGillivray was held by the Chief of Duart, and fully realising that his act had earned for him the extreme penalty of the law, took to flight. He came down to the Ross of Mull and there he found a boat in which he took his passage to Colonsay, to crave the protection of the Chief of that island. The ruffian seems to

have exulted in his deed and, feeling sure of MacPhee's protection, he made no secret of it; for we are told that on his way down to the Ross of Mull, he called at Pennyghael and stuck a burnt stick in the thatch above the door of the house in which his victim's brother lived. Meeting a man who was earlier astir than his neighbours, he said to him: "Tell MacGillivray, when he gets up, that a fine buck lies dead in Glen More." When MacGillivray discovered the stick buried in the thatch above his door, after having heard the story of the buck, he said: "For certain my brother is dead," and immediately proceeded to Glen More, to find that his conjecture was too true.

The matter was reported to the Chief of Duart, who caused enquiry to be made respecting the murder of his respected henchman. It was discovered that the murderer had escaped to Colonsay; and Maclean of Duart lost no time in despatching a messenger to the Chief of that island with instructions to send him the fugitive's head. The Chief of Colonsay caused Duart's clansman to be decapitated, and he dispatched the head to Mull with a piece of slender twig passed through the eye-holes serving for a handle. This indignity to his dead clansman made the fierce Duart furious. "I told you to send me his head," he wrote to MacPhee, "but I did not want you to insult me by passing a twig through the eye-holes." The enmity between the two Chiefs, which always smouldered, was now fanned into flame; and, as a result, the watchmen on the tower of Dùn-a'-Gheird one Autumn evening saw a number of little square sails bearing down upon the Mull coast. They had just cleared away from the shores of Colonsay, and the destination and purpose of the flotilla was no enigma. It bore along with it scores of stalwart men, mail-clad, and armed with swords and spears. They were the MacPhees of Colonsay coming to invade the glens of Mull and to carry off the sheep and cattle that browsed on the green slopes.

At nightfall Mull's mountain peaks summoned the doughty clansmen of Duart's Chief to arms. The first pile of flaming heather and peat was lit on Màm Chillvic-eon—properly, Chill-mhic-Eoghainn—just above the spot

where the invading host had encamped to obtain a night's rest, wrapped in their rough plaids, in order to be well prepared for the impending struggle. Màm Chillfinichen, a ridge above Killiemore House, repeated in flaming tongues the command to mobilise. The heights of Killichronain and of Torloisk, and a few other peaks completed the unique but reliable message, which spread to every glen and clachan the dread news of war, to which everyone capable of bearing arms responded with the enthusiasm which characterised the clansmen of yore. Swords and battle-axes were brought down from their pegs on the sooty walls of primitive huts; hardy ponies were bridled and saddled; and, in a few short hours, streams of men on foot and on horseback began to converge from all parts of the island towards the nearest part of the rugged pathway which brought them to the place of rendezvous. In the vicinity of Chillviceon a respectable army was mobilised simultaneously with the first streaks of dawn. This was sufficient to check, though not vanquish, the invaders. Before the day had advanced very far the ranks of the little army had swelled to proportions sufficient to dismay the intruders who, by this time, had begun to show their front of battle. The Chief of Duart, though confident of swamping the resolute little army of MacPhees by mere numbers, resolved to bring artifice into requisition. And, as the ground in this part, from a strategetic point of view, is very favourable, he would give the men of Colonsay a lesson in the art of war. He made an echelon march on the enemy's position, and as the front section of his army appeared over an intervening ridge, the rear part was retained in ambush behind a small hill. This manœuvre led the leader of the MacPhees to think that the whole strength of the Mull army was concentrated in that little body of men which was advancing to meet him with shouts and yells. The attack was sounded from both sides, and the clash and clang of spear and claymore resounded with hideous din among the hills. Carrying out a pre-arranged plan, the Mull men began to retire. The Colonsay men, construing this stratagem in a victory for their own arms, fell upon their adversaries with renewed zest and vigour.

But, at a signal from their general, the section of the Mull army that had lain in ambush rushed round the hill which hid them from the view of the MacPhees, and attacked them furiously on flank and rear. The stout men of Colonsay did not calculate upon this and, being outnumbered and outwitted, and unable to withstand such a terrible assault, they turned round and, bravely breaking through the lines which were to cut off their retreat, they made for the shore. At this juncture a great many of them were slaughtered, for the Mull men found time to fall upon them while launching and boarding their boats. Tradition records that arms and fingers were lopped off in such numbers when the men were boarding their galleys that, when these arrived at Colonsay with the remnant of the host, bucketfuls of thumbs alone were taken out of them.

In Mull annals this battle is called "Blàr Phort Bheath-ain." Mull men are prone to dilate on the success of their ancestors in this hard-fought engagement, and all the details of it are recited with minute exactness around the fire-side during the winter ceilidhean. In this interesting locality there is to this day pointed out a nice green spot called Lianag-nan-srian, so called from the fact that Mull men who had come from a distance on horseback unbridled their animals on it in order to adjust their accountrements for the fray.

CHAPTER XV.

UISKEN.

ANOTHER interesting spot quite accessible from Bunes-san, and within three or four miles of it, is the crofting township of Uisken. Taking the road which passes to the Sound of Iona, the Uisken line branches off from the left a little less than half a mile from where we leave Bunessan. The little cottage* which is the first house encountered on this rugged country road, is passed on the right, and is reputed to have been the first house in the Ross of Mull on which gables were built. A hundred years ago it was the residence of the country smith. Beyond it, on the left side of the road, was the smithy where the crofters, in the then thickly-populated country for miles around, used to gather during the short winter day to discuss local topics. In the Highlands the smithy was the "exchange" of every township; and, under its roof the state of markets, the condition of crops and everything the people were interested in, was discussed.

The road along this route is flanked on both sides by low rugged hills whose bare and lichen-covered rocks protrude through the covering of pinky heather. Now and then it takes a gentle dip into depressions lying between the hills; but these ups and downs serve to relieve the monotony which otherwise would be experienced. Uisken is the terminus of this stony roadway which finishes off by taking a dip longer than the rest down the incline which ends at the sea-shore. Here, on a slope is Uisken basking in the summer sun. The crofts are beautifully laid out in oblongs, squares, and pentagons, whose patches of corn, potatoes, rye and barley, now plain, now level, now winding round rocks and hillocks, smile under the strong sun which

*This house was built by the author's great-great-grandfather, Robert MacLachlan—An Gobha Ruadh. The MacLachlans were smiths on the Argyll estates in Mull for several successive generations.

coaxes various crops from a rich, sandy soil. In its own croft stands the house of each crofter—trig little cottages with snug steadings, all with venerable roofs of caber and thatch, and erected, whenever possible, in a sheltering nook. These houses are clean and tidy to a fault; and their inhabitants have that contentment which one looks for in vain in more prosperous-looking situations.

The township of Uisken rises with a gentle inclination from the sea-shore, from which it seems to have been reclaimed. Its meadows and dales and grassy gulches dazzle one with a variety of wild flowers whose fragrance, blending with the fresh ozone from the sea, makes a delicious and healthy perfume. Below the crofts the waves of the sea beat with a constant rumbling and thudding on its spacious, sandy beach, on which the latest high tide has left tons of wreck. The view from the township is considerable in extent. The Atlantic Ocean expands before the very doors; and, with the blue hills of Jura, Colonsay, and Islay fading to a lighter hue the farther they recede, a magnificent sea-scape unfolds itself. It is a sublime scene to look upon the Atlantic Ocean here when its huge bosom heaves and throbs under the influence of winter storms. Great waves are headed in by the southern gale, with their crests blown into wreaths of white vapour, like gigantic snowdrifts, until they spend themselves on the rock-bound shore, over whose craggy bluffs they fly in foaming spray. Looking at the place on a calm summer day, the transformation that is effected by difference of weather can hardly be conceived.

In olden times Uisken used to be the terminus for many of the smacks that traded with Glasgow. Opposite, on the mainland of Cantyre, is Crinan to which the old skippers "shaped a course" from Mull. It is a straight one between the two places; and, as the safety of the Crinan Canal was always preferred to the more dangerous Mull of Cantyre route, Uisken was the most convenient place in Ross for outgoing and incoming boats. It might be thought that Uisken Bay is not a suitable place to lie at; but, in summer weather, the moorings there are comparatively safe.

TRASANA.

Beyond the township of Ardalanish is Trasana, a wide stretch of sea beach, nearly a mile in length. Here, in comparatively fine weather, the sea breaks with an incessant and deafening roar. Whenever the weather ceases to be fair, Trasana begins to make itself heard. The thunderous noise which the briny rollers make on this gigantic sounding-board, very often distinctly heard for miles around, is regarded by the natives as an indication of changing weather conditions. Like most Highland people, the Mull folk are keen observers of Nature, and are able to prognosticate the weather from the peculiar sound of the waves as they strike on the sea-shore. People on the north side of Ross regard the thunder-like roars emitted from Fingal's Cave as presage of a stiff breeze from the north.

From its even surface and its wide expanse, Trasana has been for more than a century the recreation ground of the people in the neighbouring townships. Shinty is the national game, and on this beautiful arena generation after generation met to celebrate the one holiday in the calendar—Nollaig, or Christmas—by a game at shinty. On that important day the whole countryside turned out—old men and young, matronly dames and comely damsels, to witness and applaud the prowess and skill of the players in handling the time-honoured “caman.”

The native of Ross who returns to enjoy a holiday under the parental thatch, after an absence of many years, cannot visit Trasana without recalling lively scenes of former days and of former friends; and the many happy events relegated to the past with which the place is associated often induce the silent tear at the thought that those scenes and those friends can no more be seen. The memory of old days has always a retreat in the Highland heart, and on being awakened by visiting the haunts of youth, visions of old times fleet past in their freshness, as if depicted on canvas. There is always some spot more than another that touches the tender chord of the feelings. Such a place is Trasana. In this neighbourhood are to be seen three of

the ancient forts which have already been mentioned. They are Dùn-Chiabhaig, close by the Uisken road, and opposite the little schoolhouse; Dùn-an-Fhiarain, and Dùn-Chuil-ein.* The last two are within the farm of Ardalanish. Dùn-an-Fhiarain is perched on a very precipitous rock and, having been built of very heavy material, it must have been considered a pretty secure spot against assaults. The place is built as if it were meant to withstand a respectable ball of the class used at the time of the inception of cannon; but it is to be presumed that projectiles of that description were unknown to the primitive strategists who superintended the building of those forts.

The places already mentioned, over which the reader and the tourist have been conducted, present traits of peculiar interest to the archæologist and the geologist, but the tourist who passes a few days at Bunessan cannot be said to have "done" the place unless he has had a trip down to the Sound of Iona. The distance is seven miles from the hotel, and it is over a lovely bit of road. About a mile from Bunessan, the little farm of Suidhe is passed, where the fields slope at a very steep angle down to a burn which gurgles on its narrow bed in its course to the seashore. Suidhe—Seat—is so called from a tradition that St. Columba, when he visited this quarter, sat on a slab of whinstone, supported at each end by two other stones placed in an upright position, and arranged in the form of a seat. It is still called by the people here "Suidheachan Chaluimchille"—St. Columba's Seat. But these stones appear to belong to an age much anterior to the days of St. Columba. From the appearance of the place one would incline to associate them with the Druidic era; for, on a close inspection, the structure bears a strong resemblance to a Druidic circle. But this one might be adjudged older than even the Druidic age. The traces that remain suggest rude structures reared by men in this country during the Neolithic epoch. The two upright stones, with the slab thrown athwart, may have been the entrance by which the ancients retreated into a place of safety from a pursuing

*To antiquarians, these quaint forts are known as "Brochs."

foe, wild beast, or rival tribesman. The entrance, if entrance it was, is so low that one requires to creep on all fours to gain admission to the interior. The accumulation of soil and debris does not leave more than two feet of the upright stones above ground; and this fact may have given people the idea of a seat for the ruined structure, which much resembles a seat.

CAMUS A' CHRIDHE.

A little bit down the way, after passing Suidhe, the road passes along and above slopes which reach down to a pretty bay called "Camus a' Chridhe"—Bay of the Heart—so called from a legend which bears a strong analogy to the story of Bellerophon, as related by Homer. Fraoch, whose memory is handed down to us in heroic verse, loves a pretty maid, who finds a rival in her mother, Meabh.* The latter plans the death of Fraoch. She feigns sickness, and declares that nothing can restore her life but a bunch of the rowans that grow on the islet out in the bay. Fraoch swims to the island and stealthily approaches the tall rowan tree, which is guarded by a sleeping monster whose body encircles the trunk. Fraoch pulls the rowans. The monster, whose deadly jaws nobody has ever escaped, awakes. Fraoch plunges into the sea and makes for the shore, pursued by the monster, which snorts and hisses behind. They gain the shore at Camus a' Chridhe at the same time; and a fatal combat, watched by the wicked Mave from above, ensues. Fraoch's young sweetheart arrives upon the scene and finds Fraoch and the monster dead, the former having in his stout hand the cruel monster's heart. On beholding the gruesome spectacle the maid's heart bursts from grief, and she falls dead by her lover's side. The place has since been called "The Bay of the Heart." The tragedy enacted on the shores of Mull differs from the story of Bellerophon only in the fact that the latter overcame the chimera, whilst this hero of mythology was slain by the monster, which nevertheless shared the fate of the chimera. This love tragedy has been immortalised in verse by a Mull

*Pronounced Mave—the original of Shakespeare's "Queen Mab."

bard, and the stanzas have been handed down orally from one generation to another with remarkable exactness. There is, on a rock on the adjoining hill, a long serpentine aspentigo, distinctly raised above the plain surface of the rock, which the people of Mull allege is the exact size and shape of the monster that fought with Fraoch.

The rest of the road down to the Sound of Iona is four miles long. Now and again one encounters a traveller, or something of interest turns up in the lonely panorama. Close by the road, in a park on the right, there is to be seen one of those ancient landmarks once common in Mull along the courses of its roads, namely, carraghs, or pillars, ascribed to the Druidic era. There are several of them throughout the Ross of Mull. Others have been felled by iconoclasts in order to get at the treasures which, it was alleged, were buried beneath them. In places they follow the course of the road pretty nearly; and it is alleged by some more or less skilled in antiquities that, in former times, they indicated the way to the pilgrims who crossed over Mull to the shrine of St. Columba. It is also said that they were so numerous that the weary traveller had always one in view in front of him before a sudden turn of the road round the spur of a hill or a dip down a valley cut away from view the carragh which he had passed. It is admissible that, in those far-away days when there were no roads and no beaten paths and, when almost the only access to the famous island of Iona, to which large and frequent pilgrimages were made, was through the glens and over the hills of Mull, the journey could only have been made with extreme danger unless there had been some marks to guide the pilgrim on his way. The theory that those ancient monuments were guiding marks, whether true or not, is at least a seductive one. There is one at Achadh Bàn: it may have been the last on the route to Iona, as it is within half a mile of the ferry, and the island can be seen from it.

Another carragh, now fallen, stood near the granite quarries; and it is presumable that it once pointed the way in the direction of Uaimh nam Marbh—the cave of the dead—a small cavern at Tormore on the Sound of Iona, where, it is asserted, people who came some distance to

consign the remains of their departed friends to the soil of Iona, laid the coffins for a night or perhaps for several days, when it was too stormy to cross the Sound.

Natives in the neighbourhood of the Ben More range of hills and along the seaboard of Loch Sgridain have a distinctly analogous way of following the narrow hill paths, which they often traverse to shorten their journey from Loch Sgridain to Loch-na-keal, and vice-versa. In foggy weather, or when the traveller is caught in a blinding snow-storm, a journey over those wild hills is one that is fraught with danger if the track, under such deceptive conditions, is lost; but, to guard against an accident which would be so disastrous in its results, where there are so many and such dangerous precipices, the cautious natives have placed, at more or less regular intervals, marks which they can follow with comparative safety. These are pieces of wood stuck in the ground, of which a foot or more remains above the surface. People are very often caught in thick fogs while crossing the mountain roads and, but for these landmarks, the journey would be a precarious one.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIONNPHORT.

AT Fionnphort the road which traverses through Mull from Craignure terminates its stretch of thirty-six miles. Here is the Sound of Iona ferry where, for many ages, the traveller halted and looked with wistful gaze across the three-quarters of a mile of water which intervenes be-



The Iona Ferry-Boat at Fionnphort.

tween him and the long-looked-for goal, which he had travelled so far to win, and which he had wished so earnestly to see. Here he watched for a sail to waft him across the narrow strait in response to the signal-fire which still reeked by his side. Like the district about Bunessan, this part is fairly well populated. There is a goodly number of crofters, whose cultivated fields we see here and there

among the rocky hills. The houses are neat and cosy. They are well coated with thatch, which the industrious people take a pride in laying neatly and well. This we see in the squares and diamonds formed by the fastening ropes. These last are now superseded by wire netting, which the crofter finds a more expeditious, though a less artistic, fastener than the picturesque homespun heather ropes. Corrugated iron is now replacing thatch for roofing.

Near Fionnphort a pretty fresh-water lake is passed. This is Poit-I Loch. It is on the left, and the road passes along quite close to its tussocky banks. In shape, this loch is not unlike a map of England. Its moorland surroundings and wooded islets, with the waving branches of trees overspreading the water, present a sight that an artist might well wish to transfer to canvas. The islet at the far end has the remains of a lake dwelling where, probably, some recluse had passed his days away from the haunts of men. Or, may it not be another example of structures which belong to Neolithic times? Its round walls, surrounded by tall beech and hazel trees, are encased in moss and lichen and, in the intricacies of the boulders which compose them, a rowan tree has anchored its wire-like roots. Poit-I Loch is not particularly good for fishing. A few good baskets of brown trout have often been hooked in its waters; but sea trout are seemingly absent. It has only an insignificant connection with the sea. Flocks of wild ducks make their home on it, and breed along its banks and on its islets. Here, also, the grebe—Gaelic, *cearc-uisge*, water-hen—constructs its floating nest, and anchors it to the bulrushes which grow in large patches in the shallower parts of the loch. In this wonderful example of nest-making, in which there is much ingenuity and provision for safety from the piratical assaults of the hawk and the hoody, it hatches and rears its young, whose little cradle is constantly rocked by the wavelets which rise at the bid of the softest summer zephyr. These curious and odd structures sometimes snap their moorings, and are cast away on the shores of the loch; but this is generally during the autumnal gales, and after the young ones have escaped. In winter the loch is fre-

quented by wild swans and wild geese. These birds seem only to halt here for a time on their way further south, after having been frozen out of their homes in the Norwegian lochs and fiords.

Beyond the ridge of hills whose wooded slopes are to the left of the loch as one looks southwards, is the farm of Poit-I where, concealed among huge granite boulders, is the cave where Alan Cameron of Erracht hid after the dispersion of the Jacobites at Culloden. It is still known as "Uaimh Ailein an Earrachd." This region, though rough and hilly, is not difficult to explore; and though the scenery is tame compared to what one meets in the central and eastern parts of the island, it has, nevertheless, its own beauties to unfold; and objects which one would have passed unnoticed are admired when not eclipsed by such enthroned monarchs as Ben More and Ben Talla, and Ben Bhàrnach. Among the modest heath-clad hills of Ross the gay-plumed pheasant, the nimble hare, and the sleek-backed otter, which has its haunts on the shores of Poit-I Loch, are seductive sights. Then there are pretty, shady nooks, canopied by full foliaged hazels, beech and rowans, the ruddy fruit of the latter lighting up the beautiful picture, in which light and shade are harmoniously blended. Poit-I and its surroundings are enclosed in a quadrangle formed by the roads which serve the district and, on a fine summer evening, a walk over these rustic tracks until the square is completed is one of the most pleasant experiences which the Ross presents. Beginning by taking the Fidden road, which branches off to the left at Fionnphort, and keeping always to the left, one runs no risk of losing his course. The second side of the quadrangle may be taken up at the farmhouse of Fidden, which stands exactly at the angle formed by the two roads. Here again is an evidence of Norse influence; for Fidden is Norse for lonely links or land reclaimed from the sea by natural emergence.

A continuation direct south from Fidden of the road from Fionnphort leads one to the Sound of Erraid which, at high water, separates the island of Erraid from the mainland. Let us go over. This isolated spot was fixed upon

by the Commissioners of Northern Lights as a station for the Skerryvore and Dhuheartach Lighthouses, the former about twenty-four miles, and the latter fully fifteen miles, away out to the westward in the wild Atlantic. Standing on the top of the island on a clear day, one can see both lighthouses like mere specks on the horizon. On their solitary rocks, over which the waves make clean breaches, even during the calm of summer, each keeper takes his turn of six weeks at a stretch, alternated by two weeks of shore duty. Four keepers are attached to each rock, and one of each staff is relieved every fortnight. Thus there are always three of each staff on rock duty and one of each on shore duty. There is no communication with the shore station except by signals, which are very ingeniously conducted on the Morse system. The little tower situated on the haunch of the hill is the lookout, and this is visited at regular intervals during the day by the keepers doing duty on shore. By means of a very powerful telescope pivoted inside the tower, they ascertain from the presence or absence of a large black ball kept for the purpose on the lighthouse, whether or not the keepers desire to communicate with the shore.* The letters of the alphabet are indicated by displaying a ball at long and short intervals, different combinations of these intervals being made to indicate the letters required. Long practice has made the keepers so expert in this unique mode of telegraphy that messages are both dispatched and received with wonderful accuracy. The keepers on shore use a large square board, and one would be amused to see how adroitly the thing is manipulated.

Standing on the top of the island, and looking to the south-westward, there is seen, some three miles away, a dangerous reef of rocks, their serrated contours rising promiscuously out of the boiling sea whose great waves career and fly over them in vapoury clouds in which the rays of the sun imprint miniature rainbows.

These are the well-known and dangerous Torran Rocks whose acquaintance the reader may have made in "Kid-

*Heliography is now employed.

napped." They took their name from Torunn—thunder—because of the thunder-like noise caused by the breaking over them of the stormy seas. It was there, out among the horrid breakers, that the brig "Covenant" of Dysart, came to grief. A little bit down below, but separated from the shore by fractured crags and cliffs which are not easily got over, is the sandy beach on which David Balfour was hurled in by the waves. Down by the lookout is the granite ledge from which he looked so wistfully for a rescuing sail. Eastwards, again, where the island seems to join with the mainland, the Sound of Erraid loses itself, and it was there that the hero of "Kidnapped" found a welcome ford. Away across the country, in the direction of Poit-I, are a few roadside cottages of the old Highland type. It was in one of these that he found such a hospitable reception after his remarkable escape. It might have been here, during one of his visits to Erraid, along with his father who engineered Dhuheartach and Skerryvore Lighthouses, that the genius of the late R. L. Stevenson, moved by the wild prospect of seascape and landscape which the place commands, conceived the ideas upon which he afterwards founded his famous "Kidnapped."

THE GRANITE QUARRIES.

The Ross of Mull has an interesting geological formation. Down by the Sound of Iona and up the country until within a couple of miles of Bunessan it is entirely granitic. A small burn which trickles its way to the sea at Camus-a'-Chridhe, and over which the road we have already traversed is carried by a low culvert, separates the igneous from the aqueous rocks. From that burn down to the Sound of Iona are hills of granite, in which the huge monoliths of which they are composed are piled in all positions from the horizontal to the perpendicular. The "reed" or grain of the stone is perpendicular. In most quarries the "reed"—that is, the direction in which it is cleavable, or capable of being sliced—is horizontal, which suggests that the hills in the Ross of Mull have, by some great convulsion, been tilted upon edge. Besides being

perpendicular, the general direction of the "reed" is almost to a point north-east and south-west. To the practised eye the "reed" of a granite stone is easily known. When the stone is cut "on the reed," as it is called, the quartz and felspar are seen large and flaky, whereas when cut on the "flat" or "hem," only the thin edges of these constituents can be seen.

Mull granite had a good marketable value; and, for considerably over forty years, quarrying operations have been carried on, and thousands of tons of stone have been shipped to almost all parts of the globe. The first important work done in Mull stone was Skerryvore Lighthouse, which ultimately led up to the opening and development of a granite industry on the island, which has ever since been conducted, on a small scale, it must be granted, but with more or less regularity.

There are two varieties of granite—grey and red—but the latter is the prevailing and more marketable variety. In North Bay quarry, and in the quarry at Erraid, at which were produced the building stone in the lighthouses at Skerryvore and at Dhuheartach respectively, the colour is rather greyish; and hewn or fine axed work in that stone assumes, on exposure to the air for a few months, a brown, rusty hue, resembling iron oxide. This is owing to the presence in this particular vein of a large proportion of silicon oxide or quartz. This characteristic renders the stone unfit for the market, because, though it takes on a fair polish, it soon oxidises, and from the action of rain on the soft mica it becomes speckled.

The granite quarries of Mull were, for nearly forty years, managed by Mr. Neil MacCormick. He has had experience of quarrying in various parts of Scotland and England. In his younger days he was so well known among quarrymasters that his skill and knowledge, in his special line, took him as far afield as the desert of Egypt, where his advice was sought in connection with a large porphyry quarry which a London firm of sculptors had under consideration with a view to re-opening.

The seat of the granite industry in Mull is at Tormore, where large blocks of the finest "red" can be obtained.

It is here that the famous "Mull granite," that takes on a superior polish, is produced. Here the felspar predominates in the proportion that we find quartz predominating at North Bay, and the colour therefore is red in a corresponding ratio.

Several heavy engineering works have been done in the red granite of Mull; and, until recently, a large trade was done with America. In many of the most imposing buildings in this country it takes a prominent position. In London, in Liverpool, in Leeds, in Edinburgh, and in Glasgow the pure, red lustre of the stone which composes the craggy slopes of the Ross of Mull adds grace and beauty to some of the proudest buildings in those cities. In the monument erected to the memory of the late Prince Albert in Hyde Park it justifies all its pretensions and all its claims to the premiership in colour and quality.

The chief advantage of Mull, however, over rival places, lies in its resources for producing heavy blocks. On Blackfriars Bridge, London, the huge blocks which support the heavy superstructure are constructed of large circular stones brought from Mull. These blocks are concave at one end and convex at the other, so that the convexity of the one fits into the concavity of the other. These were among the heaviest blocks ever shipped from Mull. On the other side of the hill, opposite the present quarry, there is a gigantic monolith lying horizontally in the face of the rock, on which operations were at one time conducted with a view to taking it entire to London, and erecting it as an obelisk in honour of the Prince Consort. This gigantic project, however, failed; for, when some of the rocks which overlay it were cleared away, a "dry," or rent, was discovered running across the monolith transversely. The difficulties, however, of manipulating a stone of such dimensions, and of getting it transferred to the shore over rough roads, were sufficient deterrents in the way of carrying out the obelisk idea; and it was then that the idea which prompted the erection of the present imposing structure in Hyde Park was mooted. Much of the material used in the construction of that national tribute to the memory of the Prince was pro-



duced in the Mull quarries. But the monolith originally fixed upon is still an object of interest to the tourists who come the way of Mull and Iona; and it will always be called the "Prince's Monument." It is one of our most distinctive place-names, and one of our most important landmarks.

The particular branch of trade on which these famous quarries depended—heavy engineering works need broad surfaces for polishing—has completely died away within the last twenty years and, as a consequence, the quarries remain unlet. Kerb and sett making are branches of the trade that have been found unsuitable, as, owing to the coarseness of the grain, it does not lend itself to the action of the chisel in cases for which stones with fine points are required.

Opposite the granite quarries at Tormore is a long rocky island, lying in the direction of the Sound of Iona, and only separated from the shore of the Ross of Mull by a narrow strait called "Poll Tairbh,"* Bullhole. This island is called "Eilean-nam-Ban"—the women's island, from a tradition that St. Columba banished all the women from Iona and placed them in huts, the ruins of which are still pointed out on this rocky, sea-girt isle. It is said that St. Columba could endure neither cows nor women; and it is asserted that he expressed his ideas of the presence of females on the island of Iona by the words "Far am bi bó bithidh bean; is far am bi bean bithidh molluchadh." That expression was known among the people of Iona and Mull for many ages; and they ascribe it to the Saint who, as we have seen, exiled all the women from the island. It means, in English, "Wherever there is a cow there is a woman; and wherever there is a woman there is evil."

Eilean-nam-ban is a barren and bare spot, where only a few goats crop the scanty herbage which grows in the crevices of its precipices. It shelters the harbours of Bull-hole from north and north-west winds; and small vessels can ride out gales from these directions with comparative safety under the sung shelter of its lee shore.

*A large grey rock in the Sound of Eilean-nam-Ban is called "An-Tarbh."

CHAPTER XVII.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

MULL seems to have been inhabited at a very early period. At all events, its relics of antiquity, the rude handicrafts of its ancient inhabitants which we see in their efforts in architecture, point to that state of civilisation which, in all countries, is regarded as first efforts in house-building and entering into civilised life, being, as it were, the transition state in which the people appear to have been, between the trogloditic and domestic life. In other words, the commencement of civilisation in our island may have been hundreds, nay, thousands, of years posterior to the same state of things in countries which were well advanced in science and arts at the period when Mull first became inhabited.

It appears that our ancestors went through the different stages which it is necessary to travel in the march of civilisation. That is, the people began at the rudest state of civilisation, and marched through its stormiest periods to that state, still behind other places, in which we find it now. Except what tradition bequeaths to us of the early history of the place, and what we are able to read from its ancient landmarks concerning its very early times, we have no records at all until we come down to comparatively recent periods. The wide space of time between the Neolithic age, past the Druidic period, until we come down to those days upon which tradition sheds its dim rays, is almost a dark blank. From the earliest times the people lived by fishing and hunting, and at a later stage they began to make the acquaintance of agriculture. But this branch of industry, which now thrives well—which can, in fact, compare very favourably with the best in the whole country—was in a backward state. The people combined fishing and agriculture and, almost at every point on the seaboard which offered convenience for combining these two industries, we find traces of people

having lived there. On steep hillsides, which are now abandoned to sheep and deer, we still find green patches on which the old people grew corn, barley and potatoes. These old landmarks, pointing to a backward state of agriculture, are almost invariably near the sea shore where, besides being convenient for fishing, hundreds of tons of sea ware can be procured for manure. During those early times the idea of draining had not been conceived; and that is why we find these early traces of cultivation limited to the loamy soil of our hillsides. The lower grounds, where we now see smiling cornfields and beautiful green pasture reclaimed from Nature were, at that period, dismal swamps and marshes in which were the homes of the otter, the badger and wild duck.

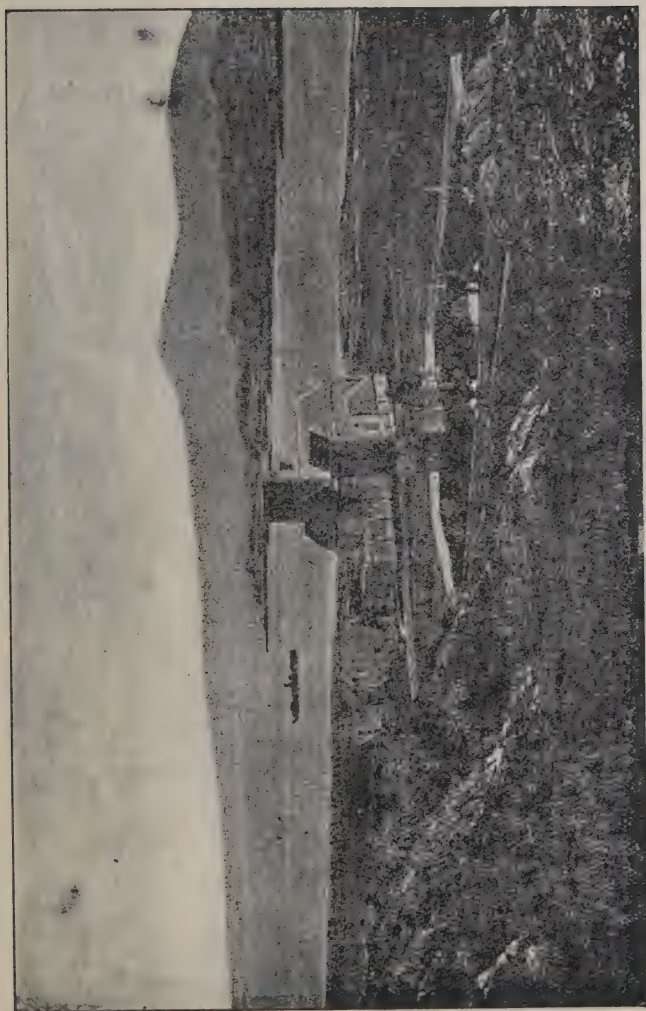
It appears that people could build their shanties at almost any spot that offered convenience for cultivation and for fishing, in most cases without let or hindrance.

The inhabitants lived a good deal on the sparse produce of the soil; for the agricultural implements in use in the old days and, as we have seen, their rude system of husbandry, do not warrant us in believing that by means of the former, however expertly used, much of the soil could be turned in the time at their disposal for seeding, or, that by their knowledge of the latter, the most could be raised out of the little patches which they cultivated. We have reason to believe, however, that every harvest produced enough for their wants and some to spare; for the soil of the island was then in its virginity, and, there being unstinted areas to cultivate, the necessity for coaxing an exhausted soil did not exist. Then, their cattle yielded excellent milk and, by the commencement of the winter, the industrious females had the larders well replenished with butter and cheese. A sufficient stock of these nutritious compounds was always laid by and reserved for winter use. Then, the sea yielded a bountiful harvest and, though the fishing appliances in vogue during the early periods of the island's history could only be of the most primitive description, nevertheless sufficient was procured for consumption.

A description of the people of the Island of Mull is

given by William Sacheverall, governor of the Isle of Man, who was employed in 1688 in the attempt to recover the stores of the *Florida*, which was blown up and sunk one hundred years before, in the harbour of Tobermory, and who in that year made an excursion through Mull. In 1702 he published an account of this excursion, and thus describes the dress, armour, and general appearance of the people as he saw them in the Isle of Mull in 1688:—

“During my stay, I generally observed the men to be large-bodied, stout, subtle, active, patient of cold and hunger. There appeared in all their actions a certain generous air of freedom, and contempt of those trifles, luxury, and ambition, which we so servilely creep after. They bound their appetites by their necessities, and their happiness consists, not in having much, but in coveting little. The women seem to have the same sentiments with the men; though their habits were mean and they had not our sort of breeding, yet in many of them there was a natural beauty and a graceful modesty which never fails of attracting. The usual outward habit of both sexes is the plaid; the women’s much finer, the colours more lively, and the squares larger than the men’s, and put me in mind of the ancient Picts. This serves them for a vail and covers both head and body. The men wear theirs after another manner, especially when designed for ornament; it is loose and flowing, like the mantles our painters gave their heroes. Their thighs are bare, with brawny muscles. Nature has drawn all her strokes bold and masterly—what is covered is only adapted to necessity—a thin brogue on the foot, a short buskin of various colours on the leg, tied above the calf with a striped pair of garters. What should be concealed is hid by a large shot-pouch, on each side of which hangs a pistol and a dagger, as if they found it necessary to keep those parts well guarded. A round target on their backs, a blue bonnet on their heads, in one hand a broad sword, and a musket in the other. Perhaps no nation goes better armed; and I assure you they will handle them with bravery and dexterity, especially the sword and target, as our western regiments found to their cost at Killiecrankie.”



Iona and Ross of Mull. Ben More in the distance.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHIEF.

During the period that the Island of Mull was under the sway of the MacDonalds and, latterly, of the Macleans, the people paid only nominal rents; but all were bound to follow the chief to battle. The whole island was under conscription; and, when its shores were threatened by invasion, all who could bear arms girded themselves with their swords and spears, and marched over mountains and through valleys to the spot which the bearer of the fiery cross, or the blazing hilltop, indicated. For, as we have seen in the course of these pages, these old warriors required no further notice to mobilise them than the glowing hilltops or the fiery cross.

These warlike clansmen mobilised not only to repel the assaults of neighbouring chiefs, as they were frequently called upon to do in the earlier days of clanship, but, latterly, when the Kingdom of Scotland was upon its social anvil being welded and consolidated into an integral whole, in which the various ingredients were still distinctive components, we find the clans of Mull very conspicuous in the turmoils which disturbed the country. At the battle of Inverkeithing, at which 1,700 of Duart's men were killed, there were 140 young men from the Ross of Mull alone, raised by Hector, son of Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, who was killed at Traigh-ghruinneard. These men were picked and chosen fighters; for all who were not able to jump in full armour a river which crossed their path at Kinloch were rejected. When a number reaching these figures could be assembled in the bleak Ross we must infer that the population of the island must have been considerable. The late Rev. Dugald Campbell, during his ministry at Assapol, puts on record (Sinclair's Accounts) that even in his own time, which was about the end of the 18th century, 140 men of military age could be raised, without interfering with the economic requirements of the district. This shows how considerably the population has waned; because, nothing like this could be raised for the War of 1914, though the country's call was fairly well answered,

The Mull men were always true to their chief ; and they never hesitated when they were called upon to draw the sword in his behalf ; and we find, on the authority of an old writer that, on such occasions, the courage they displayed was not to be despised. About the time when the decline of the house of Duart began, Commonwealth troops, acting under orders from the Earl of Argyll, were dispatched to Mull for the purpose of dispossessing the Chief for taking the part of Charles II. in the Civil War.

But the wary Chief of Duart summoned his clansmen and set Argyll's troops at defiance, as we must infer from the following official complaint against the clan, wherein we find the readiness of the men who then lived among the hills of Mull to fight when occasion required. The complaint goes on to say :—"They, in high contempt of our authority and laws, did forcibly and violently refuse and resist, they having garrisoned the castle, and having fixed several guns and hagbuts. At the same time, the better to strengthen, encourage, and fortify those within the Castle of Duart in their rebellious opposition, Maclean of Bròlas and his accomplices, to the number of seven score armed men, arrived, sword and target in hand, in a posture ready to fight, with their tartan plaids thrown from them, standing and drawn up hard by the Castle of Duart and, in readiness to oppose the execution of our laws ; who did boldly and insolently interrupt Captain Middleton and his party." The stern opposition offered overawed the commanding officers of the party, who considered it prudent to retire. "But next year," we are told, "a formidable armada arrived, landing at four different and opposite quarters of the island, who commenced the work of death by hanging and maiming the passive cattle, and slaughtering defenceless and inoffensive women and children, of which, when the Maclean heard, he, from motives of humanity, capitulated at pleasure and took possession of the Castle of Cairnburg."

This may refer to the invasion which took place after the battle of Inverkeithing (1651), and during the minority of Sir John Maclean. The young Chief was taken for

safety to the Castle of Cairnburg, and afterwards to Kintail. The people of Mull, who had not sufficiently recovered from the effects of Inverkeithing, were unable to offer any resistance to the forces of Argyll, and betook themselves to the mountains with their cattle. It is recorded that Lord Neill Campbell amused himself by leading parties of his troops into the fastnesses where the refugees had taken shelter, and plundering the unfortunate people of the necessities of life. As a pastime he engaged in the game of "hocking," which means cutting off the hind legs of the cattle and leaving them to die.

It appears that after these events the Chief of Mull was reinstated. This was about 1680. Argyll himself in 1682 suffered forfeiture. In 1691 the tables were turned on Maclean again, and he finally surrendered his all to Argyll.

From the following anecdote from Boswell it would appear that the feeling of devotion to the chief had survived the heritable abolition act of 1747, if indeed the passing of that act was at all generally known in 1773 among the humbler inhabitants of the remote Hebrides. "The Macinneses are said to be a branch of the clan of Maclean. Sir Alan had been told that one of the name had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. 'You rascal,' said he, 'don't you know that I can hang you if I please? Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal. Don't you know that if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?' 'Yes, an 't please your honour, and my own too, and hang myself too.' The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions were not merely a pretence in the presence of his chief, for after he and Boswell were out of Sir Allan's hearing he told the latter, 'Had he sent his dog for the rum I would have given it: I would have cut my bones for him.' Sir Allan by way of upbraiding the fellow said, 'I believe you are a Campbell.' "

This then, was much about the sort of life led in Mull until the abolition of clanship.

That event marked the commencement of a new era, though for a time the officials of the Government found it

somewhat difficult to reconcile the islanders to the new order of things. There is no doubt, however, that the condition of the people began to improve ever afterwards; but the change in that direction may rather be attributed to the submission of the land to law and order than to any political change. The feuds and little wars, so common during the clan system, became things of the past, and the people had time to cultivate the land and improve themselves in every way. The parish schools made marked improvement in every succeeding generation. Young men pushed their way all over the world; but their military instincts not being quite extinguished, notwithstanding the new laws by which they were governed, hundreds of them swelled the ranks of the army. But, though improvements took place in the social condition of the people with the rise of every new generation, it is at the beginning of the steamboat era that we find civilisation making its most rapid strides. The improvements that began then and have ever since been made in the condition of the people and in the development of the island's resources are very marked; and every successive step in the ascending scale is an improvement on the preceding one.

AGRICULTURE, ETC.

So then, to present a picture of what the island was in olden times, and to contrast it, with due care to light and shade, with the modern view of it, we have only to look at it as it was before the steam whistle sounded along its shores. At that time, as I have already pointed out, the population lived in great part upon the produce of the land. The only food was potatoes, milk, and fish. During a part of the year very little bread was used, especially among the poorer class; for, by reason of the rude implements of agriculture, the work of cultivation was so slow that hardly sufficient ground could be turned up to yield enough of oats to last them all the year round. Of course, this remark only applies to the poorer class; but even these, during bountiful harvests, had sufficient for their wants. For long years the only implements in use

for turning the soil was the "cas-chrom." That instrument somewhat resembled a spade and, though little progress could be made with it when compared with the plough, the natives could handle it in the most adroit manner.

During the spring months every man and woman who could use the "cas-chrom" was up and in the fields hours before the dawn; more especially if there was a moon; and, under the same conditions, they stopped correspondingly late at night. In this race with time, which generally lasted for two months or six weeks, there was not a moment's relaxation except on the Sabbaths; and it is said that the younger members of families did not see their own parents from the beginning of a week till its close, so early and so late did they leave and come back to their homes. And this was a necessity that devolved upon them in consequence of the rude appliances at their disposal.

The appearance of the old wooden plough, however, relieved this state of matters. The old "cas-chrom" was discarded and horse-power substituted for man-power. Modern harrows superseded the antiquated tree, which the men pulled after them to cover the newly-sown seed. Little by little the natives began to be initiated in the arts of husbandry. Farmers from other parts of the country began to settle down in the island and, though the native people were jealous of these intrusions on their native soil, they were not, nevertheless, slow to learn much from the practical knowledge of agriculture that these strangers possessed. The old-world method to which the natives had clung for generations disappeared fast. They began to descend from their hillside patches and to drain and reclaim the levels below. Much of the land was allotted into crofts as we see them at the present day wherever croft holdings exist; for, between 40 and 50 years ago, many crofting townships were completely cleared of crofters and the crofts consolidated into large sheep farms. But, when the land was originally divided into those oblong patches called crofts, it was allotted in most cases to men who had served in the Argyllshire Fencibles. Allotments

were also given to fishermen and, in a few cases, to persons who were imported from fishing centres in the north to instruct local men in all the details of the industry. In the great majority of cases, however, the land was held for military services; but it is only in very exceptional cases that we come across crofters now-a-days who are descendants of those to whom the land was originally given for serving under their country's colours.

FISHING INDUSTRY.

It is recorded in "Sinclair's Statistical Accounts of Scotland," that about 1789, when the Rev. Dugald Campbell was Minister at Assapol, the then Duke of Argyll conceived the idea of promoting and encouraging the fishing industry among the tenantry of the Ross of Mull, particularly among those who dwelt on the sea-board of the Sound of Iona. His Grace accordingly divided a croft at venture among several boat crews, and the project by which it was hoped the condition of the people would be ameliorated was set afoot; but, owing to the high price of salt and the distance from the market, this interesting scheme failed.

In later years, however, and during more propitious times, further efforts were made and, for many years, several families made a good living under the scheme previously inaugurated by the Duke of Argyll. The accompanying table of catches by two Kentra crews for the season commencing 1st April and ending 25th July, 1789, will be interesting to the present race of fishermen in the Ross of Mull.

Catches of two boat crews fishing from the village of Kentra, Ross of Mull, from April 1st to July 25th, 1789.

	Haddocks, Flounders,		Ling.	Cod.	Eels, Skates,	
Boat and 6 men,	5	2,346	1,211	—	416	—
Boat and 4 men,	6	2,251	746	—	403	—
Boat and 5 men	3	1,344	585	—	289	—
Boat and 5 men,	—	1,616	681	—	345	—
Boat and 5 men,	3	687	361	—	129	—

It does not appear from this record that, during their first season, the venture was eminently successful, though

in later years there was an improvement. It is stated that Lieut. Col. John Campbell of the Marines, Fidden, rendered valuable assistance to the scheme launched by the Duke, but was suddenly called to join the colours before the idea had properly materialised.

This was the origin of the crofter holdings; and, with better knowledge of agriculture and improved appliances for tillage, progress began to make itself evident. One by one the wooden ploughs, so serviceable at first, began to disappear, and the present improved instrument began gradually to be used. There was in the island a famous breed of horses, still alleged by the natives to have been brought to the place by some of the Spanish Armada ships which were wrecked on these rocky coasts; but, before the introduction of the plough, the only department of agriculture for which horses were useful was in carrying sea ware from the shore in creels constructed for convenience with detachable bottoms.

This class of creel was called "*cliabh spidrich*" to distinguish it from the smaller class. The old-fashioned method of "*creelage*" is still in vogue in places not accessible by carts. But, with the advent of the plough, there was a greater call for the services of these hardy little ponies. Three of them were always in the yoke, two were in pair, and one in front of them. The services of three men were also required, one leading the horses, another driving them along with the lash, and a third holding the plough—the whole, with the horses, making a very unique company, which gave rise to the word "*seisreach*," which we still apply to a pair of horses in the plough.

HOME INDUSTRIES.

Until the earlier part of the last century almost everything that the people required was produced at home. Their sheep gave them their clothing, and their cattle the leather for their shoes, which were not generally worn before the age of twenty-one; and the luxury of the hat or bonnet was uncommon among the males even for some time after that. They knew not, nor coveted, luxuries;

but, through occasional visits to Glasgow and other parts of the South, they became more particular about dress; and the habits acquired there gained firm root in a virgin soil. Hygienic ideas came to receive greater attention, and they gradually improved in that direction. The women wove beautiful tweeds and tartans, having always been practical and industrious in that important branch of domestic economy. The lichen or crotal, and the heather, and various other plants, yielded them the different colours they required.

With the very first good days of Spring every rock and knowe within reach of the thickly-populated hamlets were dotted with women and children gathering crotal with which to dye the worsted that had been spun and woven during the long winter evenings. The crotal, which grows on the rocks, yields a dull, brownish colour; while that produced on the barks of trees yields a more pronounced hue, approaching to a ruddy shade. Heather, again, yields a beautiful green, and was the favourite colour for Spring wear. The females were initiated in this branch of housewifery from very early years; for, when a young woman had the cares and burdens of housekeeping thrown upon her shoulders, this department devolved upon her. And more; they had to make the men's dress shirts. In every croft a rig was set apart for the growth of flax; and the women of the early part of last century were skilled in the details of the various stages in the process of linen manufacture; upon them devolved all the work from the time that the fibrous plant was first cut until the garment was ready for weaving. This sort of work is unknown to the women of the present day; but those far-off times required it. There was no parcel post and little or no communication with the South; and, in hygiene, as well as in all other matters, people had to depend upon their own fruitful resources. Even in the little thatched schoolhouses the boys and girls that sat on their turf seats had to get their pens from the wings of the goose, and their ink from the roots of the iris. And, in point of fact, we have only to go back a very few decades to the time when the ways and means by which the

natives produced their caligraphy were of that primitive description.

How did they pass the long winter evenings? Well, this was the season for the "céilidh." Tigh-na-céilidh was always the exchange at which news was discussed: the quality of the crop, the price of potatoes, and such like. The story-teller was never absent, and adventures in legend and tradition were listened to with wrapt attention round the peat fire which blazed in the middle of the floor. The goodman of the house sometimes entertained the company to a "sgeulachd" while sitting in a coil of heather rope—*sioman*—which he wove all the while. Add to this picture of a Mull house of the middle of last century on a winter's night "mine hostess," or "bean an tighe," sitting in a corner crooning a spinning-wheel ditty, or at times dozing off into a second's slumber induced by the monotonous whirr of her spinning-wheel. Two or three comely maidens perhaps chant a Gaelic lilt while they card and comb for their mother. This, with the antiquated "crùisgean" hanging from a peg stuck in the sooty wall, shedding its rays of light as bright as the oil from the liver of the *saithe* and a wick from the rush can make it, was what a Mull crofter's house looked like, say, eighty years ago; and the picture of one then would not differ appreciably from those applicable to a much earlier period. Some may deprecate the Highland céilidh; but counter-blasts against the time-honoured custom of our glens and clachans only come from people who are ignorant of the Highland character. To the céilidh we owe the preservation of much of our unwritten literature.

The Druidic custom of committing all laws, all poetical effusions—all literary productions, in fact—to memory, instead of to manuscript, had a tenacious hold on the Highland mind; and it is thus that we find so many of our tales and ancient poems handed down orally through centuries of succeeding generations. Nowhere could these racial characteristics be more prominent than in Mull, whose poetic sons had such easy access to the bardic seminary in Iona, when, under stern Druidic discipline, these customs were propagated, indelibly ingrafted into the

minds of the people. And, even after the extinction of that ancient order, the Highlander clung to many of its more distinctive characteristics with that tenacity with which he clings to everything he cherishes. But the extension of the printing press and the dissemination of literature in another form has rendered the mental repository less essential; for the tales, legends, and poems so long preserved in the archives of the mind are now transferred to printed volumes.

COMMUNICATIONS, ETC.

At the beginning of last century, with the exception of the small stretch of road between Salen and Auchnacraig, there were no roads in Mull sufficient to take a two-wheeled vehicle. While the Highlands, and even Skye, had their turnpike and other Government made roads, Mull was left completely alone. The want of good roads is commented on by Dr. Johnson in his "Journey to the Hebrides," and by Dr. M'Culloch and other travellers. In these early days there were only hill roads and bridle paths, with no bridges, so that going was slow and indeed dangerous in time of flood; some of the streams being then so much increased in volume as to make them impassable; causing considerable delay to travellers and inhabitants. With the dawn of the 19th century the roads began to be improved, and we now have a very fair network of main roads.

In the course of these sketches it is necessary to touch on another important point—a point, moreover, which has been as great, if not a greater, factor in revolutionising the social condition of the inhabitants of Mull as anything that modern invention has introduced among our hills. That point is the opening and development of communication with Glasgow and other parts of the South. Mull people are peripatetic in their ways; and from early times numbers of its people are known to have pushed their fortunes in many quarters of the globe. Long before the opening of a regular connection with Glasgow, frequent visits were made to that very important centre by means of smacks, and also by skiffs which, upon touching Crinan,

were shouldered and carried across the isthmus of Cantyre in the direction of the present Canal, until they were launched in the waters of Loch Fyne at Ardrishaig, from which the voyage was continued to Greenock. By these means the old people of Mull went to bring back small articles of merchandise, or to obtain labour in some of the busy centres of the South. For a long time it was the custom of the people to go South during the harvest and engage with the South-country farmers till the end of the season. Everybody who could be spared from home found regular employment for at least three months in that way.

The departure and the coming back of the reapers were great occasions among the simple folk; for, at that time and for quite a long time afterwards, it was not so customary for people to leave the parental hearth as it is at the present day, and the return of the annual holiday of the few that had been engaged in permanent occupations outwith the island was looked upon as a great event. It is little wonder, then, that such an annual event as the departure and the return together of a large section of the grown-up population, which included married couples, comely damsels and strapping young men, should be an important one in the local calendar. The local smacks were well patronised at such times, and they always had a full complement of passengers. It was on one of these occasions that the greatest calamity of the last century befell the Ross of Mull and Iona—a calamity, moreover, which has made the 12th of August 1822, a date that will never, in these districts, be forgotten. It was then that the smack Mary, of Iona, was run down at Greenock by the steamer Hercules; and, with the exception of three men and a woman, her whole complement of passengers were drowned. One of the survivors was the late Angus Campbell, who had gone unscathed through the Peninsular War. For a long time a cloud of the deepest sorrow hung over the Ross of Mull and Iona; for there were few families who had not lost relatives. Some lost their parents, some sons, some brothers, and some sisters. In Iona alone about 44 children, all infants, were deprived of one or both parents. Many, if not all, of the bodies were

recovered and buried in the old churchyard at Greenock where, unremembered and uncared for, these graves are now almost lost sight of.

This sad episode is always recalled when touching upon the connection with Glasgow by means of the old sailing smacks. For a long time after the steamboat era and after the old-fashioned steamers of the Hutcheson line had been calling at Tobermory and some other Sound of Mull ports, the sailing smack was the sole means of communication between the West of Mull and the South.

The voyages of those old traders were few and far between; and when traders were not available, passengers had to come by steamer to Craignure and Salen. For many years these two places were the nearest steamboat termini to the Ross of Mull and Iona; and people coming to spend the New Year with their friends had always the long and weary journey through Glenmore or over Mam Clachaig before them. These journeys were often made in blinding snowstorms and through gigantic snow-wreaths. And more: provisions and the various articles in which the small local vendors traded were brought the same distance. For more than twenty years the late Duncan MacCormick, Bunessan, traded as carrier between Craignure and that village. During that long period his little cart, drawn by a hardy Mull pony, carried all the exports and imports, the former consisting of eggs, lobsters, fish, and sometimes butter; the latter tea, sugar, tobacco, and other small sundries. One can form a pretty fair idea of what the local consumption of foreign stuffs was then, when that little cart jogging on its way once every week through Glenmore with its six or seven hundredweights of goods could supply a district where, at the present time, with its diminished population, the Dunara Castle lands with the same regularity an average of twenty to thirty tons. The manner of living which the people have adopted accounts for this change. The old mill where, during the spates of winter, every crofter ground his supply of meal, is now silent. The antiquated quern, which was always brought into requisition when the supply of meal ran short, is shelved and is only an interesting relic of past years. The

change which recent years have effected on the state of the markets has made the crofter turn his attention to the breeding of sheep and cattle. The calves, on that account, get almost all the milk, and the cattle all the corn; and there are hardly such things now as great kegs of butter in larders of wicker work, or dozens of delicious cheeses in creels hanging from the rafters, as was the rule, and not the exception, less than fifty years ago. But at that time a sheep and lamb did not fetch more than 2s 6d; good fat wethers, 2s 6d; good year-olds, 1s 6d; and a good year-old stirk not more than £1. About 1845 the wages of a man servant did not exceed £6 a year, and a common wage for a maid was £4. Labourers were paid at from 1s to 1s 6d per day, while a tradesman earned not more than 1s 6d to 2s a day.

So, when we reflect that in recent years the price of sheep has risen to nearly 80s on an average, and year-old stirks to £14 and £16, and that the price of labour is correspondingly high, we must conclude that the crofter gets his money in the other way, though the greater call upon his resources consequent on the greater indulgence in the luxuries of dress and food, makes it still pretty hard for him to make both ends meet. But, notwithstanding the activity with which he now moves along in the race with time, as compared with the old easy-going days, he would not, we may presume, be prone to revert to the old order of things. About seventy years ago, the beginning of that being apparently the turning-point at which the old customs began to disappear, very little was known about tea and sugar. The former was indulged in once a year, notably at the great annual festival of Nollaig; and, even then, it was drunk for the most part without sugar. This latter commodity was even less used than tea; and within the memory of old people still living, it cost a shilling per pound, a figure which made it a prohibitive luxury except on rare occasions and, even then, to the well-to-do.

It is related that at one time, within the memory of the older folk, some sugar was required for veterinary purposes, and not a grain could be found anywhere in the whole parish except in the most obscure and least sus-

pected corner in the country: Tirergain,* a wild and rugged crofter township on the south-west of the Ross. An old woman who lived there had about two pounds of brown sugar securely packed in a parcel which hung from one of the smoky rafters above the fire-place.

THE SMA' STILL.

One luxury was indulged in to a far greater extent than at the present time. That luxury is whisky. Almost every township had its "sma' still"; and almost every township was a scene of debauchery on festive occasions, which the large use of the intoxicant was the means of prolonging to an undue extent. The half-yearly fairs† which were held at Bunessan, were the means of attracting an immense crowd from the dense population that then existed in the surrounding districts; and it is related by eye-witnesses of these old gatherings that they never parted without bringing their sturdy "shillelahs" into violent contact with each other's heads. Some took with them to their graves the marks of wounds inflicted on such occasions. At weddings and at funerals similar outrages were quite common. It was at such times that a count and reckoning was held for past feuds, and that quarrels and personal ill-will and grievances were fully requited.

The legal restrictions placed upon the distilling of whisky by the "sma' still" were followed slowly but surely by results which placed temperance in the ascendancy, and scenes of inebriety, such as I have described, became less frequent in a proportionate degree until now there are few places in the West Highlands that can boast of greater moral dignity than Mull. But, for a long time after the imposition of legal strictures against illicit distillation, those who managed to retain their "plant" carried on their nefarious trade, notwithstanding the zeal and watchfulness of the hawk-eyed preventive staff. Bothies were erected in the wildest possible and most unlikely nooks.

*This old crofter township is now a sheep farm.

†Auction sales have now displaced the old fairs.

Besides the means of protection against discovery afforded by beetling crags and wildly gushing cascades and roaring waterfalls, whose vicinities were favourite spots for "sma' stills," all the ingenuity and the devices that artifice could produce were brought into requisition for assimilating these rude erections with their natural surroundings, or for placing them in hiding in the most inaccessible places to avoid detection; and so well did these devices succeed that in some places and for long years the whereabouts of some "sma' stills" baffled discovery. The wilds of Carsaig, Lochbuy and Burg, and the vicinity of Loch Bà were spots in which illicit distillation was carried on with impunity. But as time wore on the officers of the law penetrated into the most hidden recesses of these picturesque regions, and, one after another, the bothies were destroyed, and their utensils seized and forfeited.

There are many interesting reminiscences of the melees that resulted from occasional collisions between the preventive staff and the illicit brewers; for the latter, when taken by "assault," always turned their best efforts to securing their boiler, or "poit dhubh" as it is called in Gaelic. Having managed to keep possession of this useful utensil, they could watch their opportunity for setting up business in another spot.

It is asserted that at one time a "sma' still," in full working order, was discovered near Bunessan close to the present quay. Retreat, to the extent of carrying off the "poit dhubh," was cut off; but one of the most intrepid of the smugglers seized it and jumped into the sea with it. He swam across the loch to Ardtun, on the opposite side, pushing the "poit dhubh" before him all the time. The amazed officials, only in possession of the "twig which carried the fish"—an gad air an robh an t-iasg—watched their quarry until he landed safely on the other side, where he was soon joined by his friends, who escaped up the hills, and afterwards took the more circuitous way past the village of Bunessan. Many plucky escapades like this are recorded.

In the crofting township of Uisken a crofter called Malcolm MacCormick, who died in America, carried on

illicit distillation for many years, and always avoided detection. He had the still built up in the barn which adjoined his dwelling-house. He led the smoke into the kitchen vent, while the small room in which he wrought was concealed by a quantity of corn, and the whole thing was such an excellent counterfeit that, though it was pretty well known that he smuggled "mountain dew," his premises were never suspected. The gaugers were always allured to a spot where nothing could be discovered. He emigrated to America a long time ago, taking away with him his favourite "poit dhubh," and it is said that he carried on his old trade for many years in his Western home.

Many crofters suffered not only eviction but complete ostracism in consequence of their persistency in contravening a special Act of Parliament, notwithstanding frequent seizures and more frequent warnings. But there is no doubt that people followed the trade, not only for the profits which it yielded, but for the excitement which was characteristic of it. Exciting and adventurous callings have a strange fascination for some people; and there are few callings, except poaching, perhaps, in which greater pluck is required than in smuggling. The adventures and the escapes of smugglers are the themes of many of our Gaelic stories. The imposition of the Act forbidding the use of the "sma' still" was long resented by the Highland people as cutting off from them a fruitful bread-winning source; and a conviction for smuggling was considered no greater cause for shame than a conviction for poaching is; and that is summed up in the following Gaelic maxim which is found in the mouths of almost all Gaelic-speaking people. It is this:—"Fiadh á fireach, iasg á linne agus slat á coille, tri rudan nach leig duine sam bith leas a nàir a ghabhail asta." This, in English, means—A deer from the forest, a fish from the burn, and a wattle from the wood, are three things which no one need be ashamed of; that is, for being convicted of either of these three "crimes." Illicit distilling of whisky is, however, an extinct trade in the island now, and, what is far better, indulgence in the luxury is very much on the wane.

POSTAL DEVELOPMENTS.

Another interesting item in the social improvement of the island is the postal service. There is a striking contrast between the present day and that in which old Calum Posta, of happy memory, trudged along the Mull roads with his small bundle of letters, each of which cost the recipient something over one shilling. For many years subsequent to the establishment of the penny post, the quantity of mails that crossed the Sound of Mull was very small, and out of all proportion to the amount of travelling that the sturdy old postman of forty or fifty years ago had to do. The Pennyghael and Grasspoint post resided at Salen and, to begin his day's work, he had to walk over Màm Chlachaig; and, at the foot of that mountain where the Glenmore road sweeps past, the Pennyghael and Bunessan post transferred to him the little bag of only about one foot square, which contained all the outgoing mails of the whole district from Kinloch to the Island of Iona. The letter-carrier on the Pennyghael and Bunessan route at that time resided at Kinloch, and like his colleague at Salen, had to walk twelve miles—from Kinloch to Bunessan—to get the mail bag. For a long time letters for Iona, and the whole district of the west and south of Bunessan, were left at the little Post Office in that village; and six weeks—sometimes two months—elapsed before the addressees down about Creich and at Iona received their letters. It was only when a casual visit to Bunessan was made that the long delayed mails landed at their destination. As shopping visits to the village were at that time few and far between, the postal service to Creich and to Iona depended upon people who went there at milling time.

But an extension in the services took place, and the Bunessan and Iona route was opened: a stroke which has done incalculable service to the district on that side of the Sound of Iona.

This time-honoured system of mailage in the centre and west of Mull presents a strange contrast with the modern arrangements, with well-managed Post Offices at intervals of a few miles; with mail gigs running all over the island,

supplemented every second day by a mail steamer which keeps up regular communication between Oban and the west of Mull; with a swift mail steamer bringing letters and passengers and goods across the Sound of Mull to Craignure, in place of the old-fashioned smack which did duty between Oban and Grasspoint until thirty or so years ago; and last, but not least, and greatest boon of all, with the wires of the electric telegraph over the island capable of transmitting news with lightning rapidity between Mull and every quarter of the globe. These are changes and conveniences of which our forefathers never dreamt.

Fifty years ago the journey between the west of Mull and Iona and Glasgow occupied from eight days to as many weeks. Now, with our improved facilities, the whole distance can be covered in less than eight hours. Until the customary summer connection with Oban was discontinued during the great War, it was a common thing to dine in Mull or Iona and sup the same evening in Glasgow, and to feel none the worse of being carried by rail and sea at a rate averaging twenty miles an hour. The condition of the people developed in a corresponding ratio. Morally and socially there is a radical change, a well marked improvement.

Continually in touch with the great towns of the south, and with streams of people from those places, with their refinements and fashions, who come to their glens, valleys and seashore for benefit from their refreshing and bracing airs, the people are not loath to renounce the antiquated customs of rural life and to acquire the habits and ideas inspired by the civilisation of later times.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PARISH STATISTICS, ETC.

IN the closing chapter of this work it might not be deemed uninteresting to give a short statistical account of the island, embracing its division into parishes, the changes of the population, and an example of the rental at the beginning of the past century.

Regarding the division of the island into parishes, it appears that during the time of Papal ascendancy a number of small parishes existed. As in the olden times parishes were frequently called after places of worship, it may be taken for granted that many of the place-names that we find prefixed by the word "Kil" or "Cill" which signifies a church, were parishes—that is, during the sway of the church of Rome on the island. At the time of the Reformation, however, small parishes were bracketed together and united into one parish called the parish of Mull.

In the year 1688, or thereby, a revision took place; and the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore was erected. This parish embraces all of the island north of the isthmus formed by Loch-na-keal on the one side, and the Sound of Mull at Aros on the other side. The rest of the island south of this isthmus was called the parish of Ross. For forty years the island remained divided into these two parishes, the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore and the parish of Ross; but, after that period, another revision took place, and the parish of Ross was sub-divided into two parishes, called the parish of Torosay and the parish of Kilfinichen and Kilviceon.

These divisions and subdivisions finally resulted in the formation of three civil parishes, designated the parish of Torosay, parish of Kilninian and Kilmore, and the parish of Kilfinichen and Kilviceon. Then, again, in 1828, under the Act 4 and 5 George IV., the quod sacra parish of Iona was formed, which is comprehended in the parish of Kilfinichen and Kilviceon. The valued rental of the parish of Kilfinichen and Kilviceon was £213 6s 5d. It contained,

according to the New Statistical Accounts of Scotland, published in 1845, 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ pennylands divided amongst proprietors as follows :—

Duke of Argyll, ...	£113	9	6
Dugald MacLachlan of Killiemore, ...	19	0	11
Col. Robert MacDonald of Inchkenneth, ...	16	6	0
Maclaine of Lochbuie, ...	13	16	8
Arch. J. Campbell of Kilpatrick, ...	17	7	9
John Auljoe of Pennyghael, Alex. Maclean of Carsaig, Donald Maclean of Kinloch,	33	5	7
	£213	6	5

The valued rental of the parish of Kilninian and Kilmore, which includes the quod sacra parishes of Ulva, Tobermory, and part of Salen, amounted in the aggregate to £329 3s od. The land was divided amongst eleven proprietors, whose individual valued rentals are quoted below :—

Hugh Maclean of Coll, ...	£82	14	11
Mrs. Clephane Maclean of Torloisk, ...	59	4	4
F. W. Clark of Ulva, ...	49	5	3
H. MacAsgill of Calgarry, ...	40	4	2
F. W. Calwell of Tobermory and John Stewart of Achadoshenag for Misnish,	33	16	11
John Stewart of Achadashenag, ...	6	16	10
Lachlan MacQuarrie of Glenforsa, ...	27	15	2
British Society, ...	10	2	4
Misses MacDonald, ...	13	16	8
John Forman, W.S., Staffa, ...	2	9	2
Kenneth Campbell, Ardow, ...	2	17	3
	£329	3	0

POPULATION STATISTICS.

No less interesting than the rental statistics are the decennial reports on the population of the island for eighty years, and Registrar-General's Report from 1801 to 1891, both years inclusive. The sub-joined table shows the population of the three parishes according to the official census :—

KILFINICHEN AND KILVICEON.

1801	1811	1821	1831	1841	1851	1861	1871	1881	1891	1901	1911	1921
3174	3205	3967	3819	4113	3054	2518	2448	1982	1735	1529	1403	1319

KILNINIAN AND KILMORE.

3601	4064	4357	4830	4335	3954	3433	2739	2540	2344	2272	1935	1737
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TOROSAY.

1764	2114	2288	1889	1616	1361	1380	1254	1102	997	991	835	698
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Aggregate population of the island.

8539	9383	10612	10538	10064	8369	7331	6441	5624	5076	4712	4173	3754
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From these statistics we find that the population of the island increased from 8539 in 1801, to 10,612 in 1821, an increase of over 2,000 in twenty years. The return to their island homes of a large number of men after the close of the Peninsular War no doubt helped this rapid increase. We have no trace of the rank and file of Mull men who, after fighting in the Peninsular war, returned to their native island heath; but the names of 116 officers, submitted below, who served in the army or navy during the fifteen years, from 1800 to 1815, indicate that it must have been several hundred strong. The largest population is recorded in the year 1821; that date seems to have been the point at which the tide turned. From 1821 the population began to decrease steadily. When we come down to 1841 we find it 10,064, as against 10,612 twenty years previously. Then, again, in 1851, we find the indicator of the social barometer pointing ominously to the figures 8369, a decrease in ten years of 2243.

The year 1845 will never be forgotten in the island of Mull. It was the year of the great potato failure, a year of privation and distress to the major part of the people. Hundreds left their homes, or were forced to do so, to seek a livelihood in foreign lands. Emigrant ships arrived on the shores of Mull and carried off hundreds of its crofting population to seek new homes in the forests of Canada or in the wilds of Australia. Many thrived exceedingly well, and many died broken-hearted. This great exodus of the people accounts for the big decrease in the official census of 1851. There are still tales of the woe-begone condition of the islanders about the time of the great potato failure. Some people had to subsist for days upon roots

and shellfish. Relief committees were started, and employment in the construction of roads was found for a large section of the people. Many of the cross roads in Mull were made by the needy, who wrought under relief committees. At that time there was not so much land under cultivation as is the case now, and it is quite admissible that the resources of the island were not sufficient for the large population which it carried. There were no industries, and the small scale upon which fishing was carried on was little more than sufficient for local consumption, though small consignments were now and again sent to Greenock and Glasgow, when any of the old smacks made the periodical voyage southward.

Putting together all these considerations, we can easily imagine what terrible privations must have been endured by a large section of the 10,064 that are returned in 1841, when their staple article of food, the only article of food of many, was a complete failure. In places where there are now very few people, or none at all, there were before the era of the potato failure large populations.

In the Island of Ulva itself, where the population is now limited to a few farm servants, there existed, about the year 1837, 604 people. In Gometra we find 168 of a population, and in rocky, sea-girt Colonsa Beag Mhic-Guaire, 6. Let us see what the population was like at the end of the 18th century. The population at that time, of what is now the Parish of Kilninian and Kilmore, was 4,740 according to the then statistical returns. In 1755 Dr. Webster returned the population at 2,590. In the same year the population of Kilfinichen and Kilviceon, including the Island of Iona, was 1,685. This was the return made by Dr. Webster. In 1791, thirty-six years later, the Rev. Dugald Campbell, Assapol, minister of the parish, returned the population at 3,002.

REMARKABLE ROLL OF OFFICERS ON MILITARY SERVICE, 1800-1815.

From the foregoing statistics we see the rise and fall of the population of the Island. As told on a previous

page, many of its islanders served under the colours of the British army. There must have been at the time many hundreds of private soldiers; but all trace of the actual number is lost. Subjoined, however, are the names of one hundred and sixteen officers from Mull who served in the army and navy between the years 1800 and 1815. The late Mr. Alexander Maclean of Pennycross, at whose dictation this list was originally written,* was personally acquainted with all those soldiers before they left their native island; and we are told that he watched their career with interest during the Peninsular War, in many of whose trying campaigns they served. The three parishes are taken separately:—

PARISH OF KILFINICHEN AND KILVICEON.

Gen. John Campbell, Marines, Fidden.
 Lieut.-Col. James Campbell, Knockvaologan.
 Dr. Alex. Campbell, H.E.I. Co., Assapol.
 Col. Donald Campbell, 57th Regiment, Bailemeanach.
 Lieut. Angus Mackinnon, 42nd Regiment, Ulvalt.
 Major-General A. Maclean, Cavalry, Pennycross.
 Capt. Charles Maclean, 31st Regiment, Pennycross.
 Lieut. John Maclean, 2nd W.I. Regiment, Pennycross.
 Lieut. Lachlan Maclean, Rifles, Pennycross.
 Commissary Arch. Maclean, Pennycross.
 Capt. Dugald Maclean, Argyll Fencibles, Ardfinaig.
 Captain Alan Maclean, 90th Regiment, Ardfinaig.
 Lieut. John Maclean, 6th Regiment, Ardfinaig.
 Lieut. Donald Maclean, 74th Regiment, Ardfinaig.
 Lieut. Neil Maclean, Royal Navy, Ardfinaig.
 Capt. Alan Maclean, Moineahuich.
 In.-General Dr. Charles Maclean, Bunessan.
 Capt. Hector Maclean, 93rd Regiment, Bunessan.
 Lieut. Alan Maclean, 91st Regiment, Bunessan.
 Col. Alex. Maclean, 86th Regiment, Uisken.
 Capt. John Maclean, 56th Regiment, Uisken.
 Lieut. Arch. Maclean, 56th Regiment, Uisken.

*The original list was published some years ago by the late Mr. Lachlan MacQuarrie, Tiree.

- Lieut. Dun. Maclean, 56th Regiment, Uisken.
Col. Arch. Maclean, 79th Regiment, Scoor.
*Lieut. Hugh Maclean, 79th Regiment, Scoor.
Col. Charles Maclean, In.-General of Cavalry, Torranbeag.
Col. Alex. Maclean, 2nd W.I. Regiment, Torranbeag.
Lieut.-Colonel Arch. Maclean, Cavalry, Torranbeag.
Capt. Alan Maclean, 84th Regiment, Torranbeag.
Lieut. John Maclean, 24th Regiment, Gorraneachdrach.
Lieut. Dun. Maclean, 79th Regiment, Rossal.
†Dr. Alan Maclean, Royals, Rossal.
Capt. Alex. Maclean, 95th Regiment, Kilfinichen.
Col. Wm. Macleod, 69th Regiment, Ardchnuishnish.
Col. A. N. Macleod, Canadians, Ardchnuishnish.
Lieut. Donald Macleod, 76th Regiment, Ardchnuishnish.
Capt. Lachlan MacQuarrie, 86th Regiment, Ardchnuishnish.
Major-General Lachlan MacQuarrie, 55th Regiment, Gribun.
Capt. MacQuarrie, 2nd Dragoons, Gribun.
Capt. Lachlan MacQuarrie, 93rd Regiment, Gribun.
Capt. Alan Macdonald, 80th Regiment, Ardvergnish.

PARISH OF KILNINIAN AND KILMORE.

- Col. Chas. MacQuarrie, 42nd Regiment, Ulva.
Capt. Hector MacQuarrie, H.E.I. Co., Ulva.
Capt. Lachlan MacQuarrie, 84th Regiment (Chief), Ulva.
Capt. Geo. MacQuarrie, 63rd Regiment, Ulva.
Capt. Hector MacQuarrie, 55th Regiment, Ulva.
Lieut. Lachlan MacQuarrie, 21st Regiment, Ulva.
Major Dugald Campbell, 91st Regiment, Treshnish.
Lieut. Angus Campbell, Treshnish.
Capt. Dugald Campbell, 91st Regiment, Keallan.
Lieut.-Colonel Arch. Campbell, Ardnacross.

*This officer, when a youth, piloted Prince Charlie through the Sound of Iona.

†This officer was the subject of the Gaelic song "Soraidh slàn do'n Ailleagan," composed by the late Donald Maclean, "Domh'l Bàn na Libe," near Bunessan.

Major Duncan Campbell, 42nd Regiment, Ardnacross.
 Capt. John Campbell, 91st Regiment, Ardnacross.
 Lieut. Angus Campbell, Ardnacross.
 Capt. Arch. Campbell, 92nd Regiment, Coillechronain.
 Capt. Arch. Campbell, Coillechronain.
 Capt. Simon Fraser, 80th Regiment, Ceannagharathair.
 Capt. Peter Maclean, 64th Regiment, Ceannagharathair.
 Dr. John Maclean, H.E.I. Co., Ceannagharathair.
 General Sir Hector Maclean, Quinish.

*Capt. Donald Campbell, Marines, Quinish.

Major Norman Maclean, Quinish.

Capt. Hugh Maclean, Foot Guards, Quinish.

Capt. Alan Maclean, Quinish.

Lieut. John Maclean, Light Cavalry, Quinish.

Capt. Hugh Maclean, Quinish.

Col. Hugh Maclean, 77th Regiment, Oskamull.

Capt. Hector Maclean, 42nd Regiment, Oskamull.

Major Murdoch Maclean, 42nd Regiment, Oskamull.

Capt. Arch. Maclean, 86th Regiment, Laggan, Ulva.

Capt. Lachlan Maclean, 71st Regiment, Laggan, Ulva.

General Lachlan Maclean, 60th Regiment, Torloisk.

General Clifffen Maclean, Foot Guards, Torloisk.

Lieut. Alan Maclean, Ensay.

Lieut. Hector Maclean, Ensay.

Major Donald Maclean, Royals, Langamull.

Lieut. Hugh Maclean, 90th Regiment, Langamull.

Dr. Alex. Maclean, H.E.I. Co., Langamull.

Ensign James Maxwell, Ards.

Capt. Dun. Stewart, 72nd Regiment, Achadoshenag.

Dr. Alex. Stewart, Achadoshenag.

*Major-General Donald Campbell, Marines, Tobermory.

*Capt. Don. Campbell, Marines, Tobermory.

*Lieut. James Campbell, Marines, Tobermory.

*Lieut. John Campbell, Marines, Tobermory.

*Capt. Alex. Campbell, 42nd Regiment, Tobermory.

General Lachlan MacQuarrie, 73rd Regiment, Governor

General of N.S. Wales, Gruline.

*Those officers marked with an asterisk resided in Mull after returning from military service, but it has not been satisfactorily ascertained whether they joined the army from Mull.

PARISH OF TOROSAY.

- Col. Alex. Campbell, 20th Regiment, Achanacroish.
Capt. Alex. Campbell, 2nd Dragoons, Achanacroish.
Capt. John Campbell, 7th Dragoons, Achanacroish.
Col. Donald Campbell, 49th Regiment, Knock.
Col. Arch. Campbell, Royals, Knock.
Col. Arch. Campbell, 46th Regiment, Knock.
Col. James Campbell, 46th Regiment, Knock.
Capt. Colin Campbell, 46th Regiment, Knock.
Capt. John Campbell, 46th Regiment, Knock.
Col. Alex. Fraser, 78th Regiment, Gualachaolish.
Ensign Wm. Fraser, Gualachaolish.
Major Alex. MacLachlan, 75th Regiment, Auchnacraig.
Capt. Robt. MacLachlan, 72nd Regiment, Auchnacraig.
Lieut. Dougald MacLachlan, 18th Regiment, Auchnacraig.
Capt. Murdoch MacLaine, 84th Regiment, Lochbuie.
Lieut. John MacLaine, 73rd Regiment, Lochbuie.
§Lieut. Murdoch MacLaine, 42nd Regiment, Lochbuie.
Lieut. General Sir Archd. MacLaine, 94th Regiment, Scalisdale.
Col. Hector MacLaine, 57th Regiment, Scalisdale.
Major Maclean, 73rd Regiment, Scalisdale.
Capt. Murdoch Maclean, 20th Regiment, Scalisdale.
Ensign Lachlan Maclean, 3rd W.I. Regiment, Scalisdale.
Lieut. Alex. Maclean, Canadians, Pennygown.
Dr. Colin MacTavish, H.E.I. Co., Laggan, Lochbuie.
Admiral James MacDonald, Inchkenneth.
Capt. Robt. MacDonald, Artillery, Inchkenneth.
Capt. James MacDonald, Royal Navy, Inchkenneth.
Major Charles MacDonald, Guards, Inchkenneth.
Capt. Robt. MacDonald, 42nd Regiment, Inchkenneth.

In the foregoing list of naval and military officers from the bleak island of Mull there are five Generals, one Lieutenant General, three Major Generals, seventeen Colonels, three Lieutenant Colonels, eight Majors, forty-

§Great-Grandfather of the present MacLaine of Lochbuie.

one Captains, twenty-six Lieutenants, three Ensigns, one Commissary, one Admiral, and seven of the army medical staff.

A further analysis shows that there are fifty-seven Macleans, twenty-eight Campbells, eleven MacQuarries, six MacDonalds, three MacLeods, three Frasers, three MacLachlans, two Stewarts, one Maxwell, one Mackinnon, and one MacTavish.

This is a sufficient index of the military ardour with which the minds of Mull men were imbued more than a hundred years ago. The rank and file, could they be traced, would have made a formidable array; for it is admissible to suppose that many—nay, most of those officers—were followed to the army by young recruits from their townships.

One outstanding and glorious example of brave men of Mull is that of the M'Leans of Scallastle, who distinguished themselves during the Napoleonic wars. As a result of their bravery their mother was presented by the King with a medal specially struck and inscribed in Gaelic with the words "Mathair nan Gaisgeach" (Mother of Heroes). This medal stands unique.

During the recent and greatest war the world has known, a Mull soldier, Corporal John M'Dougall of the Black Watch, advancing under heavy machine gun fire, rushed forward with a bomb in his hand and threw himself on the muzzle of the gun which was playing most havoc with our men; by which action he saved hundreds of his comrades' lives and brought, by his noble sacrifice, immortal fame to his Island home. The world is forever enriched by deeds like this. It is worthy of note that during the Napoleonic wars his great-grandfather performed a deed of equal bravery and saved his regiment, also the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

USEFUL DATA ABOUT MULL.

Mull is the third largest of the islands on the west coast of Scotland. It has a sinuous coast line of about 300 miles and an area, including the islands of Iona,

Gometra, and Ulva, etc., of 351 square miles, or 224,802 acres.

The islands, islets, and isolated or insulated rocks adjacent to Mull number no less than 468.

Its greatest length, E.N.E. to W.S.W., 30 miles. Its greatest breadth, W.N.W. to E.S.W., 29 miles.

STEAMER CONNECTIONS.

The Sound of Mull mail steamer runs daily during the summer months, calling at Craignure, Salen, and Tobermory. Excursion steamers from Oban and through steamers from Glasgow and the south make almost daily calls at Salen and Tobermory.

"The Dunara Castle" and other steamers call at Bunesan and Iona on the west coast at regular intervals. A daily service is given to Iona from Oban during the summer season, a ferry running in connection, serving the Ross of Mull district. Carsaig Bay is also a place of call by this service. There are motor services in operation from Salen running in connection with steamers or by arrangement to Bunesan, Iona, etc. Daily services run from Dervaig to Tobermory.

ROAD DISTANCES IN MULL.

Tobermory to Ulva, etc., via Dervaig.

Tobermory Pier.

8 Dervaig Inn.

12 $\frac{5}{8}$ 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ Calgary.

19 11 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ Kilninian Church.

20 $\frac{7}{8}$ 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ Torloisk.

24 $\frac{1}{8}$ 16 $\frac{7}{8}$ 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ 4 Ulva Schoolhouse.

34 $\frac{1}{4}$ 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ 21 $\frac{7}{8}$ 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ 9 $\frac{3}{8}$ Salen Inn (Aros).

44 $\frac{3}{8}$ 36 $\frac{3}{8}$ 32 25 $\frac{3}{8}$ 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 $\frac{1}{8}$ Tobermory.

33 25 20 $\frac{3}{8}$ 14 12 $\frac{1}{8}$ 8 $\frac{1}{8}$ Knock Inn.

Dervaig to Salen, by Glen Aros, about 12 miles.

Dervaig to Torloisk (hill road) about 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Tobermory to Lochbuie, etc., by Craignure.

Tobermory Pier.

10 $\frac{1}{8}$	Salen Inn (Aros).								
21 $\frac{5}{8}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	Craignure.							
24 $\frac{1}{8}$	14	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lochdonhead.						
27 $\frac{1}{8}$	17	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	Achnacraig Pier (Ferry).					
28 $\frac{1}{8}$	18	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	Strathcoil.					
32 $\frac{1}{8}$	22	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	8	4	Kinlochspelve Church.				
36 $\frac{1}{8}$	26	141 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	8	4	Croggan.			
36 $\frac{1}{8}$	26	141 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	8	4	Lochbuie			
30 $\frac{5}{8}$	201 $\frac{1}{2}$	9	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{1}{2}$	Torness.				
32 $\frac{5}{8}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	2	Loch Sguabain.			
36 $\frac{1}{8}$	26	141 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	8	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	Craig.		
401 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{3}{8}$	18 $\frac{7}{8}$	16 $\frac{3}{8}$	12 $\frac{3}{8}$	8 $\frac{1}{8}$	7 $\frac{7}{8}$	4 $\frac{3}{8}$	Kinloch Inn.	
57 $\frac{3}{4}$	47 $\frac{5}{8}$	36 $\frac{1}{8}$	33 $\frac{5}{8}$	29 $\frac{5}{8}$	26	251 $\frac{1}{8}$	21 $\frac{5}{8}$	171 $\frac{1}{4}$	Fionnphort

Salen to Glen More, via Glenforsa, about 12 miles.

Tobermory to Bunessan and Fionnphort for Iona.

Tobermory Pier.

10 $\frac{1}{8}$	Salen Inn.								
191 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	Ulva Schoolhouse.							
14	3 $\frac{7}{8}$	Knock.							
22	11 $\frac{7}{8}$	8	Gribun.						
26 $\frac{5}{8}$	161 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{5}{8}$	4 $\frac{5}{8}$	Kilfinichen Church.					
31 $\frac{7}{8}$	21 $\frac{3}{4}$	17 $\frac{7}{8}$	9 $\frac{7}{8}$	51 $\frac{1}{4}$	Kinloch Inn.				
33 $\frac{3}{8}$	231 $\frac{1}{4}$	19 $\frac{3}{8}$	11 $\frac{3}{8}$	6 $\frac{3}{4}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pennyghael Bridge.			
43 $\frac{3}{8}$	331 $\frac{1}{4}$	29 $\frac{3}{8}$	21 $\frac{3}{8}$	16 $\frac{3}{4}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	Bunessan.		
491 $\frac{1}{8}$	39	351 $\frac{1}{8}$	271 $\frac{1}{8}$	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	171 $\frac{1}{4}$	15 $\frac{3}{4}$	5 $\frac{3}{4}$	Fionnphort Pier.	
53 $\frac{5}{8}$	431 $\frac{1}{2}$	39 $\frac{5}{8}$	31 $\frac{5}{8}$	27	21 $\frac{3}{4}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pennycross, Carsaig.		
60 $\frac{5}{8}$	501 $\frac{1}{2}$	46 $\frac{5}{8}$	38 $\frac{5}{8}$	34	28 $\frac{3}{4}$	111 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	Lochbuie.	

Knock to Kinloch Inn via Glen Clachaig, about 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Kinloch to Lochbuie via Glen Byre, about 8 miles.

The roads of Mull are undulating and mostly hilly; they are narrow and have many abrupt, sharp turnings, which require great care and caution; they are of only tolerable surface, being mostly of classes II. and III. For contour plans and gradients of the main roads consult the Contour

Road Book of Scotland, which can be had from the publishers of this volume.

CLIMATE.

Mull has the reputation of being most subject to rain of all the islands, exceeding in that respect both Rhum and Skye, which hold the next rank to it. The cause of this is probably to be found as well in the altitude of its own hills as in that of the range stretching from Cruachan to Ben Nevis, which assists in precipitating the clouds that arrive from the western ocean. It must be remembered that Mull is the only land of high mountains, with the exception of the southern part of Lewis and Harris, immediately open to that sea. Skye, equally mountainous, is to a certain degree covered by the range of mountains in Harris, which precipitates much of the water and breaks the violence of many of the storms that would otherwise reach it. These fall with undiminished energy on Mull in gales of wind and rain of sometimes exceptional severity.

Considering these circumstances, with this exceptionally heavy rainfall, and in a country so constituted, we should expect to meet with an abundance of streams. Such, in fact, is the case, but the interstices among the hills are so numerous, and the proximity of the shores to all parts of the interior is such as to allow of no considerable accumulations of water. In the season of rain there may be torrents, but the streams of Mull are, when moderate, mere brooks. There is no one large enough to merit particular description.

FISHING.

The rivers and lochs of the island provide good sport for the angler. Though streams and rivers do not attain any great dimensions, owing to the nature and extent of the country they are brief in course; yet, in times of rain they acquire great volume and velocity. Certain of the hotels have fishing rights which are free to their residents, and proprietors of preserved waters occasionally give permission for a day's fishing when application is courteously made.

The chief of the fresh water lochs are :—

- Loch Frisa (Glen Aros) 5 miles by $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.
- Loch Ba (Knock) 3 miles by 1 mile.
- Loch Fuar (Lochbuie) 1 mile by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
- Loch Uisg (Lochbuie) 2 miles by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
- Loch Assapol (Bunessan) $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile.
- The Mishnish Lochs (Tobermory).
- The Glenmore Lochs (Lochbuie).

PRINCIPAL MOUNTAINS IN MULL.

The chief mountains present almost a common base, attaining its maximum in Ben More. Several minor chains strike laterally from the main one, rise from common bases and run nearly parallel to one another. Ben Buie is a splendid isolated mountain standing by itself at the head of Loch Buie.

Ben More is the highest mountain in the island, and there are few visitors to the island but have a desire to climb it. The first essential is fair weather; a good map is the next requirement; a half inch or one inch scale map is very necessary. Whether for climbing purposes or not we would recommend the visitor bent on exploring the island to see that a good large scale map is in the knapsack. The ascent of Ben More can be made with comparative ease. From Salen to a point on the shore of Loch-na-keal, nearly opposite the island of Eorsa, is about 7 miles, and from that spot the ascent and descent can be made in from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A descent can be made to Kinloch or Loch Bà, thus making a circular trip. The summit presents all the appearance of a crater, and richly repays the visitor whose curiosity has led him to toil up the ascent. The emotions and feelings in the mind of a beholder arising from the grandeur of this scene, when seen on a clear day with a serene sky, cannot be conveyed by any description. As far as the eye can reach, there is a prospect of land and water. Here spread out, as it were, at the beholder's feet, are seen Staffa, Iona, and the Treshnish Isles, Coll and Tiree, Muck, Rhum, Eigg, Skye and the headland of Ardnamurchan; and nearer, Ulva,

Gometra, Colonsa, Eorsa, and other objects beautifully diversifying the broad face of the western sea, distinct as in a map. While to the eastward and southward stretches the whole alpine country of Argyllshire with its thousand hills, together with Scarba, Islay, Jura and the smaller isles off the Argyllshire coast; and in the extreme distance Ireland itself occasionally appears.

The following table gives the heights of the principal eminences in the Island:—

1. Ben More (Mull),	-	-	3172 feet.
2. Dun da Ghaoithe, <i>Dun-da-gu</i> (Craignure),			2512 „
3. Beinn Talaidh, <i>Ben Talla</i> (Glen Forsa),			2496 „
4. Sgurr Dearg, <i>Scour Derg</i> (Glen Forsa),			2429 „
5. Ben Buidhe, <i>Ben Buie</i> (Lochbuie),	-		2352 „
6. Corra Bheinn, <i>Corraven</i> (Kinloch),		-	2309 „
7. Beinn Fhada, <i>Ben Fad</i> (Knock),		-	2304 „
8. Beinn Creach, <i>Ben Creach</i> (Loch Spelve),			2289 „
9. Beinn Mheadhoin, <i>Ben Meon</i> (Scallastle),			2087 „
10. Beinn Mheadhoin (Craig),	-	-	1975 „
11. Beinn a' Ghraig (Knock),	-	-	1939 „
12. Beinn Chreagach Mhor (Glen Forsa),	-		1903 „
13. Coire Bheinn, <i>Corraven</i> (Gribun),		-	1837 „
14. Beinn na Croise (Kinloch),	-	-	1649 „
15. Creach Bheinn (Burg),	-	-	1611 „
16. Beinn Charsaig (Carsaig),	-	-	1472 „
17. Speinne Mor, <i>Spinny More</i> (Glen Frios),			1456 „
18. Beinn na Drise (Lagganulva),	-	-	1391 „
19. Beinn nan Lus (Salen),	-	-	1337 „
20. Beinn Chreagach (Carsaig),	-	-	1235 „
21. Beinn Chreagach (Ulva),	-	-	1025 „

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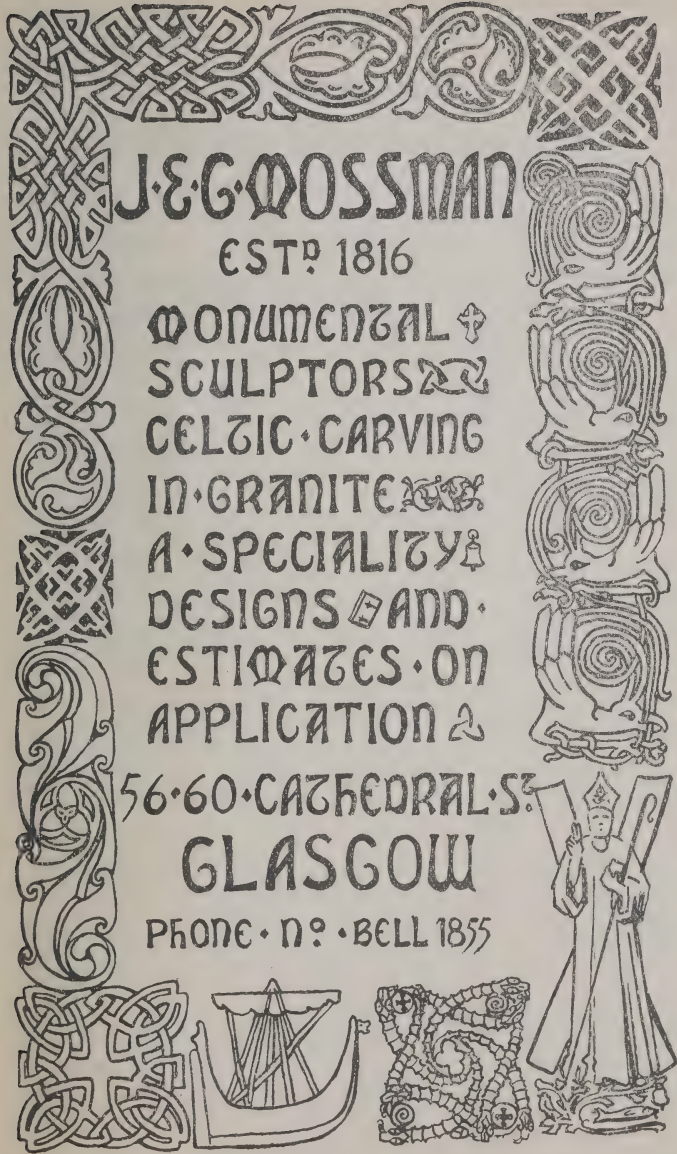
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